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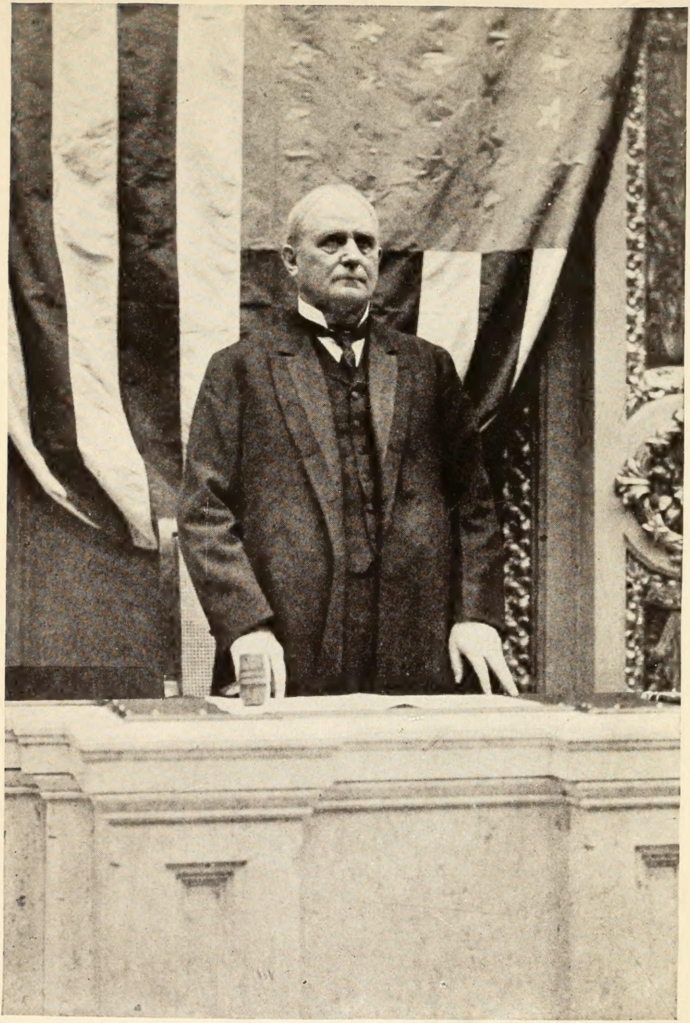

SPEAKER CLARK IN THE ROSTRUM

MY QUARTER CENTURY OF AMERICAN POLITICS

BY

CHAMP CLARK

TWO VOLUMES
ILLUSTRATED

VOLUME II

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MY QUARTER CENTURY OF AMERICAN POLITICS

CHAPTER I

Taft—Dingley—Mark Twain, etc.

ONE of the finest gentlemen that ever occupied the White House was William Howard Taft. He was not born exactly with the traditional silver spoon in his mouth, but he had an especially good start in life. He is the son of the late Alfonso Taft, who was a jurist of high degree and a member of General Grant's Cabinet. President Taft was thoroughly educated at Yale, in which institution he is now law professor. The first big office he ever held was that of judge of the Superior Court at Cincinnati; appointed to that place—marvelous to tell! —by Joseph Benson Foraker, then Governor of Ohio. Politics makes strange bedfellows and strange antagonists. Subsequently he filled the great offices of Solicitor-General of the United States, Federal Circuit judge, Governor-General of the Philippines, and Secretary of War. His worst enemy will not claim that he did not exhibit great ability in these various positions, and he came into the presidential office accompanied, in my judgment, with more universal good-will than any other man that ever entered the White House. He was treated worse by some of his party associates—not counting Colonel Roosevelt—than any other President. When he was renominated in 1912 he carried only the two states of Utah and Vermont. I am going to give my own opinion on how this happened.

He is the largest man that ever occupied the White House—a handsome man—a learned man—a very gentle man. The first time I ever saw him was while he was Governor-General of the Philippines. He came over here to have a slight surgical operation performed. At that time the Committee on Foreign Affairs was arranging the present Chinese Exclusion law, which is more my law than anybody else's law. Hon. Hugh A. Dinsmore, of Arkansas, was really top Democrat, but he was down in Arkansas fighting for renomination to Congress. It was a bitter fight touching Chinese exclusion. By reason of having annexed the Philippines, the question of exclusion forked, one fork having reference to excluding Chinese from the American continent, Hawaii, and Porto Rico, the other as to excluding them from the Philippines. We sent for Governor-General Taft. He came into the committee-room, and made a most favorable impression on every one in that room. His statements and his answers were as clear as a crystal. He was in favor of excluding them from the Philippines, and gave as his chief reason that neither an American nor a Filipino could compete with a Chinese in any species of business.

That night, at a White House reception, I met him in the lower corridor and introduced him to my wife. When he walked off out of ear-shot I told her that that man would be the next Republican nominee for President—to me he seemed to be their very best reliance.

In his book Senator Foraker undertakes to give the reasons why President Taft lost out in 1912. Of course, Foraker is a very unfriendly witness, while I am a very friendly one. I like President Taft; he treated me and mine with greatest consideration and kindness, which I will never forget.

The first three reasons which Senator Foraker assigned are: First, President Taft's incorrigible habit of playing golf, which, according to the Senator, disgruntled the country people. That cannot be true, for President Wilson plays golf more than did President Taft.

Second, his fondness for traveling over the country and making speeches on all sorts of questions. He did not speak or travel as much as has President Wilson.

Third, that he appointed two Democrats to his Cabinet —MacVeagh, Secretary of the Treasury, and Dickinson, Secretary of War. Both from the same voting precinct in Chicago. It is generally known that Dickinson retains his citizenship in Tennessee, being the owner of the famous Belle Meade plantation near Nashville, but as a matter of fact, for ten or fifteen years he had been a citizen of Chicago. While it seems to me that for a President to appoint men to his Cabinet of different politics from his own is an unwise performance, it had been generally conceded that Secretaries MacVeagh and Dickinson were not Democrats enough to hurt. They were very fine men, but both of them left the Democrats in 1896.

Undoubtedly the fact that President Taft played golf a good deal and traveled a good deal—both of which facts were greatly exploited in the newspapers—diminished somewhat his popularity, which was very great in the beginning, and which is very great now. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, I do not believe that golf and traveling and the appointment of two Democrats to his Cabinet would have made a dent in his prospects for re-election. In my judgment, the things that led to his presidential undoing are as follows:

First, he was a tariff reformer. So far as I know, the first speech he ever made in favor of remodeling and revising the tariff rates was made at Bath, Maine, in 1905. I think he was absolutely honest about it.

Second, for three or four years there had been a growing sentiment in the Republican party that some of the tariff rates were too high and ought to be reduced. In addition to that there was a well-developed rebellion—destined to grow into a revolution—among certain of the House Republicans against what was miscalled "the Cannon machine." It wasn't the Cannon machine at all. It was the Reed machine, but Hon. Joseph Gurney Cannon was Speaker and he ran the Reed machine for all that it was worth.

It so happened after his election that President Taft spent some time at the Virginia Hot Springs. The newspapers reported repeatedly that he was breathing out threatenings and slaughter against Uncle Joe and the machine of which he was the chief engineer. In the mean time, and before President Taft was inaugurated, I, as Democratic minority leader, negotiated a *modus vivendi* with the insurgent Republicans in the House during the short vacation between Taft's inauguration and the beginning of the extra session which he called. I made great headway with these negotiations. The same attracted the attention of the whole country. To the amazement of the insurgent Republicans, President Taft helped Uncle Joe, and seven members of his Cabinet who had arrived also helped, Secretaries MacVeigh and Dickinson not having reached the city. That performance astounded and angered the insurgent Republicans as well as the so-called "uplift magazines" and newspapers. The upshot of the labors of the President and seven members of his Cabinet was that, when we had a battle royal on the 15th of March, 1909, the day when the new House organized, we got a bloody licking. The insurgents never forgave him, and became more aggressive and grew in numbers.

Third, I have already stated that I believe President Taft was absolutely honest about wanting the tariff reduced. The Republican platform merely promised to revise the tariff. It didn't say whether it was to be revised up or down, but from President Taft's speeches it was universally construed that he wanted it revised down. *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, the greatest Republican paper published west of the Mississippi River, said during the campaign that the Democrats were howling about reducing the tariff, but, as the Republicans wanted it reduced, the tariff was no longer an issue in the campaign. That is the strongest and clearest statement that any Republican paper made on the subject. The trouble with President Taft was, so far as the tariff went, that he had only what Governor Dingley called "surface information" on the subject, which the Governor explained to be such information as every well-informed man had, but not information as to details. President Taft in his good nature permitted the stand-pat chiefs to make him believe that his time to interfere to get the reduction was not while the bill was in the House, or while the bill was pending in the Senate, but that his opportunity would arrive when the bill got into conference. Being posted neither as to the details of the tariff nor as to the rules of the House, he took it for granted that they were giving him the correct tip. They did not tell him, however, that there was a practice in the House, as old as the government itself—so old that it amounted to having the effect of law—that where the House proposed one rate on an item in the tariff bill and the Senate proposed another, the conferees could not go below the lower rate and could not go above the higher rate. In betwixt the House rate and Senate rate they could do as they pleased. This stand-pat advice to him—with which Colonel Roosevelt had nothing to do—constitutes the bad treatment of which I spoke. Consequently, when the bill got into conference he found that he was sewed up; that there were only six items in which he was interested and on which he could secure a reduction. For instance, the House rate on leather, boots, shoes, and leather products was 15 per cent. The Senate rate was 20 per cent. He wanted it fixed at 10 per cent. and I have been informed, although I don't know positively, that he swore that he would never sign that bill unless they fixed it at 10. Incidentally, it may be stated that while he was a great man to smile, he had a temper of his own. He made it so hot for the stand-patters that they presented a joint resolution to authorize the conferees to put the rate at 10 per cent. That bred very incurable irritation among the factions. When the President signed the Payne-Aldrich bill there was no reason why he should issue a statement. If he had vetoed it, it would have been the proper thing to issue a statement; nevertheless, he elected to make a statement, and the substance was that the Payne-Aldrich bill was only a partial redemption of Republican pledges; that some of the schedules were too high, notably schedule "K," the wool schedule. As a matter of fact, the Payne-Aldrich bill didn't reduce the tariff at all on the average. On the contrary, it raised it 1.70 per cent. In the House in my capacity as minority leader, I led the fight against the Payne-Aldrich bill, and I know what I am talking about. Shortly after the Payne-Aldrich bill was signed President Taft was persuaded to go up into Massachusetts and make a speech from the porch of Augustus Peabody Gardner, in which he delivered a gorgeous eulogy on Senator Nelson W. Aldrich, chief of the stand-patters—a very handsome and a very able man. In commenting on that I said—and said truly—that all the perfumes of Araby the Blest could not sweeten the actions of Senator Aldrich so as to please the dainty nostrils of the people.

From Mr. Gardner's porch President Taft traveled west to Winona, Minnesota, and made a speech to promote the political fortunes of Hon. James A. Tawney, one of the ablest of the Republican chieftains. In that speech, to the utter amazement of the people, he declared that the Payne-Aldrich bill was the best tariff bill ever put on the statute-books. They couldn't reconcile that statement with the declaration he made when he signed the Payne-Aldrich Tariff bill, and said that it was only a partial redemption of Republican pledges, and that some of the schedules were too high, especially the wool schedule.

Fourth, largely on account of the Payne-Aldrich Tariff bill and on account of the repulsion of the insurgent Republicans, the Democrats elected the House of Representatives in 1910 by sixty-five majority, of which House I was elected Speaker on the 4th of April, 1911.

At the extra session in 1911 the House passed the Reciprocity bill with Canada. At the short session of the previous Congress the House passed the bill to establish reciprocity with Canada, and the Senate let it fail. It began to be whispered about that President Taft was going to call an extra session of Congress for his Reciprocity bill, which he did. One morning I was down to the White House—February, 1911—and he asked me if he called an extra session what we were going to do. He and everybody else knew that I was going to be elected Speaker. I told him we would pass the Reciprocity bill and would also pass any other bills that we thought proper, including tariff bills. Two or three days after that he had a conversation with Mr. Underwood, who everybody knew would be chairman of the Ways and Means Committee. He asked Underwood the same question that he had asked me, and Underwood gave him practically the same answer that I had given. About two weeks before that Congress adjourned *sine die*, the President sent for both Underwood and me to come down to the White House at ten-thirty one night. The reason that he fixed that peculiar hour was that he was going to attend a function somewhere. So Underwood and I went down together. We talked the whole matter over going down. We didn't want an extra session and we agreed that we would in some way direct the conversation so as to restate to the President what we would do if he did call it. Secretary Knox was present at the conference. The President never asked our advice about calling an extra session. What he did ask our suggestions about was at what date Congress should meet. We expressed our opinions about that, and he followed our suggestion. In my judgment he would have been reëlected but for that extra session in 1911.

It is generally assumed that Colonel Roosevelt, "solitary and alone," to use Col. Thomas Hart Benton's famous pleonastic expression, accomplished the Republican split at Chicago which defeated President Taft for reëlection. Nothing of the sort. If President Taft had not aided and abetted Mr. Speaker Cannon in the rules fight, thereby alienating the insurgent Republicans, together with the uplift magazines and newspapers, and had not been led into the tariff trap by the stand-pat bigwigs, thereby parting company with a vast multitude of tariff-reform Republicans, Colonel Roosevelt, powerful and popular as he was, could not have made such headway as he did. When he returned from Africa he found ready to his hand a great army of Republicans, disaffected toward President Taft, who rallied to him (Roosevelt) as the best chance to wreak their vengeance upon the President, who was deceived and lured to political destruction by the stand-pat leaders. These men, at least most of them, were not animated so much by love for Colonel Roosevelt as they were by their desire to defeat President Taft—one of the most amiable of all our public men. They simply seized Colonel Roosevelt and used him as the instrument of destruction. They succeeded astonishingly well in doing Taft to death politically. "Barkus was willin'," for Colonel Roosevelt was himself nursing a grudge or grudges against Taft principally because the latter determined to be President sure enough and to have a policy of his own. That he was under profound obligations to Roosevelt for helping him to the White House Taft always freely admitted, but he was man enough to feel that he was not the mere shadow or alter ego of the Colonel. Hence the alienation of affection on the part of Roosevelt. These enemies of Taft kept the Colonel thoroughly informed while he was in the Old World as to the growing disaffection toward the President; sent agents to meet him abroad, insisting on his running again, and by the time he landed on his native shore he was an active candidate, his heart boiling with rage. He and his followers filled the country with the clatter of the campaign, and came within a Georgetown graze of capturing the nomination. Failing that, he got him up a party of his own, was of course nominated by it, and ended his astounding political career by being defeated—but he defeated Taft, which was the great desideratum.

As I have heretofore stated, the Fifty-fourth Congress did little work. It sat fewer days than most of its predecessors or successors. Its annals are brief and dull. Mr. Cleveland was still President. Both Senate and House were Republican—the latter by an overwhelming majority. Politically, therefore, the government was stalemate. If the President had proposed any measure tinged with politics, the Republican Congress would have blocked it. If the Republican Congress had passed any measure for political effect, the President would have vetoed it.

Ex-Speaker Crisp, having been the Democratic nominee for Speaker, was *ipso facto* minority leader; but his activities and energies were directed far more to securing, over ex-Secretary of the Interior Hoke Smith, the Senatorship than in performing the functions of the minority leadership.

The truth is Crisp was thoroughly disgusted with his position as minority leader. It was a thankless task, and was at its worst in the Fifty-fourth Congress, for the Democrats had just been drubbed out of their boots, having lost everything at the preceding November election. They were sore—awfully sore—about everybody and everything, including themselves. Criminations and recriminations were the order of the day. All this so vexed Crisp that once he said to Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas—himself destined to the minority leadership: "Nobody can lead this wrangling, quarrelsome, factionalized Democratic minority. I do not intend to return to the House. I am going home to stand for the Senate. If I lose that, I will quit public life forever."

It is interesting to note that Bailey, young, brilliant, able, enthusiastic, and aggressive, became minority leader in the Fifty-fifth Congress, and with all his splendid ability was so pestered by Democratic kickers that he followed Crisp's example, declined to stand for re-election, and went over to the Senate, where he developed into one of the most powerful debaters of this generation. After almost twelve years of service in the House of "The Conscript Fathers," he wearied of public life, resigned, and is now practising law in Washington, where I hear that his unusual talents are earning a splendid income.

As stated heretofore, Crisp achieved the nomination to the Senate, which, in Georgia, was equivalent to election, but he died before he could be elected.

Speaker Reed appointed former-Governor Nelson Dingley, of Maine, chairman of the Committee on Ways and Means, thereby making him ex-officio floor leader. Reed and Dingley were warmest friends, though perhaps no two men of unquestioned ability were ever less alike, mentally or physically.

Reed was far and away the most brilliant figure in American politics. Dingley was the most methodical of mankind. Reed's speeches sparkle like a gem.

It is doubtful whether Governor Dingley, during his entire career of forty years as editor and public speaker, ever wrote or uttered one brilliant sentence or one that men will remember. But he got there just the same. His was the genius of industry, and it is the old story of the hare and the tortoise over again, with variations. He verifies the words of New England's sweetest poet:

> The heights by great men reached and kept
>   Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they while their companions slept
>   Were toiling upward in the night.

In all respects—mental, moral, and physical—Dingley resembled Madison most of all our Presidents. Governor Dingley was a college-bred man of solid understanding, and was an indefatigable student, particularly in everything pertaining to finance. He reveled in statistics, and a book made up entirely of figures had as great a fascination for him as the latest novel had for a girl of sixteen.

Reed, while very fond of Dingley, liked to tease him and to crack jokes at his expense. He once said, "The Governor would rather have a pencil and pad of paper on his knee than a pretty girl."

Physically, Dingley was small, spare, and frail, with an appearance suggestive of consumption. He had what is called "the scholar's stoop" in a marked degree. He was a frequent, lucid, and instructive, but not a pleasant speaker; had a weak, rasping voice, a well-developed nasal twang, an aquiline nose, and a bald head. Indeed, three of the distinguished Maine quartet in that Congress were sadly in need of hair-restorer. Uncle Seth Milliken was the only Pine Tree Representative who wasn't decidedly short in hirsute adornments. In the cases of Reed and Dingley this unlikeness to Absalom may be attributed to too much brain exercise, but that will not do for the bounding Boutelle.

A great many persons believe that nobody listens to speeches in Congress. All such should have been present when Governor Dingley rose to address the House. Members from all parts of the hall left their seats and crowded in compact mass in front of him. They were anxious to hear him for two reasons: First, because they realized that he was speaking *ex cathedra;* second, because they knew that he was master of his subject and was dispensing the Republican gospel on that theme.

Governor Dingley was a pronounced brunette, with a Hebraic cast of features; but he was not a Jew, as New England has not been sufficiently liberalized to confer high political honors on the descendants of Abraham and the kindred of Judah P. Benjamin and Benjamin Disraeli. Mr. Dingley's commanding position teaches a most important lesson.

The North in general, New England in particular, understands thoroughly the wisdom of retaining faithful and capable servants in Congress for long periods, believing correctly that if there is anything in a man it will be developed, and his influence in the national councils increases precisely in proportion to his length of service.

Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, John P. Hale, Jeremy Collamer, John Quincy Adams, Hannibal Hamlin, William Pitt Fessenden, Henry Wilson, Charles Sumner, James G. Blaine, and others passed most of their lives, after reaching the Congressional age, in Washington City.

George F. Edmunds, of Vermont, who died only a few months ago, might have spent all his days in the Senate had he not resigned to get rich practising law.

George Frisbie Hoar, Henry Cabot Lodge, General Hawley, William P. Frye, Eugene Hale, and William E. Chandler also spent most of their manhood days in Congress.

The venerable Justin Smith Morrill holds the record for service in Congress—twelve years in the House, thirty-one years nine months and twenty-four days in the Senate—a total of forty-three years nine months and twenty-four days.

Take Maine, for instance. Her delegation, in proportion to numbers, was the most influential in the House—an influence growing no less out of length of service than out of inherent capacity. She had only four men in the House. Reed was Speaker; Dingley, chairman of Ways and Means; Boutelle, chairman of Naval Affairs; Milliken, of Public Buildings and Grounds. All served more than twenty years.

Experience is a hard school, but there are hundreds of things about the complicated Congressional machine which can be learned in no other. They do not come by instinct or intuition. No genius or learning or eloquence can compensate for this positive knowledge of details and of legislative machinery—knowledge which may appear trivial to the uninitiated, but, as an aid to a successful career, of vital importance.

No length of service in Congress could make a man like Reed or Wilson, unless he were dowered by nature with shining talents and a nimble tongue.

But there are many men in the country who would rise to distinction if they were elected to Congress at the age of forty-nine, as Dingley was, and kept there as long as he was—that, too, after having been Governor of his state.

James A. Garfield once said, "There is no place where a man finds his true level so certainly and so speedily as in the House of Representatives," and I say there is no such training-school for intellectual development anywhere else on earth as the House of Representatives. A man whose mind does not expand there is an incorrigible fool.

Before I went to Congress, while there, and when I was out and since I got back, my theory has been and is this: The people of any given district should select a man in harmony with their interests and political beliefs, who is possessed of industry, energy, integrity, and at least fair capacity, and who is young enough to grow, send him to Congress and give him to understand that so long as he grows and discharges his duties faithfully they will keep him there.

With that sort of a lease on public life any man of even ordinary talents will develop into an important factor in Congress. Beginning at the foot of the class, as all new members must—through death, promotion, and the vicissitudes of politics, he will in a few years find himself at the head of one of the great committees—which is the first desideratum with every Congressman ambitious for himself or for his people.

Without a good committee assignment a new member, to make himself felt and heard, must be a man of extraordinary parts.

Though Maine produced Thomas B. Reed and sent Artemus Ward forth on his mirth-provoking career, her bleak climate does not seem favorable to the growth of humorists.

Of this quality Governor Dingley was as destitute as a tombstone. He made only one effort in that direction during the Fifty-fifth Congress, and that was not such a howling success as to tempt him to a repetition thereof.

In a running-fire debate with Jerry Simpson, on the proposed bond issue, he characterized Jerry's plan as a Uriah Heep scheme of finance; and here's the sequel: Two days later Jerry, with most provoking gravity, said: "The gentleman from Maine on that occasion did me the honor to notice me, and said it would be a Uriah Heep policy. I confess that I was at a very great loss to see what the connection was between the two, and how Uriah Heep could figure as a financier, even in the mind of the gentleman from Maine. I had read *David Copperfield*, and understood something of the peculiarities of Micawber

—and I refer to this now only to show how dangerous it is for a New-Englander when he undertakes to perpetrate a joke. Some gentleman suggested that perhaps the gentleman from Maine meant Mr. Micawber; and lo and behold! in the next morning's *Record* I saw the 'joke' had been corrected. I believe it was the very first time in the history of *The Record* that a joke was corrected in that publication. The gentleman from Maine should have prepared a diagram to explain his witticism."

Governor Dingley's absolute lack of a sense of humor induced "Private" John Allen, of Mississippi, one of the greatest humorists that ever lived, to perpetrate a neat little joke on him. In the dog-days of 1894 John and the Governor were riding together on the same street-car. The Governor was doing a little calamity-howling, lamenting the bad situation to which the Democrats had brought the business of the country. John said: "Governor, you are entirely too blue over this thing. It is not true that good, profitable investments cannot be made. I made a small one this morning on which I realized handsomely, clearing about twenty per cent.!" The Governor was wide-awake instanter, said he would like to invest some money in such a paying institution, and asked John how he did it. John with preternatural solemnity replied, "I purchased six street-car tickets for two bits, whereas usually they cost a nickel each!" at which the Governor was in a huff for a week.

For some years Governor Dingley and I had only a speaking acquaintance. There was nothing to bring us together. He was much older than I, a New England Republican, and went about, to all outward appearances, dressed in a coat of ice. At last, however, both of us had trouble with our throats and had the same throat specialist. Of course I always gave the Governor the right of way. After being treated, we had to remain indoors twenty or thirty minutes to prevent catching cold. Gradually we became better acquainted. Twice rain-storms kept us in for considerable time, and we conversed on sundry topics. Once I asked, "Governor, if men favoring a revenue tariff should get hold of House and Senate, what would be the better way of reducing the tariff, by a horizontal cut, as William R. Morrison tried to do, or by reducing the rates in each schedule separately?" He replied, "Nobody except an ignoramus, or one too indolent to work, would think of raising or reducing the tariff permanently by a horizontal cut or increase." As he had only recently forced through a horizontal raise, I expressed my surprise at his statement, and jogged his memory about his own performance in that regard. He answered, "That doesn't count, as it is only a temporary expedient for the purpose of raising sufficient revenue for the Spanish War, and not a permanent policy." And then for nearly an hour he explained to me thoroughly, and in a most kindly manner, the why and wherefore of his theory. The gist of his argument was that a rate which would be a good revenue-producer on one article would be prohibitive on another, giving as a sample of the former class Chinese silks, light of weight, cheap to transport, occupying small space, and no loss from breakage, and fine glassware and crockery-ware as a sample of the second class, expensive to ship, liable to much breakage, occupying greater space, and entailing heavy insurance charges. His monologue was really a valuable and luminous lecture on the philosophy of the tariff, which I took to heart, remembered and acted on when in after-years my turn came to help construct the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot Tariff bill. In that conversation Governor Dingley rendered me almost speechless with surprise by telling me that when he quit college he was a free-trader, and how he became a protectionist. He expressed a hope that I might do likewise.

On another occasion I asked him which he deemed the more beneficial to a boy, a regular classical course or one of the new-fangled select courses. He responded with much earnestness and enthusiasm, "The classical course is far and away the best." He illustrated his opinion by giving his observations on his own sons and other young men of his acquaintance.

After these conferences he and I were warm friends. The last public function that he and I both attended was a Gridiron Club banquet, just after the close of the war with Spain. Several generals, admirals, Cabinet members, and Senators spoke—exploiting what the army, navy, Cabinet, and Senate did in the war—never referring to the work of the House. It so happened that the Governor and myself were the only Representatives present, and that I was the only Representative on the speaking-list. It also happened, furthermore, that I came after the aforementioned generals, admirals, Cabinet members, and Senators. I rounded up the whole crowd in a half-serious, half-humorous way, taking up the cudgels on behalf of the House. This so pleased Governor Dingley that when the feast ended he walked the full length of the biggest banquet-hall in Washington to congratulate me and to take my hand.

The House decreed him a public funeral—an unusual honor—to which he was fully entitled. All in all, he was one of the most useful and powerful of the sons of Maine.

Governor Dingley was succeeded as chairman of the Ways and Means Committee by Hon. Sereno E. Payne, of New York—a very large and a very handsome man. He was Father of the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot Tariff bill. He was also Father of the House. He was a strong man in every way, and made strong speeches, without a trace of wit or humor in them.

Here is an incident demonstrating how we sometimes misjudge one another. Everybody knew that Mr. Payne was a man of ability and a strong debater. Those of us who had opportunity to study him closely knew that he possessed a vast store of information, particularly on the tariff. No wonder, for he was a student and participated in five revisions of the tariff. In debate he was irritable and brusk to such an extent that he frequently hurt the feelings of members who interrupted him in his speeches. I did not like the way in which he sawed me off on several occasions, and for a long time had it in my heart to catch him in the right situation and smite him hip and thigh.

Finally, however, I was placed on the Committee on Ways and Means, of which he was chairman. During the Christmas holidays succeeding I was in New England and New York on a lecture tour. When I entered a parlor-car in New York, en route to Washington, I had Mr. Payne as a fellow-passenger. He came and sat down by me and gave me a cordial welcome to his committee. He talked to me all the way to Washington, and as I had never talked with him ten minutes privately before that trip, I was amazed to discover that he was a most pleasant gentleman, an unusually fine raconteur, and that his stock of personal and interesting reminiscences seemed inexhaustible. He spoke most entertainingly and humorously of Thurlow Weed, William H. Seward, Horace Greeley, Horatio Seymour, Governor Morgan, Roscoe Conkling, Samuel Sullivan Cox, Henry J. Raymond, and other New York worthies of a past generation. Those five hours were not only delightful, but also instructive to me, and added much to the sum total of my historical knowledge. That trip laid the foundation of a close personal friendship between Mr. Payne and myself which grew stronger and more tender with the passing years, till the day of his death. He was the most distinguished member of the House to die in harness—as no doubt he wished to die—after the death of Governor Dingley, his immediate predecessor as chairman of the great Committee on Ways and Means. The House also decreed him a public funeral, as was eminently proper, and we mournfully parted company with the honored and well-beloved "Father of the House."

Large bodies move slowly, so it is said. That is precisely what the House of Representatives is, and that is exactly the manner of its movement. *Vis inertiæ* is a prominent feature of its being. Nevertheless it moves. During my long service I have witnessed much progress toward perfection in its rules and practices. While we have not reached the millennium, we are improving—in nothing more than in the treatment of contested election cases. Under the Constitution "each House of Congress shall be judge of the elections, returns, and qualifications of its own members." From the judgments of either House there is no appeal. At first, but only for two terms, the House of Representatives tried to act with an approximation of judicial fairness, but soon abandoned the effort, since when most contests have been settled on a partizan basis. Great outrages have been committed by all parties which have controlled the House, but within the last dozen years the House has grown weary of the scandals attaching to such cases, and has entered upon a wiser, fairer, and more patriotic course. In these latter days a contestant must make out a reasonable case in order to unseat a contestee. Consequently the number of contests has dwindled perceptibly. Much credit for this reform should be given to James R. Mann, of Chicago, for eight years last past the very able Republican minority leader.

Perhaps political rancor reached high-water mark during reconstruction days. At any rate, it was during that unhappy period that contested election cases were so numerous as to become a burden, and were decided entirely on party lines.

My brilliant and handsome friend, DeAlva Stanwood Alexander, long time a Representative from New York, in his very readable book, *History and Procedure of the House of Representatives*, says: "Upon entering the room of the Committee on Elections, of which he was a member, Thaddeus Stevens inquired the point in the case under investigation. 'There is not much point to it,' replied his colleague; 'they are both damned scoundrels.' 'Well,' said Stevens, 'which is the Republican damned scoundrel? I want to go for him.'" Others felt the same way, but did not have the effrontery to express it so bluntly

I saw at least one fine illustration and verification of the old saying, "Evil inventions sometimes return to plague the inventors." In the Fifty-third Congress, Col. Josiah Patterson, of Tennessee, was chairman of the Committee on Elections. We had only one such committee then, but we have three now. On the face of the returns Charles F. Joy, of St. Louis—"Charlie" to his friends, who are numbered by his acquaintances—had a little over three hundred majority; but his right to his seat was contested by John J. O'Neil, a veteran member.

The case turned on this one point: The Missouri Australian ballot law, of which I am the author, provides, among other things, that the ballot clerks shall place their initials on all ballots for purposes of identification—a perfectly proper safeguard. It so happened that enough Joy ballots to turn the scale were found in one or two boxes without the initials of the ballot clerks.

Colonel Patterson reported in favor of seating O'Neil, and Joy was thrown out. That was in 1893. Joy felt grossly outraged, and breathed out threatenings against Patterson that he would get even. Joy liked to give dinners, and they were good ones. In this way, and by reason of his unexcelled social qualities, he had a large circle of friends in the House and out. Toward Colonel Patterson he nursed his wrath to keep it warm. His constituents promptly and overwhelmingly re-elected him in

1894, and again in 1896. In the latter year Edward W. Carmack, a Free Silver Democrat, defeated Colonel Patterson, a Gold Democrat, for the Congressional nomination. Colonel Patterson was nominated by the Gold Democrats and indorsed by the Republicans. On the face of the returns Carmack had a majority, and Patterson contested his seat. Joy's time had come. He made a thorough canvass of his Republican friends, who were then running things. He begged each one to vote for Carmack, stoutly asserting that it was a fight between two Democrats—that Patterson had maltreated him, etc. He induced several Republicans to vote for Carmack and more of them to leave the hall when the vote was taken. To the surprise of both Patterson and Carmack, and of nearly everybody else, Carmack received the majority, while Joy was wild with delight. That was the only contested election case I ever heard in which there was an element of amusement. It is apropos to state that on that occasion Carmack made the most brilliant and audacious speech of his life.

Colonel Patterson was one of the ablest single Gold Standard advocates in the country. From his standpoint he made the strongest speech delivered on the subject in the Fifty-third Congress.

He was a brilliant cavalry colonel, and among lawyers his place was in the front rank.

He was a fine man, mentally and physically, not yet past his meridian. There were no frills about his oratory, but his style was exceedingly lucid and energetic. I believe in giving a man his just dues, even though I differ with him.

By quoting Thomas Carlyle, he made one of the sharpest repartees ever heard in the House.

Josiah was not always a Gold-bug by a jugful. Indeed, at one time he was at the other extreme. When he was a candidate for the governorship of the "Old Volunteer

State" he made some Silver speeches down in "The Great Smoky Mountains" which would put to blush the fervent utterances of Silver Dick Bland, "Coin" Harvey, and "The Boy Orator of the Platte."

Now Josiah had as one of his colleagues a little red-headed, sanguine-tempered Democrat named Snodgrass, who feared neither man nor devil, who had a memory like a tar-bucket, and whose opinions on the money question had undergone no modifications since he had loyally and enthusiastically supported Josiah for gubernatorial honors. His friend's falling from grace troubled him sorely. He had the scrap-book habit, and had "scrapped" all of Colonel Patterson's old red-hot Free Silver speeches. So, while Josiah, with the proverbial zeal of a brand-new convert, was out-Heroding Herod in advocacy of the single Gold Standard, Snodgrass interrupted him continually, and shot into him certain choice excerpts from his old Silver speeches, which sounded very much like extracts from the hottest pronunciamentos of Senator Stewart of Nevada. At last Josiah could stand the gaffs no longer and angrily shouted: "I say, with Emerson, that consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds. I do not subscribe to the doctrine once a fool always a fool!"

To show how uncertain is the business of a prophet in these latter days, and for the guidance of those who would emulate Jeremiah and Elijah, it may be stated that Snodgrass predicted that Josiah, in recanting the opinions of a lifetime, was committing political suicide, and that the halls of Congress would know him no more forever. He even pathetically declared that his friend's tergiversation had set his lachrymal glands a-going, and that he would drop a tear—gallons of them, in fact—upon Josiah's grave. The Silver Democrats cheered Snodgrass lustily as he played the rôle of a male Niobe and he was prouder than a peacock in full feather.

But he laughs best who laughs last, and when the votes were counted on the black Tuesday in November, '94, *mirabile dictu*, it was Snodgrass who was remanded to the shades of private life and not Colonel Patterson.

Mark Twain was born some two or three miles west of the Ninth Congressional District of Missouri, which I represent. He was reared jam up against the north end of it, in the city of Hannibal, which now has a Mark Twain hotel, a Mark Twain monument, and a Mark Twain museum.

It so happened that some years before his death I was top Democrat on the Committee on Patents, which has jurisdiction over trade-marks and copyrights, as well as next to top Democrat on the great Committee on Foreign Affairs. In December, 1903, I gave up both those assignments to go on the Ways and Means Committee.

Twain and I had never seen each other, but because we were both Missourians from the same neck of the woods, and because he thought that I was still top Democrat on patents, in January, 1904, he wrote to me stating that he wanted a bill passed giving to authors a perpetual copyright. I answered, explaining that the Congress would never enact any such law—also stating that the Congress would be willing to help the authors out, and outlining what I considered possible as to improvements in that regard. I suggested that he employ a good lawyer to work out a bill containing my suggestions, as I did not have time to do it. He followed my advice, and the bill was duly prepared, and finally with some immaterial amendments placed upon the statute-book, making more liberal arrangements as to copyrights, thereby largely enhancing their value.

In February he wrote me that he was coming to Washington to lobby for the bill, and he proved to be the prince of lobbyists. He came to my office as soon as he arrived. After a few minutes' conversation he said that he wanted to see the members of the Committee on Patents, to talk to them about his bill, which seemed to be near his heart. As I had only one room, and Mr. Speaker Cannon had three or four, I borrowed one of his stenographer's rooms on the ground floor and sent a page up into the House to notify certain members that Mark Twain was below and desired to converse with them. They came gladly—in fact, first and last they nearly all came, and for two days Twain held his court—talking all the time—and such talk! He talked about steamboating on the Mississippi, about his experiences in Nevada, California, and the Sandwich Islands, about lecturing, writing books, about his travels in far lands, about getting rich and going broke, about the prominent people he had met—in short, about almost everything and everybody—but always wound up by arguing in favor of his bill. On the morning of the second day there was a blinding snow-storm in Washington, and Twain blossomed out in a flannel suit, white as the snow, while all the world wondered. For a week his eccentricity in dress was the talk not only of the town, but of the whole country. He was written up and cartooned in every ambitious paper. His white flannels were the resounding theme of every tongue. Incidentally, his bill was universally discussed. For that cunningly devised caper he must have received a million dollars' worth of free advertising for his copyright bill. Not content with that, he wrote Mr. Speaker Cannon a humorous note, asking permission to address the House—which the Speaker could not grant, as the rules of the House absolutely forbid the Speaker from even entertaining such a motion. I feel certain that if Twain had addressed the House he would have secured the perpetual copyright for which he longed.

It is said that for years he nursed an ambition to be a member of the House, as did John Lawrence Sullivan. Most assuredly both would have added to the gaiety of nations.

Some months after his death there was a great meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York, to pay tribute to his memory. That great hall was crowded to the ceiling. Dr. William Dean Howells presided, made a splendid opening speech, and most gracefully and graciously introduced the other speakers, who were Joseph H. Choate, Henry van Dyke, George W. Cable, Mr. Speaker Cannon, Henry Watterson, and myself. I take it that no such funeral speeches have ever been delivered since the confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel. For three mortal hours we did nothing but crack jokes and tell anecdotes about Twain. The chances are ten to one that that was the sort of tribute to his memory that he would have desired had he been consulted. However that may be, the vast audience enjoyed it, and at 11 P.M., after the manner of Oliver Twist, cried for more.

CHAPTER II

Colonel Hitt's dinner—John Sherman—DeArmond.

ONE night at a great dinner given by Col. R. R. Hitt, the elegant chairman of the great Committee on Foreign Affairs, to Sanford B. Dole, President of the Hawaiian Republic, I happened to sit in talking distance of Mr. Secretary of State John Sherman, with only Lemuel Eli Quigg betwixt us. During the course of the dinner I asked Secretary Sherman how he regarded in the retrospect his defeat for the Speakership in 1859-60. He replied, "Sometimes I think it was a misfortune, and sometimes a blessing in disguise." That contest in which Sherman was one of the principal figures, being the Republican nominee for Speaker, was of unusual heat and length, lasting two whole months. There were four parties in the House then—Republicans, Democrats, together with a small contingent of Whigs and Americans (alias Know nothings), and the two latter split into pro-slavery and anti-slavery factions. No party had the majority necessary to elect. Once Sherman came within three votes of the prize; but every time he was nearing the goal Gen. John B. Clark, of Missouri ("Old Gen. John B.," as he is known in our state, to distinguish him from his son, "Young Gen. John B."), a man of splendid talents, particularly in an oratorical way, a violent pro-slavery Whig, would make a blood-and-thunder *ad captandum* harangue against Sherman for having signed a recommendation for an abolition book written by a North-Carolinian named

Helper, which would drive the pro-slavery Whigs and Americans away from Sherman. So, after trying nearly every prominent man in their party, finally the Republicans put up ex-Governor Pennington of New Jersey, who was serving his first and only term in the House, and he was elected for the strange reason that he had no record on the slavery question or any other. He, like Frederick Augustus Muhlenberg, the first Speaker, and Henry Clay, was elected Speaker during his first term in Congress. At the end of his one term he disappeared from human ken, while John Sherman served in the Senate for thirty-two years, was Secretary of the Treasury four years and Secretary of State one year, and was a prominent candidate for President.

I have often thought of his statement that he sometimes considered his defeat for the Speakership a misfortune and sometimes a blessing in disguise.

The chances are that had I been made minority leader in 1904, when I first wanted it, I never would have mounted to the Speakership, because at that time the Democrats were so thoroughly factionalized that it may well be doubted whether any man could have led them in four Congresses without making enemies enough to defeat him for Speaker.

It so happened that Judge David A. DeArmond, of Missouri, who had been a candidate for minority leader twice before, wanted to be a candidate again in 1904 against John Sharp Williams, who was running for a third term, and so did I. The rivalry betwixt DeArmond, a man of exceptional ability, and myself was perhaps the longest between two Representatives from the same state in the entire history of the Republic. We were on friendly terms and did not seek to be rivals, but we were rivals through circumstances beyond our control. Both wanted to be minority leader, as a stepping-stone to the Speakership. He had served in the House four years longer than I had, and in age was my senior by six years. He had achieved high standing in the House, being second among Democrats on the great Judiciary Committee, while I held exactly the same rank on Ways and Means. The Missouri delegation of its own motion, so far as I know, took the matter of our candidacy into its own hands, and DeArmond prevailed by one majority. Williams was re-elected that year, and again in 1906.

In 1908 he was nominated for United States Senator, which in Mississippi is equivalent to the election. The three races which DeArmond had made against him for the minority leadership, and the fist fight they had, which I described briefly in a former chapter, had made mortal enemies of them. Consequently Williams made up his mind that DeArmond should not succeed him in the minority leadership if he could prevent it. So, after his nomination for United States Senator, one day I received a letter from him, in which he stated that on a certain day about three weeks in the future he would write a letter to Henry D. Clayton, chairman of the Democratic caucus, informing him that when Congress convened in December he would resign the minority leadership—which letter Clayton would publish. The Congress was then in vacation. I acted on his hint, and immediately wrote to every Democratic member except Judge DeArmond and one other, stating that I would be a candidate for the minority leadership, and by the time that Judge Clayton published the Williams letter I had pledges from a large majority of Democratic members. I was unanimously elected to fill out the fragment of Williams's term. In the next six Congresses I was unanimously nominated for Speaker in Democratic caucuses—which made me minority leader in the Sixty-first Congress and Speaker in the Sixty-second, Sixty-third, Sixty-fourth, and Sixty-fifth Congresses, also minority leader in the Sixty-sixth. I am the only Democrat living or dead ever unanimously nominated by a

Democratic caucus for his first term in the Speakership. I played in great luck in that regard, just as I played in great luck as to the time at which I came into the minority leadership, which led to the Speakership.

Notwithstanding Taft's easy victory in 1908, the Republicans had already entered upon the process of disintegration. Their majority in the House of over 140, elected in 1904, fell to 57 in 1906 and to 47 in 1908, so that by combining with 24 insurgent Republicans when all of our men stood fire we could beat them.

It is here gratefully stated that Senator Williams enabled me to make my election to the minority leadership certain and easy, and that Judge DeArmond supported me in that position with absolute fidelity.

He had been prosecuting attorney, state Senator, Circuit judge, and Supreme Court commissioner, in all of which positions he had discharged his duties with signal ability. Through his long incumbency on the bench he had acquired the judicial style of speaking. He was easily one of the most effective speechmakers in the House, and was always listened to gladly. He never wrote a speech. When he first told me that I didn't believe it, but one day he told me circumstantially why he did not. He said that when quite a young man he made a speech on some important occasion, and that he wrote it carefully, committing it thoroughly to memory, as he thought; but to his utter disgust and dismay, right in the middle of it, forgot it and floundered to the end. After that exasperating experience he never wrote a word of another speech. As he was by far the most skilful verbal precisian in the House, and his sentences were perfect in construction and sparkled like a gem, I set my mind on solving the mystery of his preparation. At last I did it. He carried a small pair of scissors in his pocket. He would throw his head back against the desk back of him, gazing at the coats of arms of the various states above his head, and while remaining in that position hours at a stretch he was mechanically cutting up old envelops and papers. During that queer process nothing short of an earthquake would disturb him. He was as oblivious to all sublunary things as was Archimedes experimenting with his soap-bubbles. The truth is that, while clipping envelops and paper with his little scissors, he was preparing a speech, churning his ideas into shape as the waters churn the rocks, and when he was through with that unique performance his speech was as perfectly prepared as though he had written it out, rewritten it, polished it up, and committed it to memory. While we had up the Philippine Tariff bill Minority Leader Williams was suddenly called to Mississippi on account of the serious illness of his daughter. He turned the management of the bill for our side, including control of the time, over to me. I yielded an hour to Judge DeArmond, and then planted myself in front of him as a matter of curiosity to see if he uttered a slovenly sentence or made a slip of the tongue. There was just one little slip—he used the word worser instead of worse, and corrected himself instanter! He never quoted anything except a statute or a court decision or a section of the Constitution or a rule of the House or an opinion of a Speaker or other presiding officer. He made no historical or biographical references, and, judging from his speeches, which were quite numerous—some of them elaborate—he had no acquaintance with the poets; nevertheless, he always made a strong and interesting speech. His *forte* was sarcasm. As a verbal precisian he had no equal in either branch of Congress after John James Ingalls left the Senate.

In the minority he was a power. I have often wondered what sort of a record he would have made in the majority.

The two chief events in the House during my minority leadership were the prolonged, bitter, and successful battle to liberalize the rules and to put an end to the one-man power of the Speaker, and the fight on the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot Tariff bill—which two performances gave us the House in 1910—also the House, Senate, and Presidency in 1912. It was hard work, but work that I stuck to and loved.

CHAPTER III

Wars made Presidents.

EVERY war in which we have been engaged has produced a President or Presidents. Of course this does not apply to our various Indian wars, although certain of them have helped in sending men to the White House. The Revolutionary War made Washington President and aided Monroe and Jackson to realize their highest ambition. Monroe was little more than a boy while serving in the army, saw little service, and rose to no high rank. Aaron Burr, a brilliant soldier, who liked him not, sneeringly declared that his chief duties in the army were to keep Lord Stirling's tankard filled and listen with apparent interest to his lordship's long-winded stories; but the testimony of his comrades was to the effect that Monroe was a good, if not a distinguished, soldier. At any rate, his military record was helpful to him all his days. He never rose higher than lieutenant, but was a stout fighter and was badly wounded in the glorious American victory at Trenton. It is an interesting fact that no American soldier was killed in that important engagement, and only one other besides Monroe was wounded—Capt. William Washington, in whose company Lieutenant Monroe was serving. Monroe's hurt was precisely the same as that which killed Gen. Albert Sidney Johnston at Shiloh. But Monroe had the good fortune to fall near a surgeon who knew his business, and saved the life of the future President by wise and timely "first aid." It is almost certain that General Johnston's life could have been saved by the simple process of tying a string around his leg between his body and his wound, thereby stopping the hemorrhage.

General Jackson was a mere boy when a British officer cut his scalp open with a saber for refusing to black his boots. He surely made the British pay for that piece of brutality on January 8, 1815, and pay an exceedingly high rate of interest.

When he was a candidate for re-election to the Presidency in 1832 Francis P. Blair, the elder, went over to the White House and told the general that the Whigs were circulating a campaign-tale to the effect that the story about the British officer slashing him on the head was a lie, made of whole cloth for political effect. The old hero took hold of Blair's forefinger and, running it up into his bristly white hair into the gash made by the brutal Britisher's sword, told Blair to tell what he discovered.

The War of 1812 made Presidents of Andrew Jackson and William Henry Harrison, and a Vice-President of Col. Richard Mentor Johnson. It also assisted Gen. Lewis Cass, Gen. Zachary Taylor, and Gen. Winfield Scott in achieving presidential nominations. The Mexican War made Presidents of Taylor and Pierce, and gave Scott a presidential nomination. It also was one of the reasons why Major John Cabell Breckenridge was made Vice-President in 1856 and a presidential nominee in 1860.

The Civil War elected General Grant, and contributed to the election of Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes, Gen. James A. Garfield, Gen. Benjamin Harrison, and Major William McKinley. It also nominated Gen. Winfield Scott Hancock for President in 1880, and Gen. Frank P. Blair for Vice-President on the ticket with Horatio Seymour, in 1868.

Even our brief war with Spain was largely instrumental in elevating Col. Theodore Roosevelt to the Presidency.

The political and presidential situation during the Mexican War was decidedly peculiar and somewhat aggravating. President Polk was a Democrat, and his administration, which carried on that war so successfully, was Democratic; but it so happened that the two most distinguished soldiers of that war were General Taylor and General Scott, both of whom were Whigs. As soon as Taylor gained the victories of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma certain Whigs began to shout for him for President. After his brilliant triumph at Buena Vista his chances went soaring, and through the skilful manipulations of Thurlow Weed and other Whig leaders who were in search of a winner, Clay, Webster, Crittenden, Corwin, Everett, and all the rest of the great Whig statesmen were unceremoniously brushed aside, and the nomination given to Taylor, the military chieftain, whose soldiers fondly called him "Old Rough-and-Ready," and who had never lost a battle or a skirmish. It goes without saying that Clay's enthusiastic followers were thoroughly disgusted—as was "the Great Commoner" himself—while "Daniel the Godlike" flatly pronounced it a nomination unfit to be made.

President Polk, knowing himself to be suffering from some fatal malady, was not a candidate for a second term, but he desired with all his heart that his successor should be a Democrat. Consequently he and other eminent Democrats, reading the signs of the times as indicating a Whig nomination for Hero Taylor, laid their heads together to bring a Democratic military hero out of the Mexican War so as to nominate him for President. It would not do to promote Pierce, Butler, Pillow, or any of the junior volunteer generals, over the heads of the glorified conquerors, Taylor and Scott. Public opinion would not stand for so raw a deal as that. With soldiers, seniority of commission is a most important point, sometimes a vital thing. So the Democratic wiseacres devised this ingenious scheme to circumvent Taylor and Scott, who were major-generals—that being the highest rank under our military laws then existing. Congress was to be asked to pass a bill creating the extraordinary rank of lieutenant-general, till then never held by any American except George Washington during our troubles with France. The understanding was that Col. Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri, was to be the lieutenant-general, and consequently the Democratic hero and the Democratic nominee for President. Accordingly the bill was introduced, and passed the House; but, alas and alack! it failed of passage in the Senate by three votes, through the jealousy and machinations, as Benton savagely asserts, of William L. Marcy, Robert J. Walker, and James Buchanan, all members of Polk's Cabinet, all candidates for President, and all utterly without military glory. Consequently none of them wanted a Democratic military hero to come out of Mexico to walk off with the greatly coveted Democratic presidential nomination. All of which is a fine illustration of the wisdom of Burns's lines:

> The best laid schemes o' mice and men
> Gang aft a-gley;
> And leave us naught but grief and pain
> For promised joy.

Colonel Benton gave an amusing reason why Generals Taylor and Scott would not have objected to his being placed over their heads with the rank of lieutenant-general, and that was that his commission as lieutenant-colonel in the War of 1812, when all three held that rank, antedated theirs. Doubtless that satisfied and convinced "the Great Missourian" that the extraordinary, not to say astounding, measure which he fathered, and of which he was to be the chief beneficiary, would be acceptable to the two great soldiers most concerned, but there is no evidence that they would have submitted or that the people would have indorsed any such scheme. Upon the failure of the bill to create the rank of lieutenant-general, President Polk sent Benton's nomination as major-general to the Senate, which promptly confirmed it, and which Benton promptly and scornfully declined to accept. With him it was *Aut Cæsar aut nullius.*

Sometimes I like to philosophize about how things might have turned out differently. Let's see what might have happened in this case. Suppose that bill had passed and Colonel Benton had been appointed lieutenant-general, what then? He would have certainly come out of the war a Democratic hero, for anybody commanding the American Army in that contest must have come out conqueror. He would have been nominated for President, and would have been elected, since the election of General Taylor was due to Martin Van Buren's bolting General Cass's nomination, which he did out of revenge for the part Cass took in beating him out of the nomination in 1844, after he had received a majority on one ballot at Baltimore. He surely wreaked vengeance on "the Great Michigander" to his heart's content. Martin Van Buren was, however, the friend of Colonel Benton, and would not have bolted him in 1848 had he been nominated. If Benton had been elected that year he would have been re-elected in 1852, for any Democrat could have been elected in 1852. A stronger Union man than Colonel Benton never lived. He was more Jacksonian than General Jackson himself. Had he been President from 1849 to 1857 there would never have been any Kansas question to vex mankind, the Civil War would have been postponed for years—perchance forever.

Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

CHAPTER IV

Sixteen generals—Wheeler and Sickles.

AS I have stated elsewhere, there were sixteen generals in the House of the Fifty-third Congress—the first in which I served. At least one-fourth the members had seen service in one army or the other. The most distinguished two were Lieut.-Gen. Joseph Wheeler, of the Confederacy, and Maj.-Gen. Daniel Edgar Sickles, who rose to the command of a corps in the Union Army.

As an illustration of how rapidly the Civil War veterans are crossing over the river, this incident is worth inserting here. In 1913 the managers of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg invited the House to attend on the Fourth of July. It was impossible for us all to attend, so Majority Leader Underwood brought in a resolution authorizing me to appoint a committee of twenty-one, which was unanimously agreed to. I thought it would be in keeping with the eternal fitness of things to make up the committee entirely of old soldiers. I started in to do that, but, to my utter amazement, discovered that there were only 6 in the entire membership of 435—2 Union soldiers and 4 Confederates, and all 6 were Democrats! At the present writing there are only 3—Gen. Isaac R. Sherwood of Ohio, Major Stedman of North Carolina, and Major Osborn of California.

I had an interesting experience touching the Sickles trial. It so happened that the last important case I tried in court before my first Congressional term began was "on all-fours," as the lawyers say, with the Sickles case, except that the men mixed up in it were not such high-fliers socially or politically as Philip Barton Key and General Sickles. I was one of the counsel for the defense of one St. Louis street-car conductor held for killing another street-car conductor for seducing his wife. In arguing the case to the jury I laid down the proposition flat that an American jury would not, and should not, convict under such circumstances. In order to enforce my theory, I cited three cases—two of them having been tried in the very room in which I was speaking: First, where an ignorant negro had killed the paramour of his wife; second, where an honest blacksmith had killed a flash young Lothario for seducing his daughter; third, the Sickles case—which three cases raked the entire social gamut, and in all three of which there were verdicts of acquittal. The jury took my view of it and cleared our man.

It was a long time since I had read the newspaper accounts of the Sickles case, but I fished up out of my memory all of it I possibly could and used it for all it was worth. So when I reached Washington I concluded I would read the verbatim report of the trial, supposing, erroneously, that there would be no trouble in finding a copy. That's where I was mistaken. I ransacked the Congressional Library and all the bookstores without avail. At last I discovered one in the law library of the Supreme Court. It was a verbatim report—evidently a reproduction from a newspaper, containing divers and sundry pictures—one where Sickles was trying to shoot Key lying on the ground—another where Key was dodging behind a tree. One night I was reading the book when my little four-year-old son, recently Col. Bennett Champ Clark, of our army in France, climbed up into my lap. He spent most of the time in the House of Representatives, and knew many members. He asked:

COL. BENNETT C. CLARK, THE YOUNGEST COLONEL IN THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE

"Daddy, who is that man shooting the man lying on the ground?" I replied: "It's General Sickles." "The old man who walks on crutches?" he inquired. "I'll ask him about it to-morrow," he remarked. "No, you must not do that," I answered. "If you do, he will not give you any more candy"—a reference to the habit the general had of carrying a supply of sweetmeats in his pocket for children. Then Bennett said, "Where is that tree the man is behind?" I promised to show it to him the first time I had business at the White House or the Treasury Department. So the next time I went into that vicinity I took the little chap along. Approaching the custodian of Lafayette Park, who looked old enough to have been in the ark, I inquired which was the tree that Key dodged behind when Sickles was shooting him. The Ancient of Days said: "You see that small elm between the two big elms? That little tree is in place of the Key tree. Souvenir-hunters cut the bark off the original tree till they killed it!"

It is illuminating to read the long list of offices held by or offered to General Sickles—the most profitable one being the office of Sheriff of New York County; the highest in rank, minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the Court of Madrid, where he exercised his functions with such skill and vigor that the Spaniards called him "the American king." There he took for his second wife a Spanish lady of high degree.

The gossip in the House was to the effect that the reason why he was sent to Congress in 1892 was to prevent him from bolting the nomination of Cleveland, whom he had been denouncing bitterly for vetoing pension bills. Anyway, he was a fine old man—an interesting relic of a day long gone.

One day I killed a bill by killing time—consuming forty-five minutes so as to prevent a vote. I stood there and told tales about my observations as a boy during the

Civil War in central Kentucky. In the midst of my remarks General Sickles hobbled in on his crutches, and, learning that I was giving war reminiscences, came up and sat down in front of me, and I told what I could remember of his being carried off the battle-field of Gettysburg on a stretcher after one of his legs was shot off by a cannon-ball, denominating it a marvelous exhibition of nerve. When I had finished I asked him if I got the incident right. He said: "My corps held the key to the battle-field, and was fending off an awful charge of the Confederates. In the midst of it a grape-shot struck me in the knee and knocked me from my horse. My men, hearing that I was killed, fell into confusion and were about to retreat. Knowing that if they did retreat the battle was lost to us, I had myself placed on a stretcher with a blanket over my crushed leg, lighted a cigar, was carried down my battle-line, explaining to my men that I was not seriously hurt and exhorting them to stand firm —which they did, thereby saving the day. Smoking the cigar under such circumstances has appeared to certain historiographers who never smelled gunpowder as a piece of spectacular bravado, but it was done as an encouragement to my men, who were bearing the brunt of the great battle which was the turning-point of the Civil War." Surely that was a splendid feat of arms.

I was as anxious as was my little son to have General Sickles tell me all about killing Key. I have had a theory all my life that men who have committed homicide, whether justifiably or not, like to talk about it once in a while, as a relief to their minds, but I could not, in the very nature of things, mention it to him. In private conversation, however, I would ask questions which I hoped would set him going on that subject. One day I was sitting by him when ex-Speaker Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, was making a speech. Grow was first elected to Congress in 1850, as successor to David Wilmot, the year I was born. He served for six consecutive terms, during the last of which, 1861–63, he was Speaker. He was defeated for re-election to Congress in 1862, and never returned to the House for thirty-one years. He and Sickles had served together.

While Grow was speaking, in hopes of getting General Sickles to tell me about Key, I said, "General, when you were in the House prior to the Civil War, did you ever see a fight on the floor?" His face brightened up like a new moon, and he replied: "Yes, I saw Grow have a fight, which ended in a surprising and amusing way. Grow was on his first legs then. There was a brilliant, high-strung young man here then, Lawrence M. Keitt, of South Carolina, who was killed during the war while a brigadier. He was a bachelor, and sometimes would bring some of his lady friends up into the gallery. Then he would go down into the basement and tank up to the oratorical point. Having thus braced himself, he would come on the floor and precipitate a cut-and-thrust debate for the edification of his lady visitors. It so happened one day that he impinged upon the scene while young Grow was making some red-hot remarks on some phase of the everlasting slavery question. Keitt broke in on him. Their interlocutory performance grew first into a quarrel, then into a knock-down and drag-out fist fight. Several members on each side participated and they were pounding each other with little skill, but with much enthusiasm, making blood fly in every direction. At last Elihu B. Washburn, of Illinois, a big, robust man, afterward Secretary of State and Minister to the Court of Versailles, grabbed the long black hair of General Barksdale of Mississippi in order to put his head in chancery, but Barksdale wore a wig, which slipped off into the hands of the astounded Washburn, to the delight of the observers. A mighty shout of laughter filled the hall, breaking up the fight and putting the combatants and everybody else into high good humor." My query, however, to find out about the death of Key failed of its purpose utterly, for the general said not a word about that.

Grow was elected at a special election in 1894. When he came to be sworn in the venerable Judge Holman of Indiana, who had served with him in the 'fifties and the 'sixties, took him by the arm and escorted him to the semicircle in front of the Speaker's stand, where Mr. Speaker Crisp administered the oath to the man who was Speaker when he was a beardless boy. As the venerable statesmen marched down the big aisle arm in arm, some humorous young man remarked, *sotto voce:* "By Jupiter! there goes the vanguard of the army of the Resurrection!"

Mr. Grow's last service in the House extended over a period of ten years. We all regarded him as a sort of antique historical curio and delighted to hear him talk of the earlier times—in which he was exceedingly interesting.

When Grow was first elected he was only twenty-six—the youngest member of the House. I once asked him how he happened to be elected at that early age. He said that in 1850 the Democrats in that district split and nominated two candidates—David Wilmot and a man by the name of Kelly, who was opposed to Free-Soilism in general and to the Wilmot Proviso in particular. As the election drew near it became apparent to the Democrats that unless they composed their differences a Whig would be elected. They tried to patch up their quarrel by suggesting that both Democratic candidates retire and a new man be picked. Wilmot consented only on condition that he should have a veto on any name proposed. All the prominent Democrats in the district were considered, but Wilmot objected to all of them. Finally, in desperation they asked him whom he would support. To their surprise, he replied, "That young lawyer, Galusha A. Grow." Thereupon they appointed a joint committee from the two factions to ask him to accept the nomination. They went in search of him and found him building a water-gap on his mother's farm, to which he had retired to improve his health. So Mr. Grow had some claim to being an American Cincinnatus. He wasn't snatched from a plow-tail, but from a water-gap.

It may be confidently stated that David Wilmot made an immortal reputation in fewer words than any other statesman that ever lived. His Proviso contains only sixty-nine words; but no adequate history of the Republic can be written without lugging it in. Strange to relate, he never wrote a word of it. The coterie of Free Soil Democrats in the House cooked it up and selected him to propose it to the regular Democrats, because he was on a friendlier footing with them personally than any of his coadjutors! He certainly played in great luck.

Mr. Speaker Grow is credited in history with being the father of the Homestead bill. As a matter of fact the honor justly belongs to Col. Thomas Hart Benton, who, during his long service in House and Senate, by various measures secured all of the Homestead law except the title. However that may be, one day when some sort of public Land bill was up in the House Grow said it was fifty years since he made his first speech on homesteads—a remarkable fact—so remarkable that members asked him to print his first homestead speech as an addendum to the one he was then making—which he did. That performance is absolutely unique in Congressional annals and most probably will never be duplicated.

When I knew Mr. Speaker Grow he was an old man well past the Psalmist's allotment of threescore years and ten. He was still as straight as a ramrod. When in his prime he must have been a handsome specimen of physical manhood.

Among the soldiers in that Congress next to General Sickles in picturesqueness, and ranking him in grade, was ex-Lieut.-Gen. Joseph Wheeler, of Alabama, who commanded all the Confederate cavalry of the armies of the West at twenty-seven—the same age at which Napoleon conducted his Italian campaign, which was so brilliant that it astounded the whole world and gave him immortal renown.

General Wheeler was a West-Pointer—a trained soldier—while General Sickles was a volunteer. Physically, Wheeler was a small, wiry man, tipping the scales at less than a hundred pounds—not half of what Sickles weighed, though minus one leg. Wheeler was surcharged with electricity. He never walked—he loped about the House. He was one of the kindliest of men as well as one of the most industrious. He possessed a wonderful memory; was restless as a disembodied spirit and as active as a cat. His voice was weak and he spoke with unusual rapidity. But he was always listened to, particularly when he spoke on military affairs, concerning which, of course, he was well versed.

One night, after a pension session, he and I walked out of the House together. He remarked, "It is thirty-two years to-night since the first day at Shiloh." I inquired if he could recall where he was on many days of the war. He replied that he could tell where he was every day of the four years. Then he related several war reminiscences. Among other things, he said that when first in action, green troops would fire at an angle of about forty-five degrees unless their officers kept dinning it into their ears to shoot low.

I remembered that remark when I subsequently read Col. Bill Anderson's account of the bloody fight at Centralia, Missouri, sometimes called "the Centralia Massacre," in which Anderson and his band of 80 guerrillas killed in open fight 143 out of 160 Union soldiers, without the loss of a man. Anderson was camped at the foot of a long prairie slope, whereas the 160 Union soldiers deployed and dismounted at the top of the slope, every fifth man being detailed to hold the horses. Anderson, who was a seasoned soldier, commanding 80 of the finest horsemen in the world—crack pistol-shots, mounted on superb horses—said that as soon as the Union soldiers dismounted he knew that he would be victor, because the Union soldiers were armed only with single-barreled, muzzle-loading muskets, and, being raw troops, would fire over the heads of his men as they charged up that long prairie slope. Before they could reload, his men would be upon them with a navy revolver in each hand, doing them to death. It so turned out; the only Union soldiers who escaped were the horse-holders.

When the Spanish War began General Wheeler was determined to get in. His daughter said, "Father, you surely had fighting enough to do from sixty-one to sixty-five; let the young men go to war this time." He replied, "Daughter, if a fish had been out of the water for thirty-three years, and suddenly came in sight of a great pond, he'd wiggle a little, at any rate"—and he did wiggle himself into imperishable renown. He urged robuster Congressmen to recommend him to President McKinley for a major-generalcy, for the strange reason that because he weighed less than a hundred pounds he wouldn't wear a horse out as quickly as they would!

He rendered splendid service in Cuba, and went into the battle of Santiago in an ambulance, thereby rivaling the far-resounding feat of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden of being carried into the battle of Pultowa on a stretcher. General Wheeler, though very sick, finding things going wrong, discarded his ambulance, mounted his horse, and led the charge. In the excitement of the battle, forgetting where he was and what he was, he shouted to his men in blue, "The Yankees are running; they are leaving their guns"; and then remembering where and what he was, he said, "Oh, damn it, I didn't mean the Yankees, I meant the Spaniards!" In General Wheeler's case, as in Uncle

Toby's, let us believe the messenger that flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath blushed as he gave it in, and the recording angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever. History has no picture more pathetic or more heroic than that of old Joe Wheeler, consumed with patriotism and with fever, his white hair streaming in the wind, charging up Santiago Hill to place on foreign soil the starry banner of the Republic, which he had spent four of the best years of his life to tear down. The prayer of his heart in old age was gratified, for he died a brigadier, on the retired list of the United States Army, and was buried in his uniform, with the flag of his country for his winding-sheet.

He had a habit as to speechmaking which was valuable to searchers after information. He would get a few minutes in which to address the House, and also leave to extend and revise his remarks—a few minutes answered his purpose as well as an hour. Then he would set his four clerks to work gathering data, and would print a speech of several pages in *The Congressional Record*, exhausting the subject from his point of view. In that way he expanded an hour's speech on the Fitz-John Porter case into quite a book, among other things giving a complete and illuminating analysis of the forces on both sides at Waterloo.

Into several Congresses Hon. Thad Mahon, of Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, introduced a bill to pay some sutler constituent seventeen thousand dollars for his stores, consumed by Stonewall Jackson and his famishing troops. In the Fifty-third Congress Governor Sayers of Texas, then chairman of the great Committee on Appropriations, assigned me to fight the sutler's claim. All I had to do was to hold the floor for one hour, under which the rules then in vogue would prevent a vote. So I was discoursing in an easy-going way about anything that popped into my head, yielding liberally and frequently to members for interruptions—for the more they interrupted the easier it was for me to consume my hour. Somewhere in the course of my remarks I said that when the Civil War began a majority of the graduates of West Point and Annapolis had resigned from the army and navy and were in the civilian walks of life. General Wheeler popped up like a jack-in-the-box, and asked me to yield him one minute, which I unfortunately declined to do—not knowing him well and fearing he would make a scene, unaware of the general's valuable habit aforesaid. Had I given him the one minute he would have either denied or indorsed my proposition and would then, under leave to extend his remarks, have inserted in *The Congressional Record* a brief but succinct biography of every West Point and Annapolis graduate living when Fort Sumter was fired on. After I came to know the general and his habit I regretted that I did not give him that one minute.

General Wheeler fought four years in numerous battles and skirmishes, and came out unscathed. His immediate successor, Judge William Richardson, was not so lucky. He limped through life minus one kneecap. In addition to that, he was one day made prisoner, tried by a drumhead court martial as a spy—which he was not—sentenced to be hanged high as Haman next morning at sunup. He was placed in the local jail for safe-keeping. General Forrest captured the town that night and liberated young Richardson, who lived to serve in the House many years. Of the thousands of men who have been authorized to append M. C. to their names, it may be confidently assumed that not one ever passed a night of such torture as did Richardson. The chances are that it would have been impossible for anybody to convince Judge Richardson that there is no such thing as luck.

CHAPTER V

The Sickles trial.

THE first criminal case of which I have even the faintest remembrance was the sensational trial and righteous acquittal of General Sickles, a man nearly old enough to be my grandfather, and who was by all odds the most picturesque figure with whom I have served in Congress.

In 1859—while I was still a little child—Daniel Edgar Sickles was a Representative from New York. He was of engaging personal presence—young, brilliant, ambitious—the fair rose and expectancy of the Democracy of the Empire State.

He was proud of himself, and his people were proud of him. He had a bushel of brains in his head, a lion's courage in his heart, and in his buoyant soul the song of hope was ever singing. He was in the flower of his manhood and the first glowing strength of his splendid powers. Before no young man in America did life spread out in a more inviting panorama. To him this was a glorious, an enchanting world. Nothing appeared beyond his grasp. Even the glittering goal of the Presidency itself—for which all statesmen sigh—seemed possible of his attainment.

As the cap-sheaf of his happiness, he had a wife of ravishing beauty and wondrous graces. A sweet girl baby had come to bless their union.

One morning the universe suddenly turned as black as ink to him—for he discovered that his wife was the paramour of Philip Barton Key, son of him who wrote "The Star-spangled Banner." Sickles killed Key on sight. James T. Brady, the transcendent New York advocate, then in the zenith of his fame, and Edwin M. Stanton, subsequently the great War Secretary, defended him on the ground of temporary insanity, and acquitted him amid the plaudits of the nation.

The case constitutes a landmark in the annals of our criminal jurisprudence. It was well calculated to attract and did attract the attention of the world. It was talked of, and its progress marked in all its stages by every fireside from the St. Lawrence to the Rio Grande. It was, indeed, a celebrated case, possessing every element tending to arouse human interest or to elicit human sympathy. The charge was murder in the first degree; the penalty, death upon the gallows-tree; the defendant, a popular and distinguished statesman; the slain man an eminent lawyer of historic lineage; the woman in the case lovely beyond her sex; the lawyers men of commanding genius and of wide repute; the court held in the nation's capital; the defense, emotional insanity; the justification the seduction of the prisoner's wife, the mother of his little child.

With bated breath and throbbing hearts the husbands and wives, the fathers and mothers, of the land, awaited the verdict. When the acquittal of the illustrious defendant was announced, such a mighty shout of joy, like unto the roar of many waters, went up in America that it must have penetrated even the dull, cold ear of Philip Barton Key, though slumbering in the grave.

Mrs. Sickles died in a madhouse. Sickles entered the Union Army as commander of the Excelsior Brigade, fought his way up to a major-generalship, lost a leg at Gettysburg, where Pickett's Virginians made their spectacular charge, was sent as minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the Court of Madrid, and after the lapse of thirty-two years, a battered, battle-scarred, grizzled old man, he returned to the halls of Congress and began his political career in 1893 where he left it off in 1859.

But during a third of a century, in peace and in war, at home and abroad, the ever-present shadow of that awful tragedy pressed upon his heart, murdered his peace of mind, and blighted a life once as full of promise as any beneath the stars.

General Sickles enjoyed the peculiar distinction of drawing two fat salaries—one as a retired major-general, and the other as Representative in Congress. There's material enough in his stormy career for two or three novels as good as *Trilby*.

As I saw him day after day hobble in on his crutches, I sometimes wondered if he ever took a retrospect of his long and vicissitudinous life, and if so, what must have been his thoughts.

It seemed to me that having passed the Psalmist's allotment of threescore years and ten, having sounded all the shoals and depths of honor, he of all men must realize what shadows we are and what shadows we pursue.

This maimed and crippled warrior, this veteran statesman, who had held innumerable offices and performed many splendid feats of arms, who had experienced both extremes of fortune, from standing in the prisoner's dock on trial for murder to receiving the thanks of Congress by name for heroic services in the field, the cynosure of all eyes, modestly took his part in legislation with an array of bright young fellows who were still in the loins of their fathers when his name was on every tongue throughout the civilized world.

Did his memory most frequently dwell on the halcyon days of youth, when he stood on the seashore in New York, watching the stately ships of all nations come and go like great sea-gulls? Or upon his first successes in

New York politics, when he "ran with the machine"? Or upon the rosy dawn of his congressional career, away back in the 'fifties? Or upon the sudden and awful eclipse of his political sun? Or upon the glorious battle pictures of which he was part? Or upon his brilliant career as a diplomat in foreign lands? Or upon the splendid and peaceful eventide of his turbulent existence? Did he ever think of Philip Barton Key, whom he sent, with his sins fresh upon his head, to the unknown world? I wondered whether, if he could go back to that February morning in 1859, when his pistol-shot startled the world, he would do it again. I thought, "It won't, it can't be long, in the very nature of things, till he must stand, face to face with Key and the lovely woman for whose forbidden love he died, at the judgment bar of God, and his thoughts must be of them sometimes. Does his leonine spirit quail to think of them, or does he justify himself to himself still for that historic killing? Who knows?"

Bending beneath the weight of years and accumulated honors, this soldier-statesman, the span of whose public life reached from Zachary Taylor to Grover Cleveland, who was a pet of James Buchanan, a favorite of Abraham Lincoln, and a trusted friend of Grant, was a kindly old man, gentle as a little child, popular with all who knew him, for, say what they will, all men admire and all women love courage and ability.

When I first went to Washington an old-fashioned, two-story-and-a-half brick residence stood fronting Lafayette Square, and diagonally across it from the White House, which in years agone was called "the Woodbury Mansion," but which had such a tragic history that latterly it had come to be known as "the House of Horrors," and no wonder, for its lintels were spattered with human blood. From its portals Sickles went forth to kill Key for despoiling his home. Within its walls William H. Seward's throat was cut by Payne the night that Lincoln was murdered at Ford's Theater. There James G. Blaine fretted his mighty heart away, and died in full view of that presidential mansion, so near and yet so far, to secure a residence in which was the desire of his waking and the dream of his sleeping hours. And therein died his two favorite and most promising sons.

It was one of the historic buildings in Washington. It has now been demolished and a Grand Opera House erected on its site. That was the lot to purchase which the Senate graciously tacked an item of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars to an appropriation bill in order that J. Donald Cameron, whose stately palace was next door, might have an unobstructed view of the Washington Monument, the Potomac River, and the blue Virginia hills. But the House of Representatives didn't care whether Don could see these grand objects or not, so with something approaching ghoulish glee it knocked out that appropriation in a jiffy, which gave the senatorial son of his senatorial father a bad case of mulligrubs.

It does a man good to stroll through that beautiful square and gaze upon its glories. Its trees and flowers and fountains and walks, and the historic houses about it, are objects of interest, but not the chief; for there in imperishable bronze stands Lafayette, who left the luxuries of the Bourbon Court to cross the sea and fight with a handful of ragged backwoodsmen the battles of American liberty. There stand von Steuben, Rochambeau, and Kosciuszko, and there upon an impossible horse is the effigy of Old Hickory, which "seems still, with eagle face and outstretched arm, to bid America be of good cheer and to hurl defiance at her foes." Even there he is surrounded by the little brass six-pounders with which he humbled to the very dust England's towering pride on the famous field of Chalmette.

Certain esthetes have been trying for fifteen years to remove General Jackson, together with his horse and his guns, from the center of that park, because they are not artistic, but they will not do it so long as I am in public life, for the Iron Soldier of the Hermitage deserves too well of the Republic to have his effigy crowded off into some obscure spot.

CHAPTER VI

How reputations are made in Congress.

IN "Othello" Cassio, in agony of spirit, exclaims: "Reputation, reputation, reputation! Oh, I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of myself, and what remains is bestial. My reputation, Iago, my reputation!"

Many persons agree and many disagree with Cassio as to the value to be set upon reputation. Most people, I believe, rate it very high. King Solomon says, "A good name is more precious than rubies"; and Shakespeare hath it, "The purest treasure mortal times afford is spotless reputation."

Some public men are bigger than their reputations, some smaller than their reputations, some equal to their reputations. It is an interesting philosophic mental exercise to try to answer the question, "How are reputations made in Congress?"

There is an old saw to the effect that "some men are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." In Congress some men make reputations suddenly, some slowly, and some not at all. Some leap into prominence at one bound; more climb up by slow gradations; and most remain in the shadow perpetually.

Some, seeking fame, find it. Others, not dreaming of it, have it come upon them unawares. Others are forced into a corner and, by fighting out, achieve it.

Milton denominates the love of fame the last infirmity of noble minds. Over against that pronouncement of the world's sublimest epic poet, however, I place this compelling passage from Thomas F. Marshall's splendid oration over his eloquent rival, Richard H. Menifee:

"Ambition has been called the last infirmity of noble minds. To me it seems to constitute their essence and their strength. I mean not the love of power, but that higher ambition, the love, the yearning after that imperishable fame which shines through for generations, and with an increasing light over the memory of great and glorious talents, greatly and gloriously exerted in the cause of justice and mankind."

Some acquire wide-spread reputations by cultivating fads, as Mr. Butler of Iowa, who will be forever known as "Pansy" Butler because of his bill constituting the pansy our national flower. Some are beneficiaries of luck and stumble into fame, just as Winfield Scott Stratton stumbled into the Independence Mine at Cripple Creek, whose fabulous richness throws into the shade the wealth of Crœsus or of Monte Cristo.

William D. Kelly, of Pennsylvania, will be known for all time as "Pig-iron" Kelly because of his persistent advocacy of a high tariff on pig-iron.

Some establish reputations by furiously riding some hobby, as Senator Blair of New Hampshire with his educational bill, or Col. Thomas Hart Benton, Missouri's first thirty years' Senator, with his free-salt proposition, in favor of which he wrought and spoke for a quarter of a century—until he secured it. Successful at last, he announced in his boastful way that he imagined he could hear the flocks and herds on a thousand hills bellowing out their love and gratitude to him; and if they had known what "the Great Missourian" had accomplished for them, that is precisely what they would have done. Colonel Benton acquired the sobriquet of "Old Bullion" by being the foremost champion of "hard money" in his day. General Curtis of New York, a gigantic soldier with one eye, having lost the other during the war, the hero of Fort Fisher, won fame by his zealous advocacy of abolishing capital punishment in season and out of season.

Some make reputations by constantly doing one thing —sometimes a spectacular thing, sometimes a very common thing. For instance, Judge William S. Holman, of Indiana, built up a national reputation, and earned the popular title of "the Watchdog of the Treasury" by the simple performance of rising in his place and uttering the two words "I object," whenever a bill was called up appropriating public money, which he did not favor, with as much persistency and as much solemnity as Poe's raven when it muttered "Nevermore." The noble old judge did not accumulate a vast popularity, but he did save hundreds of millions of dollars to the taxpayers of the land in his long and valuable career in the House. Abusing him for being stingy and deriding him as a cheese-paring statesman did not disturb his equanimity in the least. To his dying day he persisted in being the economist *par excellence* of the House. His persistence and consistency in that one thing, however, caused him to be much underrated. As a matter of fact he was a great man. Charles A. Dana once proposed him for President. If he had been elected it would have put all the profiteers of that day in the dumps, and many of them in jail.

If the money which he saved the people in his long and laborious career were printed in one-dollar bills and placed end to end, it would girdle the world, or in blanket form would more than cover the surface of his congressional district. If it were reduced to pulp and made into a monument to perpetuate his fame, it would rival the Washington Monument in altitude.

Judge Holman was the only man defeated in 1894 for whom I really felt sorry. The rest of us were young enough to take up our usual vocations, perhaps with improved facilities, increased zest, and renewed vigor, by reason of our sojourn in Washington. But the illustrious Hoosier had been there thirty years. Serving in Congress had become a confirmed habit with him. He had ceased to think of courts, judges, juries, petitions, answers, demurrers, indictments, motions to quash, dilatory tactics, verdicts, judgments, executions, recognizances, recoveries, fines, recoupments, and all those things with which the active practitioner must be familiar.

Byron, after enumerating nearly everything sweet that he could think of, says:

> But sweeter than these, than all,
>   Is first and passionate love; it stands alone,
> Like Adam's recollection of his fall,

So with Judge Holman, to serve his country well had become his sole remaining passion. To take that opportunity away from him was to rob him of the power of enjoyment. It left him in Othello's condition, for his occupation was gone. He felt it keenly, and all others sympathized with him, though by his iron will and chronic economy he had thwarted the darling schemes of many a fellow-Congressman.

There was much of pathos and of warning to the ambitious in his mournful declaration that he was quitting public life poorer than he entered it. He stands as a noble refutation of the immortal lie that all politicians are dishonest.

He was in Congress in the flush days of moral looseness succeeding the Civil War, and for years afterward. The opportunities for growing rich formed irresistible temptations to weaker souls; but not one cent of ill-gotten gains clung to the hands of this upright and venerable public servant.

The truth is that in either the state legislature or in Congress men personally dishonest are rare indeed.

Many of them shatter the decalogue in other matters, but the vast majority have a wholesome respect for the Commandment which reads, "Thou shalt not steal."

I have always thought that Secretary Morton played a decidedly scurvy trick when he once blazoned it to the world that "a Congressman had sold his quota of garden and flower seed for the pitiful sum of seventy-five dollars." Perhaps some one of them was mean enough to do that. If Mr. Morton had published his name he would have rendered some service to the cause of honesty and decency; but he had no right to put a slur on an entire Congress by such a caper as he cut.

I'll warrant the fact to be that hundreds of Representatives and Senators go down in their own pockets and buy garden seeds, flower seeds, books, and documents to eke out their quota in order to send them to constituents who desire them, where one sells any part of those allowed him. I know this by experience and observation. And Mr. Morton, in an effort to exalt himself, deliberately insulted a large number of honest men by withholding the name of the miserable scoundrel for whom the penitentiary is too good.

I have many pleasant remembrances of Congressional life in my first term—things which I will love to tell my children and my children's children—but two which I most highly prize are a brief letter from Henry George, thanking me for my speech on the tariff, before I had ever seen him; an introduction to him by Tom Johnson; and a dinner eaten with him on his invitation with Jerry Simpson and Judge Maguire of California.

After fighting hard for hours one terribly hot day in August, 1894, I had defeated a sutler's bogus claim for several thousand dollars' worth of supplies which Stonewall Jackson's "foot cavalry" gobbled up in the Valley of Virginia, Judge Holman slapped me on the back and exclaimed, "Young man, you're a trump!"

I regarded that as a sort of political blessing, and all my days I will be proud of that "laying on of hands."

If Judge Holman did not invent the formula "I object," he used it so long and so frequently that people think he did—which in the end amounts to the same thing. At any rate, he made it the great characteristic feature of his long career. Poets sing of winged words. Judge Holman's were barbed. He has had many imitators in the rôle of objectors, but none of them has come up to the great original. Colonel Kilgore made a good stagger at it, and if he had survived longer, Congressionally speaking, he might have pressed his great prototype hard for first place; but he objected for only eight years, while Holman kept it up for thirty.

It's an ungracious and, no doubt, as a rule, an unpleasant, performance; but somebody has to do it, or the appropriation bills would be appalling.

If all the sleepless hours which Judge Holman caused his fellow-Congressmen to spend by knocking out their little bills, on which frequently their political lives depended, were added together, they would aggregate a longer stretch of time than Methuselah tabernacled in the flesh.

The objecting habit breeds enemies. Until the pacific precepts of the Sermon on the Mount are universally practised, men will play to get even in this life, and as it is a long lane that has no turn, they generally find their opportunities.

That we have entirely too much legislating in this country, such as it is, is becoming apparent. Solomon, centuries before Gutenberg invented movable types, said, "Of making books there is no end." If the great king could know what goes on in this Western World he would undoubtedly say the same thing as to laws. With Congress, forty-eight state and four territorial legislatures, and innumerable city councils and town boards grinding out their grist of statutes, the American people certainly have a surfeit of the thing. But human nature changes not, and the average legislator, national, state, or municipal, has an ambition to fix his name upon some law. Really the best thing he could do would be to put in his time killing bad bills.

The Mississippi and Louisiana legislatures meet only once in four years, which is a long step in the right direction.

Judge Holman's chronic objecting was productive of some queer results, and at times reduced him to sore straits.

It is related by a chronicler more or less veracious that on one occasion a Congressional tenderfoot was nursing a bill with great assiduity, but he had the fear of Holman ever before his eyes. A wag suggested to him that he had better submit it to the judge and secure his indorsement, stating that he was really a very kind and generous man, but liked to be coddled. So with fear and trembling the greenhorn approached the great economist. He was very much elated when the judge, after glancing over his bill, said with something approximating enthusiasm: "My young friend, that is a very meritorious measure. I will indorse it. Indeed, if it will be of any assistance to you, I will myself ask unanimous consent for its consideration."

The verdant member thought his fortune made, and returned to the wag as happy as a lark to tell of his unexpected good fortune. What passed through the wag's thinker will never be known. He was so delirious with the prospect for fun that perhaps he did not know himself. It is said that he rammed a handkerchief into his mouth, bit his lips, and used other antidotes warranted to prevent audible cachinnation. But here's what happened: Judge Holman rose sedately in his place, received recognition from the chair, and said, gravely: "Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent for"—nobody ever knew what. Instantly some three hundred enthusiastic throats yelled in unison, "I object!" with such vehemence that it caused the bronze Goddess of Liberty on top of the dome to shake like an aspen leaf.

Once, so it is said, the judge had some small appropriation bill of his own, for the sole benefit and behoof of his own dear constituents, which he was bound to have passed, or perhaps look upon the Capitol no more forever. He knew that for him to ask unanimous consent meant certain death to it, so after a great deal of cogitation he adopted this ruse. He got some friend to call it up, and still played the part of watchdog, somewhat modified, however. Instead of objecting outright he interrogated the proponent as to the character of the bill with a great show of interest. Finally he remarked in benignant and magnanimous manner, "Mr. Speaker, as this appears to be a decidedly meritorious measure, and carries only a small appropriation for a necessary purpose, I withdraw all objections," and it passed *nem. con.* As those unusual words fell from the lips of the immortal Hoosier, members rubbed their eyes and pinched themselves to see if they were really awake. They began to believe that, after all, the leopard could change his spots and the Ethiopian his cuticle. Their amazement then was equaled only by their subsequent wrath when they discovered how the sly old judge had "played it on them in a way they despised," and realized what a golden opportunity for evening up things had slipped through their careless fingers.

Personally, Judge Holman was a charming man and a delightfully instructive conversationalist. He was as plain as an old shoe, and the only "wanity" he indulged in was to chew tobacco incessantly. He would have done fairly well to sit for a picture of Brother Jonathan, and he was extremely careless in his dress.

He served in Congress under ten Presidents—Buchanan, Lincoln, Johnson, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, the younger Harrison, and McKinley—and in the House with three Presidents—Garfield, Hayes, and McKinley—and three Vice-Presidents. How many Cabinet members, ministers plenipotentiary, Senators, Governors, and judges he knocked out in "the more numerous branch" of the national legislature will never be known.

He was re-elected to his old seat in the House in 1896, but died shortly after re-entering Congress.

Some members acquire reputations by performing something bizarre, which brings them into the limelight. To this class belongs Col. Constantine Buckley Kilgore, of Texas. He attained universal notoriety and immense popularity by kicking down a door, thereby accidentally smashing Governor Dingley's nose, on a certain celebrated historic occasion when Mr. Speaker Reed had all the portals locked so as to hold a quorum while he could count it.

The Duke of Wellington fastened his name on a certain kind of boot. General Burnside's fame rests largely on a certain style of whiskers which he brought into vogue. General McClellan lives in the best saddle-tree ever invented. The Byronic collar created nearly as much interest in the noble poet as did the beauty of his face, his lame foot, or his unequaled feat of swimming the Hellespont. Lord Sandwich comes down to us of the present generation in the guise of a convenient but indigestible article of diet. General Kiefer of Ohio, ex-Speaker of the House, attracted much attention from sightseers during his last service in the House by wearing evening clothes in broad daylight, spade-tail coat, low-cut waistcoat, and all the rest.

Kilgore has passed into fame with these men by having his name fastened to a certain kind of shoe, designed especially for kicking, and which was for a time immensely popular.

Colonel Kilgore, after Judge Holman, was the "great objector." He was an unusually handsome man. Over six feet, straight as a ramrod, with snowy hair, mustache, and imperial, lithe as a panther, he was the ideal grenadier. He killed many members' bills, but with a smile that was so childlike and bland, and with such consummate grace, that he made few enemies. Every morning, about his desk, he held a levee. Gentlemen with little bills which they desired to have considered by unanimous consent crowded about him to persuade him not to object.

Judge Kilgore was an inveterate joker. This habit came near proving fatal to his judicial aspirations. In preparing his autobiography for *The Congressional Directory*, he stated *inter alia* that he had been a justice of the peace in his early days. So, when Mr. Cleveland was contemplating conferring the ermine on the Texan, all his enemies and competitors cried out with one accord, "Why, he's only a justice of the peace lawyer," and they made such a racket that it looked as if the great objector was done for.

But he was appointed a judge in the Indian Territory, now a part of Oklahoma, and as he possessed a backbone like the main pole of a circus tent, and in an eminent degree the genius of common sense—the qualities most needed in that nascent commonwealth—I have no doubt he did his duty faithfully and well.

This same faculty of joking sometimes caused the judge's intellect to be underrated, as the following incident will show:

In April, 1893, my Hibernian friend and constituent, Col. Richard Dalton, was in Washington, trying to secure the office of Surveyor of Customs at St. Louis—the fattest Federal office in the state. I was introducing him around to all "the big ones" we came across. I was anxious for him to get that place, for I did not want him to run against me for the Democratic nomination for Congress, and he was some runner, as is attested by the fact that the year before he lost the gubernatorial nomination to William Joel Stone only by a scratch, which was a remarkable performance, for Stone was the most skilful politician Missouri ever nurtured. Among others, I introduced Dalton to Kilgore as "the man who kicked the door down." I always introduced Kilgore that way because he appeared to like it. He exchanged several yarns with the statesman from Missouri. After a while Dalton and I strolled down Pennsylvania Avenue. Suddenly Dalton stopped, began to scratch his head, and, with a merry twinkle in the corner of his eye, said, "Clark, the colonel made more reputation with his foot than he ever will with his head!"

David Wilmot, of Pennsylvania, lives immortal in a Proviso only sixty-nine words long, while most of the mighty men who fought for or against it molder in forgotten graves. He never even wrote his famous Proviso which wrecked so many lives and fortunes. The little bunch of Free Soil Democrats in the House got together and cooked up the Proviso. Wilmot was selected to offer it because he was *persona grata* to his pro-slavery Democratic brethren; but it made him immortal, for no adequate history of America can be written with him and his Proviso left out.

Most men, however, who achieve reputations, build them up by patient, careful, unremitting toil. In this matter the race is not always to the swift or the battle to the strong—or the palm of victory to the wise. There is a class of men in Congress—and they constitute the largest group of prominent actors there—who do not rise to sudden eminence by one brilliant speech, or by any number of speeches, but they are to the fore and are perpetually in evidence. Nature seems to have fastened on them the Latin motto *festina lente*—hasten slowly.

They tread the lofty and difficult ranges of politics as securely as the chamois picks his way on the dizzies mountain peaks, and finally outstrip their brilliant competitors. It is the old story of the hare and the tortoise over again. Patrick Henry could fire the human heart with his fiery eloquence, but his less brilliant fellow-Virginians, Madison and Monroe, went to the White House, while he remained without. They were patient, steady toilers. Excellent samples of this class are Gov. Alexander Monroe Dockery, Senator Underwood of Alabama, Governor Sayers of Texas, and Senator Martin of Virginia.

They ascend as certainly as the sparks fly upward. They do not attempt brilliant oratory. They do not possess showy talents. They eschew pyrotechnics. They have followed the advice of the oracle, "Know thyself." They understand their own limitations as well as their own qualifications, and they never essay the impossible. They never hazard everything on one throw. If they were faro-players they would never make a run on the bank, expecting to break it and rise up miniature Rockefellers. They are the slow but sure climbers. They are forceful, cautious, vigilant, indefatigable, conservative, safe, and successful. They remain in Congress a long time and build up reputations more solid than glittering. Some few make great reputations by fastening their names on to great measures; as, for instance, John Sherman with his Silver bill and Anti-Trust law, of which latter he was really the author of only the enacting clause. Senator Teller with his amendment, or Senator Platt of Connecticut with his amendment, or Colonel Hepburn, Senator Townsend, and Representative Ech, with their Railroad bills, or Mr. James R. Mann, the minority leader, with his Pure Food and White Slave bills, or Messrs. Morrill, McKinley, Wilson, Dingley, Payne, and Underwood, with their tariff bills, or Judge Adamson with his Physical Valuation bill.

Richard Parks Bland, of Missouri, built up an international reputation by persistently advocating the coinage of the silver dollar. He is known the wide world over as "Silver Dick" Bland.

What manner of man was Richard Parks Bland, who cut such a wide swath in public life? He was no unknown knight riding into the presidential lists. Having held no position higher than a Representative in Congress, he was and forever will be a great historical character, a popular hero. The annals of the Republic cannot be truthfully and adequately written without honorable and elaborate mention of the great Missourian. Peace hath her victories no less renowned than war, and Bland's twenty-five years' fight for bimetallism has had more effect, for weal or woe, on human affairs than half a dozen such performances as the Mexican War, which made two Presidents, Taylor and Pierce, and one other presidential candidate, Winfield Scott.

But it is said that Bland was a man of only one idea. That's not true.

It is a fact, however, that the fabric of his fame rests almost entirely on his advocacy of bimetallism, but he was thoroughly grounded in every article of the Democratic creed.

Bland was a modest man. He was very much disposed to hide his light under a bushel. He did right because he loved the right, and left the consequences to take care of themselves. I don't believe he ever seriously thought of being President till the people pressed the candidacy on him. In 1894, when I nominated him for President in every speech I made, I think he regarded me as a sort of unruly boy, who loved him with more zeal than discretion.

He pulled no wires, and was artless as a child.

He came near being the hero of the McKinley bill debate. Not one person in a hundred thousand knows that, but it is the plain, unvarnished truth nevertheless. It happened this way. Somehow on the last day of the debate Bland secured recognition, and astonished the tariff barons, their adherents in Congress, and everybody else by offering an amendment in these words: "Whenever American farm products are exchanged for foreign articles, these shall come in free, or wherever American farm products are sold and the proceeds invested in foreign articles these shall come in free." By so doing "the Bald Eagle of the Ozarks" carried consternation into the ranks of the high protectionists. There was hurrying to and fro just then, sure as a gun's made of iron. Bland's plan was reciprocity which reciprocates. It made the cold chills run up and down the spinal columns of all the Republican members misrepresenting agricultural constituents, those Janus-faced Western Representatives with Eastern principles, who hold with the hare and run with the hounds. It made the cold sweat ooze out on Major McKinley's Napoleonic brow. Debate was to close, and voting to begin at 3 P.M., but such was the shock and fear that Mr. Chairman McKinley had the time extended three hours in order to whip in and stiffen up the backbones of the Western double-dealers; to send out and get the Eastern fellows; and, after all, they beat Bland's proposition only three votes.

Still, though Bland on that occasion came near snatching victory from the jaws of defeat in that tariff fight, he was called a man of one idea.

Any one looking at Mr. Bland's serious face and observing his sedate bearing would never have dreamed that there was a day when he could trip the light fantastic toe with the best of them; but Col. Jeff Seay, who of late years has been both judge of the Supreme Court and Governor of Oklahoma, could a tale unfold on that subject which would make the natives stare if he would dive down into his memories of half a century ago. In 1870 he was pitted against "Silver Dick" for Congress in the first race Bland ever made for Congress. Colonel-Judge-Governor Jeff is as crafty as Talleyrand, and shortly before the election he privately confided to his friends that he had "Dick dead to rights, as all the Bohemian vote had been captured." But Colonel Seay was just then counting his chickens before they were hatched. Indeed, they never were hatched. Somehow Mr. Bland heard that the Bohemians were going to have a picnic in some place far from the railroad and telegraph on the Saturday before the election. So he hied himself thither, made them a speech before noon, participated in their basket dinner, and when

> Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
> And eyes looked love to eyes which spake again

the young statesman, then in the flower of his years and still bachelor, danced with all the pretty girls in a way that won all hearts; and what was a good deal more to the purpose, won all the votes for miles around. That dance of victory sent Bland to Congress to enter upon that long career which filled the world with his acclaim and left Col. Andrew Jefferson Seay at home with a bad case of mulligrubs.

One of the most extraordinary cases of a towering and enduring reputation being made in the House by a member's constantly playing on one string is that of John Quincy Adams. Once when James Gillespie Blaine was in a bad humor he declared that the Adamses began to hold office as soon as they were weaned, and quit only when they died of old age. John Quincy Adams began holding public office while still in his teens, was Secretary of Legation or minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to three or four European courts, United States Senator, United States Peace Commissioner to Ghent, Secretary of State, and President, all of which positions he filled with capacity, industry, energy, fidelity, and patriotism; but he would not stand nearly so high in history as he does had he not served seventeen and a half years in the House of Representatives subsequent to his occupancy of the White House. The long, bitter, brilliant, and successful fight which he made in the House for the right of petition increased his reputation a hundredfold over that which he had made in all the other offices he ever held, and rendered him a truly great historic figure. Incidentally it may not be considered inapropos to state that the only other ex-President who returned to Congress was Andrew Johnson, who was elected to the Senate for a full term of six years, but who lived to serve only a few months. John Tyler was President of the futile peace congress which met at Washington about the beginning of the war between the states, and was for a short time a member of the Confederate Congress.

The man who made a national reputation in the shortest time after entering the House in the entire history of the Republic was Lafe Pence, of Colorado, one of the most brilliant men I have ever known. "Lafe," mark you, not Lafayette. He served in the Fifty-third Congress. The way it came about was this: President Cleveland called Congress together in extraordinary session on August 7, 1893, to repeal the purchasing clause of the Sherman Silver law. Among the other new members was Lafe Pence, of Colorado. He was a very slender young man, of medium height, smooth shaven, and so youthful in his appearance that William Bourke Cockran mistook him for a page and asked him to bring him a book or document which he needed in his study. Lafe drew himself up as tall as he could, swelled out his chest to its utmost limit, and informed the great orator with much dignity that he was not a page, but a member of the House. No committees were appointed, but by agreement the Silver question was taken up on the second day of that session. The debate in favor of the repeal was opened by Isidor Rayner, of Maryland, subsequently United States Senator; and against the repeal by Richard Parks Bland, of Missouri, one of the most famous statesmen of his time. Pence, coming from the greatest Silver state in the Union, was invited to speak on the fourth day of his service in Congress, which he did with such force and eloquence that the next morning he could have very correctly repeated Lord Byron's statement after the publication of the first cantos of "Childe Harold," that he awoke and found himself famous. Pence's brilliant speech was widely published; he was universally discussed, and he was immediately acclaimed one of the great Congressional orators. He went up like a rocket, but he did not come down like a stick, for he held his own with the best of them till the end. He was submerged in the flood of 1894 and never regained his political footing; but nobody mistook him for a page after his great Silver speech.

During my twenty-five years in the House the man who gave Pence the closest race for making a quick reputation, national in its character, was the Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, of Maine. The circumstances were very peculiar in his case. He was elected at a special election to succeed Gov. Nelson Dingley, the chairman of the great Committee on Ways and Means and father of the Dingley Tariff bill. It so happened that at the beginning of the Congress to which Littlefield was elected the question of the widest-spread and intensest interest was the seating of Roberts of Utah, who was a Mormon elder, it being alleged that he had three wives, in contravention of the statute in such cases made and provided. He was stopped at the bar of the House, and was asked by the Speaker to stand aside without being sworn in. This was done at the request of Judge Tayler of Ohio, who was chairman of the Elections Committee in the preceding Congress, and was certain to be chairman of the Elections Committee in that Congress. Judge Tayler offered a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee to investigate the question of the eligibility of Roberts. The resolution was passed, and Speaker Henderson appointed Tayler chairman of it, and Littlefield a member of it. This was on the first Monday in December. Roberts admitted having three wives, and justified it. So, the real question in the case was whether he should be sworn in along with the rest of us on his credentials, which were entirely regular, and then tried, and if found guilty of having three wives, thrown out, or whether he should be stopped at the bar of the House and not sworn in at all. After the investigation began it soon developed that all of the committee, except Littlefield and DeArmond of Missouri, believed that he ought to be stopped at the bar of the House and not sworn in at all. Littlefield and DeArmond contended that because his credentials were regular, and there was no dispute about his election, he ought to be sworn in, and then, if it was proved that he had three wives, he should be thrown out. The difference in the two propositions was this: It requires only a majority to stop a man at the bar of the House, but after he has been sworn in it takes a two-thirds vote to expel him. The fact that all of the committee except Littlefield and DeArmond took one position, while they took the other, had this parliamentary result: It gave Littlefield and DeArmond one-half of all the time for the debate, and there were so many on the other side that it gave Littlefield and DeArmond all the time they wanted—an unusual situation, because one hour is the longest speech that can be made in the House without unanimous consent, save under exceptional circumstances. The practice in debates in the House is that the leader on each side controls one-half of the time. Therefore, Littlefield and DeArmond knew two or three weeks in advance that they were going to have all the time they wanted without asking anybody's consent, as it was certain to be a long-drawn-out debate, and however long, under the practice they would control one-half of the time. So the situation was this: Littlefield, a new member, had all the time he wanted to speak on a question that had never been raised in America, and had never been raised in England since the days of John Wilkes, a question of intense interest to all the women and preachers in the United States, and to a vast number of people who were neither women nor preachers. Littlefield made a really great speech, three hours long. The next morning in every newspaper in America he was head-lined as one of the greatest Congressional orators that ever lived. I say "Congressional orators" because Macaulay declares there is a peculiar kind of oratory known as parliamentary oratory. Littlefield was a very able speaker, but after his Roberts speech he was always compared with himself on that occasion, which was a severe test, as the circumstances in the Roberts debate were most favorable to "the man from Maine."

I once saw him come to grief, however, by trying an experiment in speechmaking which is always hazardous, and that is by propounding questions to somebody in the audience who is not in any way injecting himself into the speech being delivered. The reason of the hazard is that nobody can guess what the answer will be, and naturally and rightfully in such a case the sympathy of the audience is with the one interrogated. The situation was this: The election was not far away; Littlefield was up for reelection; President Gompers of the American Federation of Labor was after him with a sharp stick; the event was in doubt. Littlefield carefully prepared a campaign speech an hour long, strictly for home consumption, and had secured an hour in which to deliver it. When he took the floor we all settled back in our chairs to enjoy his speech, for he always spoke in an interesting manner. He delivered a rip-roaring partizan harangue. He had not been going more than ten minutes before he stopped and, shaking his long index finger at John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, then Democratic minority leader, a renowned debater, who was quietly and intently listening, asked him if he indorsed certain radical declarations recently made by William Bourke Cockran. Williams, usually ready for a scrap, being in pacific mood, did not answer. Littlefield pumped the question into Williams a second time, without eliciting a reply. Then he tried the same thing on Judge DeArmond, second in command on the Democratic side, who generally was eager for a fray. To the amazement of all present DeArmond failed to answer the question, though twice propounded. Then Littlefield tried his hand on me. By that time his conduct had somewhat irritated me, and I did not wait for him to ask his question twice. I responded the first time, and we got into a heated wrangle. Williams and DeArmond came in, and the three of us used up about half of Littlefield's hour, chopping his speech into mincemeat. Clearly he had nobody to blame but himself—as we had not had the remotest idea of breaking in on him until he goaded us into it. He proceeded until his hour expired, with half his speech undelivered. He asked for an extension of time, but Mr. Baker of Brooklyn, a "Social Democrat," bounced up and objected with great vehemence. Baker's reason was that during Littlefield's speech he had politely asked "the man from Maine" to yield for a question, which Littlefield declined, waving him off with an air of supercilious contempt, which thoroughly angered the Brooklynite, who in objecting was only evening up the score. Because Williams, DeArmond, and I had, even under provocation, consumed so much of his time, I felt sorry for Littlefield, and went to Baker, who was my personal friend, and requested him to withdraw his objection—which he did, stating, however, that he did so not to favor Littlefield, but to please me.

Henry A. Wise, one of the most famous stumpers of his time, frequently told this joke on himself with gusto. He said that when he was campaigning for Governor of Virginia against the Know-nothings—one of the most brilliant and audacious acmpaigns in the annals of American politics—one day he was speaking out in the woods, lauding our free institutions to the skies and pathetically describing how the poor, downtrodden people of Europe came to the land of the free and the home of the brave because they loved liberty. Seeing a foreign peddler in the audience, and thinking to use him as an illustration of the truth of his remarks and thereby clinch his argument, he turned to him and said, "My friend, did you not leave your native land and cross the sea in order to enjoy the blessings of our free institutions?" To his utter amazement the peddler answered: "No, Governor Wise, you got that wrong. I came to America to sell ready-made clothing cheap!" The crowd howled itself hoarse with delirious delight, and no wonder.

To Governor Wise more than to any other man was due the demise of the Know-nothing party. When he buckled on his shining armor and took the field in opposition it was making astounding headway and seemed likely to carry the country. It had elected Representatives and Senators in Congress, state Legislatures, Governors, and a multitude of county officers. They made such a clean sweep in Massachusetts that in one Legislature there was only one non-Know-nothing member. They came near electing one Speaker of the House, who was a thorough-going Know-nothing. Banks had been a Know-nothing, but had ratted to the Republicans when he saw which way the cat was jumping. Even the Presidency itself seemed within their grasp. The Virginia Democrats were so cowed that in 1855 they declined to nominate a gubernatorial candidate. The eloquent and fiery Wise nominated himself, and sallied forth as early as February on his crusade. He canvassed the state from the Ohio to the Atlantic, won a tremendous victory, and turned back the surging tide of Know-nothingism. In fact he gave it its *coup de grâce.*

Toward the end of his first and only term in the House, when time was very precious, I saw another man make a tremendous reputation in one speech. It was on the subject of the debt of the Pacific Railroad to the United States government. It goes without saying that while it was an important question it was not one to excite the public interest like the repeal of the purchasing clauses of the Sherman law or the seating of Roberts. The man was Col. William A. Harris, Democratic Congressman at large from Kansas, who was afterward United States Senator. He served four years in the Confederate Army on the staffs of D. H. Hill and Stonewall Jackson. I am inclined to believe that his success in Kansas politics, with that war record behind him, was one of the miracles of our history. However that may be, along in February, before the 4th of March, when his single term expired in the House, the consideration of the Pacific's debt to the government came up, and Harris was given thirty minutes in which to address the House. Next to Judge Culberson of Texas, he was the most modest and bashful man in that body. When he arose to begin his speech I do not believe one-fourth of the members of the House knew who he was. Before he had proceeded fifteen minutes everybody was asking who he was, and while at that particular juncture time was the essence of things, when his thirty minutes ran out his time was extended without limit—a remarkable tribute to the Kansan—proof conclusive of the excellence of his speech. Harris was not an orator. He was a plain, luminous speaker. The secret of his success on that occasion was that he knew the history of the Pacific Railroad thoroughly and the government aid to the same from A to Z. He began work on the Pacific Railroad, carrying a chain in the surveyor's gang shortly after the Civil War ended. He gradually worked up until, when he was elected to Congress, he was their general land agent. In short, he knew what he was talking about, and that sort of speaker always secures a good hearing in the House, especially if the controversy is about a question of importance.

Harris's father, long time Representative in Congress from Virginia, as well as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Argentina, settled on a fine, large farm near Bowling Green, Missouri, where the future Representative and Senator from the Sunflower State grew to manhood. Consequently he was well known in that vicinity.

The morning after his election to the Senate I went into the post-office and was jubilating over his success. Dr. R. W. Campbell, who was somewhat of a philosopher, hearing me, remarked, "Don't that beat the deuce!

"When Harris came out of the army he went down on Noix Creek and applied for a school, at forty dollars per month, and his application was refused because he had been a Confederate soldier. That sent him to Kansas, and now he is elected a Democratic United States Senator from the strongest Republican state in the Union. There has been nothing so strange since the stars fell."

I heard Gordon Russell, of Texas, deliver a speech on a railroad-rate bill which gave him such a fine reputation as a lawyer that President Taft placed him on the Federal bench as soon as there occurred a vacancy in Texas. He has made so acceptable a judge that he is widely and favorably mentioned for a place in the Supreme Court.

The House of Representatives is the severest judge of speeches in the world, but is also the fairest, and if a member has something worth while to say he is always heard with gladness and is given his due meed of praise. It is a poor field for mountebanks, impostors, make-believe statesmen, and empty-pated orators. The acid test is sure to be applied sooner or later—sooner rather than later.

There was once in the British Parliament a man named

Hamilton, who made one speech, and only one, though he served many years. It was a great speech, and because he could never be induced to make another he was nicknamed "Single-speech" Hamilton, a sobriquet which he retains in history to this day. There has never been, so far as I know, any explanation as to why he spoke in Parliament only once. Perhaps he spoke only when the spirit moved him, and the spirit failed to move him any more. Perhaps he was afraid that he could not equal his single speech, and shunned the comparison. However that may be, one thing is clear—he cannot be truthfully charged with being afflicted with *cacœthes loquendi*—a disease very prevalent in our day.

Neither Pence nor Littlefield nor Harris, however, confined his speaking in Congress to one splendid outburst. Pence and Littlefield spoke frequently in the House, always to the edification of their auditors, and beneficially for any cause which they espoused, while Harris illuminated many subjects of great pith and moment during his six years in the Senate.

There was one feature of Littlefield's speech that I have never heard duplicated, and that was that somehow he managed to emphasize every word of a sentence. How he did it remains a puzzle to this day.

President Graham of Transylvania University used to tell his rhetoric class that Macready pronounced the word "Sardanapalus" in such a way as to make his audience weep. Littlefield pronounced "Ohio" in such manner as to make General Grosvenor furious.

Some men have achieved great and enduring reputations by one speech in one branch or the other of Congress, but not with such short service as Pence, Littlefield, or Harris. If Webster and Hayne had never delivered any other speeches than their great debate, they would still be of the small but goodly company of the immortals, because in ablest manner, in most glowing words they were discussing the question paramount of that generation, which no speechmaking could settle, and which was settled only by the stern arbitrament of arms at Appomattox.

By one speech, answering Stephen A. Douglas on "Popular Sovereignty," as the "Little Giant" called his political baby, or "Squatter Sovereignty," as his opponents sneeringly named it, James S. Green, of Missouri, forced himself into the front rank of Senators. In his *Twenty Years of Congress* James Gillespie Blaine, Republican, pays Green, Democrat, this wonderful tribute:

"No man among his contemporaries had made so profound an impression in so short a time. He was a very strong debater. He had peers, but no master, in the Senate. Mr. Green, on the one side, and Mr. Fessenden, on the other, were the Senators whom Douglas most disliked to meet and who were the best fitted in readiness, in accuracy, in logic, to meet him. Douglas rarely had a debate with either in which he did not lose his temper, and to lose one's temper in debate is generally to lose one's cause. Green had done more than any other man in Missouri to break down the power of Thomas H. Benton as leader of the Democracy. His arraignment of Benton before the people of Missouri in 1849, when he was but thirty-two years of age, was one of the most aggressive and successful warfares in our political annals. His premature death was a loss to the country. He was endowed with rare powers which, rightly directed, would have led him to eminence in the public service."

Unfortunately, Green's public career ended forever March 4, 1861, when he was only forty-four. He was defeated for re-election to the Senate by Waldo P. Johnson, because he was too strong a Secessionist, while Johnson was rated as a "Constitutional Union man"; but, marvelous to relate, within six months after Sumter was fired on Johnson was in the Confederate Army and fought till Appomattox, while Green removed to Quincy, Illinois, never speaking a word or lifting a finger in favor of either side during the entire war.

Green was not only a masterful debater, as Blaine pronounces him, but was a "stump speaker" of renown. He was both sarcastic and humorous. Once he was delivering a campaign speech at Fayette, the home of "Old General" John B. Clark, who, like King Saul, towered head and shoulders above the multitude. He got in late while Green was speaking, and consequently had to stand up. He and Green were not in political accord; but he was too wise and courteous to interrupt the latter. After a while, however, Green laid down a proposition to which he was so violently opposed that he showed his dissent by shaking his head vigorously. Green stopped and, pointing his finger at the tall form, said, "General Clark shakes his head—but there's nothing in it!"

Presiding Elder McMurry, father of Bishop McMurry, told me once that in Know-nothing days Green began a speech in the court-house at Shelbyville by saying, "I take it for granted there are no Know-nothings here." From all over the room came shouts: "You are mistaken. We are here—lots of us!" Whereupon Green raised himself to his full great height, retorting: "I am glad to hear it. It is the sick and not they that are whole who have need of a physician!" And then he proceeded to flay them alive.

Col. Robert R. Hitt, so long chairman of the great Committee on Foreign Affairs, also secretary of legation in Paris, Assistant Secretary of State, and withal one of the most elegant of gentlemen as well as a delightful raconteur, once told me this exquisite anecdote about Green. He was a clerk in the Senate during Green's brief term as Senator, and admired the Missourian exceedingly. Hitt said: "Senator Green lived at the old National Hotel, where he was very popular with both men and women. The ladies were always teasing him about not attending church on Sundays. The Senator made up his mind to stop them. So one Sunday he was late for dinner. The ladies inquired why he was behind time. 'Been to church,' quoth Green. 'What church?' 'Don't know.' 'Who preached?' 'Don't know. I went up the avenue so many blocks, turned up Four and a Half Street so many blocks, and entered a big brick church on the left-hand side' [which, so Colonel Hitt said, the ladies recognized at once as an Episcopal church]. 'And how did you like the services, Senator?' they inquired. The Senator solemnly replied, 'In my judgment, there was too much reading of the Journal and not enough debate!'" When quite young Colonel Hitt had an experience which was, in itself, a liberal political education. He reported in shorthand Lincoln's speeches in his seven debates with Douglas in 1858.

By making his speeches on "Duluth" and "Paving Pennsylvania Avenue," J. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky and Missouri, placed himself in the class of Thomas Corwin, Mark Twain, and "Private" John Allen, as a humorist, and won lasting renown. He was afterward chairman of the great Committee on the Judiciary, was a great lawyer, and was one of the managers of the impeachment trial of General Belknap, Secretary of War under General Grant; but he complained bitterly always that after the two speeches referred to above he could never make anybody take him seriously.

Finally when "the Zenith City of the Unsalted Seas" came into her proper stride she heaped coals of fire on Governor Knott's head by giving him a gorgeous banquet, making him the lion of the hour—about as rich a bit of humor as his "Duluth" speech.

While he was chief executive of Kentucky some admiring constituent named a race-horse Governor Knott. For a while the equine had more reputation than the brilliant man for whom he was called, which greatly amused Governor Knott.

No man ever achieved a more splendid reputation by one speech in the House than did John Marshall, of Virginia, by one masterful speech.

Writing on the death of the great chief justice, Senator Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri, in his *Thirty Years' View*, among other things says of that speech and its effect: "Elected to Congress at an early age, he served in the House of Representatives in the time of the elder Mr. Adams, and found in one of the prominent questions of the day a subject entirely fitted to his acute and logical turn of mind—the case of the famous Jonathan Robbins, claiming to be an American citizen, reclaimed by the British government as a deserter, delivered up, and hanged at the yard-arm of an English man-of-war. Party spirit took up the case, and it was one to inflame that spirit. Mr. Marshall spoke in defense of the administration, and made the master speech of the day—when there were such master speakers in Congress as Madison, Gallatin, William B. Giles, Edward Livingston, John Randolph. It was a judicial subject, adapted to the legal mind of Mr. Marshall, requiring a legal pleading—and well did he plead it. Mr. Randolph has often been heard to say that it distanced competition—leaving all associates and opponents far behind and carrying the case. Seldom has one speech brought so much fame and high appointment to any one man. When he had delivered it his reputation was in the zenith; in less than nine brief months thereafter he was Secretary of War, Secretary of State, Minister to France, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States."

CHAPTER VII

Half-forgotten statesmen.

SOMETIMES when I see the papers from day to day full of the names and deeds of certain statesmen who imagine they are headed for the Pantheon of Fame I recall these lines of Burns, familiar to the ears of men:

> But pleasures are like poppies spread.
> You seize the flower, its bloom is shed;
> Or, like the snow-fall in the river,
> A moment white, then melts forever.

So it is with reputations—particularly with political reputations

Of all Voltaire's numerous volumes, the one most interesting to philosophical students of history is his *Life of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden*, which richly repays perusal even at this late day. In the preface to that delightful biography, the author speaks of how completely forgotten are the mass of kings, emperors, potentates, caliphs, warriors, statesmen, and poets, who thought themselves immortal, and whose worshipful contemporaries joined in that flattering opinion.

Then he discourses upon the few who "rise above the vulgar level of the great"—one of the most suggestive phrases ever coined in the marvelous brain of the versatile Frenchman. It sticks to the memory like a bur, and teaches us that many men considered great and proclaimed as great by obsequious place-seekers, aspiring tuft-hunters, are only make-believe great men, pseudo-Goliaths whom the pitiless white light which beats not upon thrones alone, but upon all high places, causes to shrink and shrivel into repulsive nothingness like Rider Haggard's She. It is a classic statement in another form of Addison's dictum, "What shadows we are and what shadows we pursue!"

Even the reputations of some men who were really great, and who deserve a better fate, are as evanescent as the rainbow's glory.

In the last quarter of the eighteenth century, and the early years of the nineteenth, Charles James Fox was one of the foremost statesmen in the world.

When I was quite a young man I was going on a short journey with one of the best all-around lawyers I ever knew, to try a case on the opposite side to him. As soon as we were seated in the car I opened my grip, took from it one of the most fascinating books in our vernacular, and began to read.

He asked, "What are you reading?"

I replied, "*The Early Days of Charles James Fox*, by Sir George Otto Trevelyan"; whereupon my friend fairly took my breath away by inquiring, "Who was Charles James Fox?"

I could scarcely believe my ears. At first I thought he was joking, but as he solemnly averred that he had never heard of the greatest debater that ever spoke the English tongue, I had to take his word; but I have not recovered from my surprise even yet.

I am inclined to think that a rather insignificant purchase, in my early days as a lawyer, first set me to thinking on the subject of how short-lived is fame; especially fame built on a political career.

One of my professional friends sold me a huge, old walnut bookcase with everything it contained—some volumes of text-books and Missouri Supreme Court Reports, together with a lot of odds and ends of government publications, Patent Office reports, Year-Books, etc. In the mass were several volumes of *The Congressional Globe*, antedating the Civil War. I accidentally opened one containing a flaming speech by Lewis D. Campbell, of Ohio, a man of whom I had never heard, though I had read many so-called histories of the United States. I read his speech with delight, and, having got a taste of Campbell's eloquence, I ransacked all those dusty volumes for more, with ever-increasing wonder. I discovered that for some years he was one of the most frequent orators in the House. I started in to find out who and what manner of man he was, with little success, till finally one day I ran across an aged ex-Representative in Congress who was fond of reminiscences of his Congressional life. I told him of my experience as to the old *Congressional Globe* and Lewis D. Campbell. That set his memory to working and his tongue a-going.

He said: "Young man, though still living, I think Lou Campbell is apparently forgotten completely, except by a few old stagers like myself; yet when I was in the House he was very prominent. In the long-drawn-out contest for Speaker, lasting two months, when Banks was elected, Campbell was a prominent candidate and seemed for several days to have a fair chance of winning the prize. I voted for him many times. Speaker Banks made him chairman of Ways and Means, and therefore ex-officio majority floor leader. He was a crack debater, a capital speechmaker, and predictions were freely made that he would one day be President; but somehow he did not fulfil the promise of his early manhood."

While the old man's words amazed me, they illustrated the uncertainty of a political career, but in no way weakened my settled resolve to serve in Congress some day.

Before I came to Congress one of my predecessors, Col. John E. Hutton, appointed a board of which I was a member to examine candidates for the West Point cadetship. It fell to my lot to prepare the questions in history.

One question which I propounded was: "Name the Presidents, the states they were from, their politics, and length of service."

Some of the boys would have graded twenty-five on a scale of one hundred on that. Then I asked them to do the same for the Vice-Presidents, which I thought as easy as the first; and the answer of no boy would have been marked ten.

These experiences and others like unto them call to mind the plaint of Old Rip: "How soon are we forgot!" and Hamlet's famous declaration: "There's hope a great man's memory may outlive his life half a year."

There have been twenty-eight Presidents, twenty-six Vice-Presidents, and thirty-seven Speakers of the House, counting one man, Theodore M. Pomeroy, of New York, who was elected Speaker for one day only.

Until very recently the line of the presidential succession ran in this wise: Vice-President, President pro tempore of the Senate, and Speaker of the House. Persons of ordinary intelligence can give a list of the Presidents with somewhat of an approximation to accuracy, but how many of our people would grade twenty-five on a scale of one hundred in giving a list of their principal competitors for nomination and election, or of the Vice-Presidents and their competitors, or of the Speakers of the House? And yet every Vice-President has been and is a President *in posse*, as was every Speaker until the line of succession was changed in 1887 so as to run through the Cabinet, beginning with the Secretary of State.

Who ran against Jefferson in 1804, or against Madison in 1808 or 1812, or against Monroe in 1816? Who were George Clinton, DeWitt Clinton, Charles Pinckney, and Charles Cotesworth Pinckney? Whow as it came within eleven votes of defeating James Monroe for the Congressional presidential caucus nomination in 1816? Who was he? Surely he should not be forgotten; for a caucus nomination in 1816 meant certainly four years, and probably eight years, in the White House. He was also one of the candidates for President in the four-cornered fight of 1824, the other three being Andrew Jackson, John Quincy Adams, and Henry Clay; the greatest presidential field America ever knew, except in 1860, when Abraham Lincoln, Stephen Arnold Douglas, John Cabell Breckenridge, and John Bell were competitors for the most powerful office ever created by the wit of man.

The name of this more than half-forgotten statesman was William Harris Crawford, of Georgia. In 1824, no candidate having received a majority of the electoral votes, the election was thrown into the House; and in such case only the three highest candidates are voted for. The electoral votes stood 99 for Jackson, 84 for Adams, 41 for Crawford, and 37 for Clay. So Henry Clay, standing fourth, was shut out.

Col. Thomas Hart Benton thinks Crawford, who was a giant mentally and physically, would have been chosen had he not been stricken with paralysis in the nick of time, which eliminated him, though he recovered and was judge of a high court many years.

Who was this man? Whence came he? What had he done to stand so high that a change of six votes in a caucus would have made him President in 1816, and who would probably have been President in 1824 but for a temporary illness precisely at the psychological moment for the promotion of the fortunes of the younger Adams? He had been long a Senator in Congress, and as such was leader of his party, minister plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to the Court of Versailles, for a short time Secretary of War, and for more than eight years Secretary of the Treasury. Towns, cities, and counties are named for him. He was perhaps the greatest of all the great men

Georgia has given to the service of the Republic, and yet he is almost as completely forgotten as though he had never lived. For years he was generally conceded to be the ablest of the post-revolutionary generation of statesmen, and a future President, and he was deferred to and courted accordingly.

But it was not to be. The victory of Jackson before New Orleans changed all that and determined the politics of the country for a generation—perhaps forever.

Every intelligent American knows who John Caldwell Calhoun was. He was called "the Great South-Carolinian," just as Henry Clay was "the Great Kentuckian," Thomas Hart Benton "the Great Missourian," and Daniel Webster "the Great New-Englander." Calhoun's name is inseparably bound up with the nullification doctrine; and the history of the country cannot be written without giving him much space and a high place among the intellectual giants of his time.

Who were his South Carolina colleagues in the House of Representatives? Not one person in a hundred thousand can name one of them; and yet their contemporaries deemed Langdon Cheves and William Lowndes the equals, if not the superiors, of Calhoun. Cheves was next to the youngest Speaker the House ever had, and was supposed to be of presidential stature. In 1822, when Calhoun started to run for President, Lowndes also started to run; and had he not died in 1823 might have reached the White House. He was big enough to aspire—and not without reason—to the highest station within the gift of his fellow-citizens, but nevertheless Cheves and Lowndes are both "to dumb forgetfulness a prey."

Judges of such things have pronounced the Virginia Bill of Rights one of the finest state papers ever written. George Mason was the author, and the letters and newspapers of that day prove beyond all doubt that he was by no means the smallest of that marvelous group of men which the Old Dominion gave to the service of their country, and of which Patrick Henry, George Washington, Thomas Jefferson, John Marshall, Edmund Randolph, George Wythe, James Madison, James Monroe, John Randolph of Roanoke, and the Lees were the most resplendent figures. Indeed, some of his contemporaries rate him as one of the greatest among them, but death cut him off untimely, and outside of Virginia his name is scarcely known. Here and there, where Virginians settled in large numbers, there is a county, city, town, or village named for him, but the chances are that not one out of one hundred of the denizens thereof to-day can tell for whom those places are called.

Propound to any company of Americans the query, "Who and what was Nathaniel Macon?" and discover the evanescence of fame. He was a soldier of the Revolution and a member of the North Carolina Legislature while still a beardless youth. His service in the two branches of Congress was the longest of the statesmen of the first half-century of our government under the Constitution. He was the most eminent of the Speakers of the House, until Henry Clay appeared upon the scene. He was accounted as one of the ablest statesmen of that age and could have remained in the Senate all his life had he so desired. In his *Thirty Years' View* Col. Thomas Hart Benton pays him this beautiful tribute:

"Philosophic in his temperament and wise in his conduct, governed in all his actions by reason and judgment, and deeply imbued with Bible images, this virtuous and patriotic man—whom Mr. Jefferson called 'the last of the Romans'—had long fixed the term of his political existence at the age which the Psalmist assigns for the limit of lives: 'The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labor and sorrow, for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.' He touched that age in 1828;

and, true to all his purposes, he was true to his resolve in this, and executed it with the quietude and indifference of an ordinary transaction. He was in the middle of a third senatorial term, and in the full possession of all his faculties of mind and body, but his time for retirement had come—the time fixed by himself, but fixed upon conviction, and for well-considered reasons as inexorable to him as if fixed by fate. To the friends who urged him to remain to the end of his term, and who insisted that his mind was as good as ever, he would answer that it was good enough to let him know that he ought to quit office before his mind quit him, and that he did not mean to risk the fate of the Bishop of Grenada."

Speaking of Colonel Benton suggests the fact that the first Legislature of Missouri did two extraordinary things: First, elected David Barton United States Senator by unanimous vote.

Second, after a prolonged deadlock in choosing the other Senator, the Legislature asked Barton to pick his senatorial mate, whereupon he selected Benton, who, even with Barton's indorsement, was elected only after a bitter struggle, and who was the first man to serve thirty consecutive years in the Senate of the United States, or as he was fond of putting it in his pompous way, "Six full Roman lustrums."

Some folks scout the idea of luck as a factor in human affairs. Let all such ponder well this excerpt from history. Missouri was, upon her admission to the Union, entitled to a six-year term and a four-year term in the Senate. As above stated, Benton was elected only by the grace of David Barton. Arrived in Washington, they drew straws for the long and short terms, and Benton, with the good fortune which attended him for three decades, drew the six-year term and began that long career which rendered him one of the most conspicuous figures among the statesmen of that age; a fit opponent of Webster, Clay, and Calhoun, and the victor over all three combined in the contest about expunging the Senate resolution censuring President Jackson. His great book, reviewing the times in which he lived, and without which no gentleman's library is complete, gives him a permanent status in history.

Barton, Missouri's favorite, served his fragmentary four-year term, then a full term, during which he quarreled with Andrew Jackson, which was the end of him, and from which he passed into oblivion.

One moral to be drawn from Benton's large place in history and Barton's small place is that a public man would best perpetuate his own fame by writing a book devoted particularly to his own sayings and doings. Cæsar's *Commentaries* have done more to keep his memory green than all the battles which he fought; Xenophon's *Anabasis* alone makes his name familiar to the ears of men; and James G. Blaine's *Twenty Years of Congress* will be read with profit and delight when half of the Presidents of the United States molder in forgotten graves.

One of my college professors was always shouting to the boys, "*Carpe diem!*"—"Seize the day!" My suggestion to statesmen is, "Seize the pen!"

So far I have dealt most with the half-forgotten statesmen of the South and West. Those of the North, particularly of New England, who failed to reach first place have not fared so badly, and have not been submerged so completely. Many of them have been saved measurably from oblivion by reason of the fact that New-Englanders write nearly all the books, and have used their utmost endeavors to prevent their worthies from being utterly forgotten. This remark applies in a smaller degree to New-Yorkers.

It is, however, only to the well-read few that the names of even such eminent New-Yorkers as George Clinton and his brilliant nephew, DeWitt Clinton, have any real significance. The elder Clinton was for twenty-two years Governor of New York—an unequaled record—Vice-President, and not without substantial basis for presidential aspirations. Realizing by the eye of faith the future greatness of New York, he bitterly fought the adoption of the Federal Constitution, and proved himself a foeman worthy of the steel of Alexander Hamilton himself, as he did subsequently with Aaron Burr in the field of larger politics.

DeWitt Clinton was Governor of New York and the father of the Erie Canal, to which New York City largely owes her commercial and maritime primacy. He was United States Senator, and resigned that coveted position to become mayor of New York City. More than once he was a candidate for the Presidency. Nobody ever questioned his mental and moral fitness for that exalted station. He was conceded to be one of the ablest men of his generation, but the all-powerful "Virginia Dynasty" was too much for him, and he never reached that glittering goal.

When people see the names of John Jay, Governor of New York and Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court, and of Robert R. Livingston, Chief Justice of New York, only a languid interest is aroused, and yet they were for years rated as possible Presidents.

Who were the rival candidates against Martin Van Buren in 1836? Everybody knows who was the rival candidate in 1840, because he was elected—Gen. William Henry Harrison, "Old Tippecanoe," as he was fondly dubbed by his admirers. He was the chief beneficiary of the "coonskin," "hard-cider," "log-cabin" hysteria of American politics; but who competed with "the Sage of Kinderhook" yclept "the Little Wizard" in 1836? This same Gen. William Henry Harrison and a far greater man than he, now utterly forgotten—Hugh Lawson White, of

Tennessee, who was one of the most prominent men of that era. He had been for forty years second only to Andrew Jackson in the affections of Tennesseeans, having been Superior Court judge, Supreme Court judge, and United States Senator, all freely and pridefully bestowed without solicitation on his part. His mighty friend, Jackson, offered him a Cabinet portfolio, which he declined, because he deemed a Senatorship the higher office, and because he liked it better.

Finally, the Tennessee Legislature censured him for not supporting the Van Buren administration, and instructed him to do so, whereupon he resigned.

Colonel Benton, after eulogizing him highly, gives this philosophic and whimsical account of Senator White's presidential candidacy and the catastrophe of his career:

"In his advanced age he did the act which with all old men is an experiment, and with most of them an unlucky one. He married again; and this new wife having made an immense stride from the head of a boarding-house table to the head of a Senator's table could see no reason why she should not take one step more, and that comparatively short, and arrive at the head of the presidential table. This was before the presidential election of 1836. Mr. Van Buren was the generally accepted Democratic candidate. He was foremost of all the candidates, and the man who is ahead of all the rest on such occasions is pretty sure to have a combination of all the rest against him. Mr. Van Buren was no exception to this rule. The whole Whig party wished to defeat him. That was a fair wish. Mr. Calhoun's party wished to defeat him. That was invidious, for they could not elect Mr. Calhoun by it. Many professing Democrats wished to defeat him, though for the benefit of a Whig; and that was a movement toward the Whig camp—where most of them eventually arrived. All these parties combined and worked, and worked in concert, and their line of operation was through the vanity of the victim's wife. They excited her vain hopes. And this modest, unambitious man, who had spent all his life in resisting office pressed upon him by his friends, lost his power of resistance in his old age and became a victim to the combination against him—which all saw and deplored, except himself. As soon as he was committed and beyond extrication, one of the co-operators against him, a Whig Member of Congress from Kentucky—a witty, sagacious man of good tact—in the exultation of his feelings wrote the news to a friend in his district, who, in a still higher state of exultation, sent it to the newspapers—thus: 'Judge White is on the track, running gaily, and won't come off; and if he would, his wife won't let him.' This was the whole story, briefly and cheerily told—and truly. He ran the race without prejudice to Mr. Van Buren—without benefit to the Whig candidates—without support from some who had incited him to the trial, and with great political and social damage to himself."

One of the most brilliant orators and statesmen during the fourth and fifth decades of the nineteenth century was John Van Buren, son of President Martin Van Buren. He is now remembered by a few only, and by them chiefly because he was nicknamed "Prince John," and because he once danced with Princess Victoria, subsequently Queen and Empress. In fact, the Whigs circulated a canard to the effect that "Prince John" and Princess Victoria were to be married, and tried to use that as a campaign argument, which proved a boomerang.

Once while John was private secretary to his father, the President, in a burst of anger he said to his illustrious parent, "You think you are a great man, but you will be remembered mainly because you are the father of John Van Buren." But when Martin bolted from the Democrats and ran as the Free Soil candidate for the Presidency to punish the Democrats in general, and General Cass in particular, for robbing him of the presidential nomination at Baltimore after he had received a clear majority on one ballot, his son John took the stump for him and made one of the most brilliant campaigns in American history. All honor to "Prince John" for his filial piety!

The foregoing instances of the fading out of splendid reputations, and divers others like unto them, recall Horace Greeley's dictum, "Fame is a vapor."

Martin Van Buren himself has received a very cold deal in history. In this regard he stands in a class with John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, and Andrew Johnson. The Whigs, of course, had no admiration for Martin, and after he bolted the nomination of General Cass, in 1848, and ran as the Free Soil candidate—the most preposterous performance in presidential politics, except Horace Greeley's candidacy as a Democratic nominee—the Democrats detested him thoroughly and denounced him most bitterly. Consequently he has had very few defenders in history, and no eulogists. The Democratic animosity toward him finds an extreme illustration in the conduct of Missouri Democrats. While he was President and *persona grata* to the Missouri Democracy they named two splendid counties for him—one "Van Buren," the other "Kinderhook." They were so thoroughly incensed by reason of his bolt that they changed the name of "Van Buren" County to "Cass" and that of "Kinderhook" to "Benton," so that he lost two magnificent geographical monuments; and of all species of monuments, as a rule, geographical monuments are the most permanent, therefore the most desirable.

He bolted Cass and elected General Taylor as a matter of personal revenge, because "the Great Michigander" had helped beat him out of the nomination in 1844 after he had received a clear majority on one ballot. He fed fat his grudge against Cass, but lost much himself in history.

CHAPTER VIII

"Lame Ducks."

WITH grim humor somebody dubbed Representatives and Senators defeated for re-election "Lame Ducks." The name stuck, and will probably be sooner or later incorporated into a dictionary by some lexicographer ambitious to distance all competitors in number of words. Newspapers make merry with them, and the "Gridiron Club" devotes its piquant skits to them biennially.

When the returns from the Congressional elections of 1894 were in, President Cleveland found "on his hands" one of the largest brood of "Lame Ducks" in the history of the Republic. He took care of all he could of those who had served him faithfully to their own undoing—William L. Wilson, General Outhwaite, Col. Buck Kilgore, Judge Springer, John C. Tarsny, and others, but as nearly all the "Lame Ducks" hankered after governmental positions and the emoluments thereof, he could not give fat offices to a tithe of them.

There are few spectacles more pitiable than a man who has held high place suddenly turned out to grass *à la* Nebuchadnezzar, penniless, when too old and not sufficiently up to date to resume the business he was in before he was lured into politics, humbly pleading for an appointive office—any appointive office with salary enough to keep the wolf from the door. Some "lag superfluous on the stage" of the finest capital in the world till they are reduced to beggary.

After I had returned home in the spring of 1893 from Washington, where I saw so many gray-haired men who had held high elective office begging for the crumbs from Cleveland's table, I gave my wife an account of what I observed, and told her that when the jig was up for me I would hasten back to Missouri to begin the practice of law once more and be a man among men. So, when I was defeated unexpectedly in 1894, I kept that promise, and here's what happened: The Congress died at noon on Monday, March 4th. The preceding Friday I bought tickets and sleepers home. We left Washington at 2.40 P.M. Monday, and Thursday I was back in Bowling Green helping try a murder case. No begging on my part for an appointive office from Mr. Cleveland!

Of all the "Lame Ducks" with whom I have been acquainted, John Hollis Bankhead, of Alabama, was the luckiest. He, after serving four years in the Confederate Army, and holding a variety of state offices, was elected to the national House of Representatives for ten consecutive terms—a total of twenty years; but in 1906 Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson, of *Merrimac* fame, defeated him for the nomination, which in Alabama is equivalent to election. Bankhead perhaps thought his political career was ended, but he was destined to a most pleasant awakening, for there happened in Alabama that year one of the most amazing performances in our political history, of which the first-fruits went to Bankhead.

The fifth full senatorial term of Gen. John Tyler Morgan, who was then eighty-two and candidate for reelection, was to end March 4, 1907. His senatorial mate, Gen. Edmund Winston Pettus, who was eighty-five, was serving his second full senatorial term, which would end March 4, 1909. If Morgan had been elected for a sixth term and had lived to the end thereof, he would have been eighty-nine; and had Pettus been elected to a third term and lived it out, he would have been ninety-three. It was agreed on all hands that Morgan and Pettus should remain in the Senate as long as they lived—so great was Alabama's pride in these warrior-statesmen. So both were candidates for re-election without opposition.

It so happened at that time that the Legislature of Alabama was elected for four years, and met only once during that period, unless convened in extraordinary session.

The Federal statute then in force provided that the Legislature elected next before a senatorial vacancy should fill the vacancy during its first session. Consequently the Legislature elected in 1906 was in duty bound to elect two Senators.

Few believed that Morgan would survive his sixth term or that Pettus would live out his third term.

Somebody suggested that as one or both would die before the end of the terms for which they were candidates, alternate nominees for both should be selected at the impending primaries. To the surprise of mankind, this novel and gruesome idea spread like wildfire, and the state committee ordered the nomination of senatorial alternates for Morgan and Pettus, while nominating these venerable and venerated men.

Colonel Bankhead, having been defeated by Captain Hobson for a seat in the House prior to the senatorial primary, became a candidate as a senatorial alternate, and led the poll!

Both Morgan and Pettus were duly elected, and Morgan died on the eleventh day of June, 1907. Bankhead was appointed to succeed him June 18, 1907—the time between the end of his long House service and the beginning of his long senatorial career being only three months and fourteen days—a clear case of being kicked up-stairs. I have said sometimes that as a matter of gratitude he should pick out an eligible site and erect a handsome monument to Captain Hobson.

There is no story in history, and few in fiction, equal to that, the nearest approach to it being the case of Henry Clay Hansborough, of North Dakota, who was defeated for a renomination as Representative in Congress in 1890, but was by the Legislature elected that year chosen for a full term in the Senate beginning March 4, 1891, the very day his House service ended.

Roger B. Taney's nomination to be Secretary of the Treasury, also his nomination to be an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court, were rejected by the anti-Jacksonian Senate, but he lived to preside as Chief Justice for twenty-eight years.

Taney, Bankhead, and Hansborough were lucky "Lame Ducks," but I know that many folks sneer at the idea of luck. All such should consider the remarkable case of Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell, of Missouri—who, after many years of unbroken success, became a "Lame Duck"—and be disillusioned.

Luck! In 1874 he wanted to be Governor of Missouri, and came very near having his heart's desire gratified in that regard. He lacked only one-sixth of one vote in a state convention of securing the nomination, which was equivalent to an election. Perhaps that is the closest shave on record for a great office.

At any rate Cockrell wanted to be Governor, and was balked in his ambition by only a fraction of a vote; but a miss is as good as a mile, so we are informed by some ancient proverb-maker. He ought to have thanked God every night the remnant of his days for that lucky escape. Had he succeeded he would, in all probability, have had before him two years in the Governor's office, and after that—a country lawyer at Warrensburg the rest of his life. His defeat was a blessing in disguise, and laid the foundations of his fortunes. It is passing strange what small and seemingly trivial things determine the destinies of men and even of nations.

By accident of being the last man to embark on a steamboat after the affair at Belmont, General Grant was started on the road to Appomattox and the White House. By flaying Sir Robert Peel on the night when he announced his free-trade policy in the House of Commons, Benjamin Disraeli took the first step in that marvelous career which dazzled the world, and which ended in the Premiership, an earldom, and the Garter. Because his uncontrollable horse ran away and carried him straight into the enemy's retreating lines in some obscure battle in south Asia, enabling him to capture the commanding general, Arthur Wellesley subsequently added Waterloo to the long line of English victories, became the Iron Duke, and sleeps among the storied great in St. Paul's. By reason of the fact that his pistol failed to fire—on the occasions when he attempted suicide—young Robert Clive concluded that God intended him for great things, and he lived to create the British Empire in India, to become a peer of the realm, and to write his name in characters of blood high upon the roll of English-speaking captains.

But to return to General Cockrell. During the campaign for the nomination he repeatedly declared that if Hardin, Coleman, or anybody else defeated him, no voice would be lifted louder, and no hat would be thrown higher than his would be thrown, for his successful competitor.

At that time they had the villainous custom of having all of the candidates for Governor—the vanquished as well as the victor—to address the convention. It ought to have been forbidden under the statute against cruelty to animals. It was finally abolished, as the result of the primary elections.

So when Charles H. Hardin was nominated, and Cockrell was called on for a speech, he good-naturedly referred to his promise, and then and there, as the indictments say, threw his big white slouch-hat to the lofty ceiling of the convention hall and gave a lusty yell which startled the catfish in the Missouri River. That performance made him Senator for thirty years, and no state ever had a better one. He was engulfed in the Roosevelt flood of 1904.

Cockrell never forgot either the name or the face of any person to whom he had been introduced. This faculty is simply invaluable to a public man and was of incalculable benefit to the distinguished Missouri Senator.

Luck! Go to! Suppose General Cockrell had defeated Hardin? The chances are a thousand to one that he never would have had the opportunity to prevent innumerable raids upon the Federal Treasury, thereby saving untold millions to the people. He should have hunted up the delegate who cast that fractional vote against him and dressed him in purple and fine linen as long as he lived. Some people say that Stonewall Jackson was the one Puritan soldier of our Civil War. They speak without knowledge. Stonewall was a Puritan indeed, worthy to have charged with mighty Oliver at Naseby, Worcester, Marston Moor, and Dunbar, shouting, "God with us!" but so was Francis Marion Cockrell. He fought and prayed, and prayed and fought, and it remains to this day a mooted question whether he fought more than he prayed or prayed more than he fought. If Jackson was the superintendent of a Sunday-school at Lexington, Virginia, Cockrell was engaged in the same way at Warrensburg, Missouri. He started in as a private in April, 1861; he surrendered as a brigadier during the very last days of the war. He was a volunteer without military training, and that fact *ex necessitate* deprived him of any particular favor in the Confederate War Department, where the delusion prevailed that no man could be a great soldier unless he had graduated from West Point, which delusion seems to have prevailed also in the Federal war office. Nevertheless, events appear to indicate that even with this handicap, had the war lasted four years longer, General Cockrell would have risen to the highest command.

He fought. That made his soldiers love him, and that is one thing which made the people of Missouri love him. He was just about as popular with the ex-Union soldiers among his constituents as with those who followed the stars and bars.

General Cockrell, being a volunteer, evolved some original theories on war which are calculated to stun the typical martinets. For instance, after the first battle in which he fought, green as he was in things martial, he would never permit an army engineer to select his line of battle for him. He said that as the duty of defending the line devolved on him, he knew better than any engineer what was a defensible line and what was not. This may have seemed presumptuous in a raw recruit, but his military history furnished his justification.

Another thing that he stuck to to his dying day, and which will give the souls of the professionals a rude shock, is that the most effective weapon with which infantry can be armed is a double-barreled shotgun. He claimed that it will discount all the new-fangled rifles ever made. His logic runs as follows, and to a civilian appears absolutely convincing: "One wounded man on the battle-field is ever so much more trouble than so many dead men. The double-barreled shotgun is unequaled as a producer of wounded men; therefore it is the best thing to arm troops with." As a clincher he stated that in a certain battle in which he was engaged when he was a colonel two companies of his regiment were armed with double-barreled shotguns, the other eight with Enfield rifles, and that when the fighting was over there were more dead and wounded men in front of the two companies with shotguns than in front of the eight armed with rifles. If seeing is believing, then any rational being not under "the tyranny of preconceived opinions" ought to be convinced by General Cockrell's reasoning.

I have several times told General Cockrell's theory as to the value of shotguns. People thought it was the vagary of an old fogy. This was invariably the view of Regular Army officers. To all doubters I cheerfully commend the following excerpts which vindicate Cockrell's theory, taken from a long article by Edward C. Crossman, a high authority, in *The Scientific American* of February 2, 1918:

> It is the intention of the Aviation Section of the Signal Corps to give the candidates for flying instruction as much practice as possible with shotgun, rifle, and machine-gun.
>
> At short range—which means at one hundred yards or less—the shotgun with buckshot or the largest sized pellets just under this designation is a more potent weapon than the machine-gun. Lacking range and penetration and accuracy because of the spread of its pellets at any serious range, the shotgun, preferably the automatic shotgun, covers more territory at fifty yards or seventy-five yards than any machine-gun, and each discharge throws a cloud of round bullets instead of the highly concentrated, narrow stream of the machine-gun. Contrary to common impression, the machine-gun is not an all-pervading sort of a weapon. I stood behind one firing at two man-figure targets at one hundred and fifty yards. The gun fired two clips of sixty shots for the total, without touching either figure, and the figures were handily situated on a hillside, which marked by the dust-puff each shot.
>
> At shorter range the tendency to miss clean with the machine-gun is still more marked. Here one bullet fairly follows on the heels of the other, the huge dispersion of the machine-gun at longer range, caused by the vibration of the gun and variation in ammunition, is absent. In effect the weapon is merely the infantry rifle; if the first shot of the burst misses, the next score will also likely miss, until the alignment of the gun be changed by its recoil or by the movement of the plane.
>
> It is this buckshot that will be the logical load for the shotguns of the American aviators. It is not a new man-killing arrangement. For years the sawed-off shotgun has been the favorite weapon of the American really out gunning for the other fellow or expecting the other fellow to come a-gunning for him. The sawed-off part of the contract is merely to get rid of the choked portion of the barrel at the muzzle, and so let it handle buckshot better, and to make the gun shorter and easier to swing. At revolver ranges, no more fearful weapon was ever put into the hands of man. It is far more accurate than the revolver, while its dozen or so round bullets make hitting nearly sure with any sort of pointing.

Sentries of our army have been for years armed with riot guns for certain guard duty—a riot gun being merely a repeating or automatic shotgun shooting buckshot. Express messengers, and guards of other sorts of treasure, pin their faith to the short shotgun, which is on the brackets, and close to hand.

For months gentlemen interested in gunnery have argued the desirability of the use of the automatic shotgun for breaking up charges, because of the greater number of missiles thrown and the rapidity of fire; and reports are that these guns were used, experimentally, at least, in some of the trenches.

From the Allied standpoint, however, the gun was not of much use, because the Allies were on the offensive, and this called for rifle and bayonet.

It will be remembered that General Pershing had twenty thousand sawed-off shotguns sent to him, and that the Germans solemnly and vehemently protested against their use as being inhuman and contrary to the rules of civilized warfare. I wish that General Cockrell could have lived to see his condemned theory thus vindicated.

When General Cockrell came out of the army he evidently had an idea that he might some day be a candidate for office. So he had a copy made of the roster of his brigade, and carried it around with him when he was campaigning. When he and Vest, Hardin, and Coleman were running for Governor in 1874, toward the end of the race Vest went home, and somebody asked him how he was getting along. "Oh, hell!" replied the eloquent but irascible Vest, "I am doing no good. It seems to me that half the Confederate Army must have served in Cockrell's brigade!"

When the war closed Vest returned to Missouri from the Confederate Senate, and Cockrell from the Confederate Army, locating in two great, rich, adjoining counties.

Vest went into partnership with John F. Phillips, a Union colonel, while General Cockrell formed a partnership with Thomas T. Crittenden, another Union colonel. For forty years those two political law firms whipsawed and dominated the politics of the state. Missouri was full of Union and Confederate soldiers. When a rich political plum was about ripe Vest or Cockrell would gobble it if the time seemed propitious for a Confederate. When the Union element demanded an inning the prize went to Phillips or Crittenden. Thus Cockrell was United States Senator for three decades; Interstate and Foreign Commerce Commissioner for six years, as well as civilian member of the Board of Ordnance; and Vest was Senator for twenty-four years, Phillips went to Congress, became state supreme judge and United States district judge, while Crittenden was Attorney-General and Governor of Missouri, Consul-General to Mexico, and Register in Bankruptcy. Cockrell and Vest served in the Senate side by side for twenty-four years. No state ever had a better senatorial team. Both were great Senators, very unlike. Vest was one of the crack orators of his generation, while Cockrell was one of the most indefatigable workers that ever lived. The lordly Roscoe Conkling once stated in the Senate that he was willing to accept as correct any conclusion of Senator Cockrell on any subject which he had investigated.

I asked one of Cockrell's men the secret of his success and growth as a soldier. His reply was that when not drilling his men or on the march or in battle, while other officers were fussing and fuming and squabbling about rank and grades, Cockrell spent his time flat on his belly in his tent studying Hardee's *Tactics*.

Cockrell did not set up as a humorist, and yet he said one thing over which his soldiers made merry as long as the war lasted, and recall it with glee even yet when in reminiscent mood. At the siege of Vicksburg the Union engineers ran a mine under a portion of the Confederate breastworks manned by Cockrell's brigade. When it was exploded it killed and crippled many of his men, but did no damage to the Second Missouri—"Cockrell's Own." So he leaped on a parapet, and in trumpet tones which could be heard above the shrieks of the wounded and the roar of the guns he shouted: "Come on, old Second Missouri! You have died once and can die again!" It did come on with its usual gallantry, and drove back the Federals, who were pouring through the gap the explosion of the mine had made in the Confederate breastworks.

Ever after, when things were not going well, his men cheered themselves up and made the piny woods ring by bellowing: "Come on, old Second Missouri! You have died once and can die again!"

Both Vest and Cockrell were effective stump speakers. Vest was witty, humorous, sarcastic, eloquent, and lathered the Republicans up with vitriol so as to infuriate them almost to apoplexy. He aroused intense enthusiasm among Democrats and was of great service to his party in Democratic strongholds. Cockrell confined himself to historic facts and made a specialty of arithmetic. As nobody can take offense at excerpts from the multiplication-table or to examples in addition and subtraction, he was a first-class speaker to send into close or Republican counties. He was what I once denominated him, "Missouri's Great Arithmetical Orator," and he was for years proudly acclaimed "Missouri's Grand Old Man," which he undoubtedly was.

So far as I ever heard, Cockrell was the only one man ever defeated by the fraction of one vote for the nomination for a high office, but many important events have hinged on one vote. The way the fractional vote happened in Cockrell's contest was this: In a Democratic state convention in Missouri—before the primary election supplanted the convention—each county had one delegate for each five hundred Democratic votes or a major fraction thereof. In that early day some of the sparsely populated counties had only one delegate. Sometimes a county with only one vote would send two delegates entitled to one-half a vote each. Another would send three with one-third of a vote each. Strange to relate, the counties with only one vote were prone to split far more than the counties with several votes. So when a county with one vote and two delegates and another with one vote and three delegates got their work in the common denominator was six, resulting in a fraction of one-sixth.

The result of one vote properly planted is sometimes far-reaching and amazing. In his first election to the United States Senate, as heretofore related, Col. Thomas Hart Benton triumphed by only one majority.

Thomas Jefferson was elected President over Aaron Burr by one majority in the House of Representatives, each state having one vote.

Andrew Jackson was elected Major-General of the Tennessee Militia over Gen. John Sevier—an event which gave him his golden opportunity before New Orleans, and which changed the history of the Republic for a generation, perhaps forever.

Edward Everett, after four elections as Governor of Massachusetts—a gubernatorial term in the Old Bay State was one year—was defeated for a fifth term by Marcus Morton, Democrat, by one majority, which not only ended him as Governor, but eliminated him as a Whig presidential possibility.

Andrew Johnson escaped conviction in his impeachment trial by only one vote.

Louis the Sixteenth was sent to the guillotine by only one majority, in the French National Assembly.

Gen. Rutherford B. Hayes was declared President by the eight to seven commission, by one majority in the commission, which declared that he had one majority in the Electoral College.

The Act of Settlement by which the Hanoverians secured the Crown and mounted the throne of Great Britain and Ireland—one of the most complicated acts upon the statute-books—passed the House of Commons by one majority—ninety-six to ninety-five.

The present French Republic was established by one majority in the Assembly.

The resolution declaring war against Great Britain in 1812 passed the Senate by one majority.

The celebrated Walker Tariff bill got through the Senate by one majority, the Vice-President, George M. Dallas, casting the decisive vote.

At the famous and memorable Council of Nice some books of the Bible were declared canonical by one majority, and others shunted into the Apocrypha by one majority.

I could cite other instances of what one vote will accomplish, but these must suffice. They may well set people to studying as to how slender is the thread on which stupendous events hang—sometimes.

CHAPTER IX

Congressional funerals—Senator Hoar.

FUNERALS, under any circumstances and at any time or place, are neither cheerful nor hilarious, but Congressional funerals are particularly lugubrious. I am speaking of ordinary Congressional funerals now, and not of those denominated "public" funerals, when the President, Cabinet, Supreme Court, Diplomatic Corps, and other bigwigs are invited to attend. On such occcasions the galleries are crowded—as is the floor of the hall.

It is rare that such distinction is conferred upon one of our departed brethren. He must be eminent indeed. During my twenty-five years in the House only three have been so honored—Gov. Nelson Dingley, of Maine, Hon. Sereno Elisha Payne, of New York—both of whom were chairmen of the premier Committee on Ways and Means, and therefore ex-officio majority floor leaders, and Hon. Amos J. Cummings, of New York, the most popular public man of his day.

I am writing of the funeral ceremonies over most Representatives—the most doleful that can be imagined. Many persons—both male and female—have pestered their heads and suggested plans to increase interest in them. When I first entered Congress, and for years afterward, a portion of some week-day was solemnly set aside to memorialize a deceased member. That worked so unsatisfactorily that we changed to Sunday.

Now here's what happens: The day arrives. A few members—a dozen or two—attend; small audience in the gallery; speeches are made, some of them eloquent or philosophical, and that's all. A greater farce was never witnessed.

I have delivered many Congressional funeral speeches, either because I was fond of the man to be memorialized or because the delegation from his state asked me to do so. I here reproduce my speech on Senator George Frisbie Hoar, of Massachusetts, orator, statesman, and scholar. The reason I have it printed herein is because of the amazing aftermath. On account of his baby-blue eyes, his peachblow complexion, and his benign countenance, he was flippantly called "the cherubic." Truth to tell, his appearance did suggest a cherub. In his day he was one of the most prominent Senators.

When I knew him he was growing old and his vision much impaired. So I had always to tell him my name. One day he and I were the only occupants of a street-car headed for the Capitol. I sat down by him, reintroduced myself, and said, "Senator, which knew the more, John Quincy Adams or Col. Thomas Hart Benton?" His face brightened up like the harvest moon, and he replied: "Both of them, if left to them to tell it"; and he chuckled audibly. After a minute or two he said: "That is hardly a fair answer to your question. The fields of their information were so different that it is difficult, if not impossible, to compare them. John Quincy Adams knew more about our foreign relations than any other man that ever lived, while Colonel Benton knew more about our domestic affairs"—and after reading everything I could lay my hands on about those two illustrious statesmen, I am persuaded that Senator Hoar's characterization of them is correct.

In his book of reminiscences he gives this remarkable illustration of what a preposterous thing a thoroughly angry man will do. It will be remembered that President Grant and Senator Sumner hated each other most cordially. Grant gave Gen. Benjamin F. Butler complete control of all Federal patronage in Massachusetts. He made one particular recommendation to a fat place, which greatly scandalized the Bay State Brahmins—so much so that the Congressional delegation asked Senator Hoar, because his brother was Attorney-General in Grant's Cabinet, to wait on the President and present to him their protest. Hoar says he met the President sauntering along by the Treasury, smoking his inevitable cigar, and they walked around Lafayette Square, Hoar delivering the protest of his delegation. When they passed Sumner's residence the President stopped in the street and shook his clenched fist at the house, saying, "That man in there has treated me so outrageously that I will appoint nobody he recommends and will not do anything he wants done."

That was not a dignified or statesman-like thing for a President to do, but there was much human nature in it. General Butler's man was appointed.

As another illustration of General Grant's intense hatred of Sumner, I have read that, at a banquet, somebody told Grant that Sumner did not believe the Bible. "That's because he did not write it himself," quoth the irate President.

Senator Hoar was a scion of one of the most prominent, influential, and numerous New England families. His great-grandfather on his mother's side was Roger Sherman, who, scorning the philosophy in the old proverb that "a shoemaker should stick to his last," quit the cobbler's bench for politics, and was rewarded with many high positions. He was the only man who signed the Declaration of Independence, the old Articles of Confederation, and the Constitution of the United States—all three. If he knows what has happened since he departed hence, he must be proud of his descendants—the Hoars, judges, Representatives and Senators in Congress, and Cabinet Ministers; the Shermans, John, Charles, and the General; and William M. Evarts, at one time head of the American bar, wit, orator, and statesman.

In my judgment the severest philippic ever delivered in Congress was Senator Hoar's, in the impeachment trial of Gen. W. W. Belknap, Secretary of War, of which he was one of the managers. There are a lot of people forever prating of the degeneracy of this generation. It will do such much good to read Senator Hoar's blistering speech touching the conduct of certain public men of the 'seventies. Here it is:

"My own public life has been a very brief and insignificant one, extending little beyond the duration of a single term of senatorial office; but in that brief period I have seen five judges of a high court of the United States driven from office by threats of impeachment for corruption or maladministration. I have heard the taunt, from friendliest lips, that when the United States presented herself in the East to take part with the civilized world in generous competition in the arts of life the only product of her institutions in which she surpassed all others beyond question was her corruption. I have seen in the state in the Union foremost in power and wealth four judges of her courts impeached for corruption, and the political administration of her chief city become a disgrace and a byword throughout the world. I have seen the chairman of the Committee on Military Affairs in the House—now a distinguished member of this court—rise in his place and demand the expulsion of four of his associates for making sale of their official privilege of selecting the youths to be educated at our great military school. When the greatest railroad of the world, binding together the continent and uniting the two great seas which wash our shores, was finished I have seen our national triumph and exultation turned to bitterness and shame by the unanimous reports of three committees of Congress—two of the House and one here—that every step of that mighty enterprise had been taken in fraud. I have heard, in highest places, the shameless doctrine avowed by men grown old in public life, that the true way by which power should be gained in the Republic is to bribe the people with the offices created for their service, and the true end for which it should be used, when gained, is the promotion of selfish ambition and the gratification of personal revenge. I have heard that suspicion haunts the footsteps of the trusted companions of the President.

"These things have passed into history. The Hallam or the Tacitus or the Sismondi or the Macaulay who writes the annals of our time will record them with his inexorable pen. And now, when a high Cabinet officer, the constitutional adviser of the Executive, flees from office, before charges of corruption, shall the historian add that the Senate treated the demand of the people for its judgment of condemnation as a farce, and laid down its high functions before the sophistries and jeers of the criminal lawyer? Shall he speculate about the petty political calculations as to the effect on one party or the other, which induced his judges to connive at the escape of the great public criminal? Or, on the other hand, shall he close the chapter by narrating how these things were detected, reformed, and punished, by constitutional processes which the wisdom of our fathers devised for us, and the virtue and purity of the people found their vindication in the justice of the Senate?"

Having given the foregoing sample of his oratorical ability in one vein, I hereby give a remarkable passage of an entirely different sort. In his great oration on Webster, when the latter's statue was placed in Statuary Hall, commenting on the Webster-Hayne debate, he pronounced these glowing words:

"Had Webster lived till '65 he would have seen his great arguments in reply to Hayne inspiring, guiding, commanding, strengthening. The judge in the court is citing them. The orator in the Senate is repeating them. The soldier by the camp-fire is meditating them. The Union cannon is shotted with them. They are flashing from the muzzle of the rifle. They are gleaming in the stroke of the saber. They are heard in the roar of the artillery. They shine on the advancing banner. They mingle with the shouts of victory. They conquer in the surrender of Appomattox."

To return to our mutton—my speech on Senator Hoar, which I delivered at the request of the Massachusetts delegation. Shortly after it was printed I received a letter from a literary personage at Cambridge, who stated that he had read my speech—particularly the portion about General Doniphan—with deep interest, and wanted to know what his subsequent career was. I answered, giving as fully as I could the principal facts in the life of the great Missouri soldier. Then the Cambridge man wrote a second letter, which fairly took my breath away and astounded me beyond measure. He said that after he received my letter he announced to some Boston Literary Society of which he was a member that he purposed on a certain date to read a paper on "Doniphan's Expedition"—for by that name his wonderful march was known in the West—and to his surprise, most of the members thought it was a new expedition to the North Pole!

Without further comment, here is my speech on Senator Hoar:

"Mr. Speaker, that Senator George Frisbie Hoar will hold a high place, and fill a large space in the annals of his time, goes without saying. Of Revolutionary stock, a descendant of Roger Sherman, he was American to his heart's core, and he devoted his life to the service of the Republic, which rewarded him with her affection, her confidence, and her admiration. His lines were cast in pleasant places and in a history-making epoch. Though sometimes he was viciously assailed, at others he ran the risk of having applied to him the Scriptural injunction, 'Woe unto you when all men shall speak well of you'; and at last, having almost reached the Psalmist's extreme allotment of fourscore years, he had that

"Which should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends.

"Pleasant as it would be to me to enter into the details of his life, character, and labor, that delightful task must be left to others closer to him and more familiar with those facts which constitute the essentials of biography; but the invitation to speak here and now has suggested to my mind a few thoughts which may or may not be of interest to those who hear and read what is uttered on this occasion.

"Job exclaimed, 'Oh, that mine adversary had written a book!' From that day to this, when a public man has taken his pen in hand to write a book, it has been assumed that he also took his reputation, if not his life, in his hand; but the fact that what the man of Uz considered an extra-hazardous performance is not necessarily fatal to the performer is demonstrated by the event of the November election, when Col. Theodore Roosevelt, who has written many books in which he expressed his opinions of persons and things with startling freedom, not to say abandon, was chosen President of this puissant Republic by an overwhelming majority. This seems to signify that the American people admire candid and courageous speaking —even in a book.

"However that may be, I rejoice and hail it as a healthy sign of the times that our public men are more and more growing into the habit of writing, in the evening of their lives, books of a more or less reminiscent nature, recording from their standpoint their views of the transactions which they witnessed, and part of which they were.

What they say in that regard may be taken and accepted as part of the *res gestæ.*

"Cæsar owes as much of his fame to his *Commentaries* as to his victories. The fruits of his conquests have long since perished. The mighty empire which he founded has crumbled into dust. Happily for mankind, the system of government for which his name has become the synonym is in process of ultimate extinction; but by his *Commentaries* he has helped to form the minds of the youths of every civilized country under heaven, through twenty centuries of man's most interesting history and most stupendous endeavor. So long as education is valued Cæsar will exercise imperial sway over the human mind, not by the power of his invincible sword, which is rust, but by his cunning with the pen. Fighting was the serious business of his life. The preparation of his *Commentaries* was merely a mental recreation in his tent at eventide, amid the clatter of camps and the clangor of arms. Had he been catechized as to his deeds, on which would be builded the towering fabric of his fame, he most probably would not have enumerated his *Commentaries* as even the smallest and humblest of them; but they constitute his clearest, strongest, and most enduring title to the favorable consideration of mankind.

"Napoleon, the most astounding son of Mars, with clearer vision and a wiser judgment as to the relative value of human achievements, proudly declared that he would descend to posterity with his Code in his hand—a prophecy which has been amply verified. The crimson glories of Montenotte, Lodi, Arcola, Marengo, the Pyramids, Austerlitz, Ulm, Jena, and Wagram were dimmed by Leipzig, Waterloo, and the dismal journey to St. Helena. The thrones which he ravished from hostile kings and bestowed upon his brothers, sisters, and stable-boys passed again to his royal enemies whom he had despoiled. The imperial crown, bought with so much blood and so much crime for his son, never encircled the brow of that pathetic child of misfortune. But the laws created by the fiat of the Corsican colossus influence and bless the lives of seventy-five million people because they were grounded in justice and wisdom. His career illustrates and enforces the truth contained in Bulwer-Lytton's famous lines:

> "Beneath the rule of men entirely great,
> The pen is mightier than the sword.

"Others have marched as strenuously and fought as bravely as Xenophon and his ten thousand, only to vanish into oblivion; but he and his band are among the immortals because he wrote the *Anabasis*, which has delighted and instructed millions of ambitious boys, and which will delight and instruct succeeding millions till the earth shall perish with fervent heat.

"The triumphal expedition of Gen. Alexander W. Doniphan and his heroic Missourians into the heart of Mexico by way of Santa Fé, traversing a vast wilderness full of hostile savages; subsisting on the enemy's country; winning numerous victories over the very flower of the descendants of the knights of Castile and Aragon; never losing a gun, a flag, a prisoner, or a skirmish, though frequently engaging ten times their own number; never drawing from the government a dollar, a ration, a piece of clothing, or an ounce of ammunition, from the moment they left Fort Leavenworth, Kansas, till, ragged, starving, but invincible, they reported to Gen. Zachary Taylor on the red field of Monterey, having added an empire to the Union, is the most astounding martial achievement in the entire history of the human race. In difficulty, in courage, in fortitude, in glory, in results, it eclipses utterly the far-famed retreat which Xenophon has embalmed in immortal prose.

"Every school-boy knows by heart the fascinating story of the Greeks; but few remember the more won-

Photo by Clinedinst Studio, Washington, D. C.

MRS. GENEVIEVE CLARK THOMSON, DAUGHTER OF CHAMP CLARK, AND HER SON CHAMP CLARK THOMSON

derful performance of the Missourians. *Mirabile dictu*, the glorious name of Doniphan, the conqueror of New Mexico, Arizona, and Chihuahua, does not even appear in some of our most ambitious encyclopedias. The reason is that General Doniphan of Missouri did not emulate the laudable example of General Xenophon of Greece, by writing a history of his own campaign; consequently, he and the brave Missourians who followed his all-conquering banner are to dumb forgetfulness a prey.

"While I am not general counsel for the star actors in the world's drama, I make bold to suggest to them that if they desire a square deal in history they would do well to imitate Cæsar and Xenophon, and write the histories themselves.

"Who cares a straw what Joseph Addison did or did not do as Secretary of State? But who that has a love of learning in his heart would be willing to see the last copy of *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* committed to the flames?

"John Milton wrought much and successfully in the cause of human liberty, but *Paradise Lost* is his crowning glory.

"Lord Macaulay, the statesman, the lawgiver, the officeholder, would have been forgotten years ago, but as long as our vernacular—the most elastic and virile ever spoken by the children of men—is used, the history, the poems, and, above all, the essays of Thomas Babington Macaulay will inspire the human mind and thrill the human heart.

"Every scholar that has lived during three centuries has regretted that Lord Bacon was ever Lord Chancellor of England; an office which he disgraced, and in disgracing which he also disgraced the noble profession of the law. But every scholar—aye, every lover of our kind—in all that long lapse of years, has thanked Almighty God that Francis Bacon wrote the *Novum Organum* and *De Augmen-*

tis, by which, turning the human mind to utilitarianism, he contributed more to human comfort than was ever contributed by any other of the multitudinous sons of Adam.

"The imperial house of Austria has long been a great factor in European affairs. Henry Fielding, the English novelist, was related to it by ties of blood; and Gibbon, the historian of *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, declares that Fielding, by writing *Tom Jones*, shed more luster upon our race than all the Hapsburgers that ever lived.

"Of what interest to us are the achievements of Bulwer *père* in the rôle of statesman, or of Bulwer *fils* as Governor-General of India? But till the end of time men will read with interest, and women with tears, *Eugene Aram* and *Lucile*.

"Thomas Brackett Reed, that masterful man whose memory we all cherish with infinite pride, was one of the great Speakers of this House, and accomplished a tremendous revolution in parliamentary procedure; but his fame is already a fading tradition. What would not the world give for a book from his trenchant pen, expressing his honest opinions as to the men and measures with which he was associated! It would be a fit companion-piece for *Gulliver* and *The Letters of Junius*.

"Senator Chauncey Mitchell Depew ranked high in the Senate, but the best service he could render his kind would be to devote his days and nights to writing a fuller book of reminiscences. Many New-Yorkers would make creditable Senators, but no other living man could write a book of such intense and abiding interest as could Senator Depew.

"There has been much sneering at 'the scholar in politics.' That manifestation of bad temper and jealousy is easy and cheap. On a memorable occasion an eminent, practical Pennsylvania politician referred to an illustrious citizen of Boston, who had been named for a high diplomatic post, as 'one of them literary fellows,' with a profane adjective which the proprieties forbid me to repeat in this distinguished presence, on this historic occasion. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, Col. Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri, by writing his *Thirty Years' View*, did more to make himself a great, an indispensable historic figure than he accomplished by his arduous service of six full Roman lustrums in the Senate, and of one term in the House. As long as government exists on this continent he will be regarded as a standard authority on all matters pertaining to Congressional legislation. By writing his *Twenty Years of Congress*, James Gillespie Blaine made a most valuable contribution to our political literature, and achieved for himself a more permanent renown than if the supreme ambition of his heart had been gratified by an election to the Presidency.

"Samuel Sullivan Cox, one of the most brilliant of mortals, a Representative in Congress for many years from both Ohio and New York, as well as Minister to the Sublime Porte, and the first man that ever delivered a speech in this hall, may fade from public memory as a statesman, but *The Buckeye Abroad*, *Why We Laugh*, and *The Three Decades of Federal Legislation* will be perused with pleasure by millions yet unborn.

"For thirty-odd years, in House and Senate, George Frisbie Hoar was one of the most conspicuous legislators and orators of the times in which he lived. No great statute was placed upon the books which he did not have a hand in shaping. No important question arose which he did not discuss; but long after all that he did and said in this Chamber and the other has passed from the minds of men his *Autobiography of Seventy Years* will challenge the admiration of his countrymen. His noblest mental offspring was the last.

"His book has been criticized on two grounds—as being too egotistical and as assigning to New-Englanders in general, and Massachusetts men in particular, too high rank. At first blush I deemed both criticisms well taken, but upon mature reflection I concluded that neither is tenable. An autobiography, whether written by a Harvard man or by a Davy Crockett, is in the very nature of things egotistical; for the ego is the very essence of the theme. What might be offensive or preposterous in private conversation, or in public speech, may be appropriate and even pleasing in autobiographical writing.

"When he came to the grateful task of assigning the status of New-Englanders and Bay State men he evidently took to heart the precept of St. Paul:

"'But if any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel.'

"Even if it be conceded that he did overpraise the men of New England and Massachusetts, 'His failings leaned to virtue's side.'

"For an undue friendliness to one's kindred and neighbors is greatly preferable to jealousy of them, and bears testimony of a noble soul.

"Indeed, he had much cause to be lavish of panegyric in speaking of the men of Massachusetts. To merely walk the streets of Boston and read the inscriptions on her monuments, her statues, and her buildings is a liberal education in patriotism. Should an inhabitant of another planet, versed in both Latin and English, descend upon that city, without any prior knowledge of our history, he would naturally conclude that Massachusetts, single-handed and alone, originated and achieved the Revolution, created the Republic, and has sustained and governed it from the first. If he should read Massachusetts books, a great multitude which no man can number, he would be confirmed in this erroneous impression.

"No complaint can reasonably be made of Massachusetts or of Senator Hoar for unduly exalting the horn of Massachusetts men. What I do complain of is that the people of the South and West have not pursued the same plan with their own worthies, and have permitted them to be killed off by the inexorable rule of exclusion. Their pioneer statesmen, warriors, orators, and state-builders were content to do things, great and glorious things, but were careless of what record was made of their achievements.

"The incorrigible New England habit of bookmaking accounts for the fact that her influence in America is large, out of all proportion to her area, population, or achievements. Her writers would be destitute of human nature if they were not biased—unconsciously, perhaps, but biased nevertheless—in favor of New England men, New England women, New England performance, New England scenery, New England opinion, and even of New England climate. Of course the ground already lost by the South and West in this regard can never be recovered; but surely it is high time for them to go resolutely, systematically, and extensively into the bookmaking business themselves. This much they owe to their ancestors, to themselves, to their posterity, to history, to truth, and to patriotism.

"Thousands of statesmen, orators, soldiers, and lawyers have lived and been forgotten, but it may be safely stated that since Gutenberg invented movable types no man has written a really great book who is not still remembered by intelligent persons.

"Macaulay says: 'One of the most remarkable circumstances in the history of Bacon's mind is the order in which its powers expanded themselves. With him the fruit came first and remained to the last. The blossoms did not appear till late. In general, the development of the fancy is to the development of the judgment what the growth of a girl is to the growth of a boy. The fancy attains at an earlier period to the perfection of its beauty, its power, and its fruitfulness, and as it is first to ripen, it is also first to fade. It has generally lost something of its bloom and freshness before the sterner faculties have reached maturity, and is commonly withered and barren, while those faculties still retain all their energy. It rarely happens that the fancy and the judgment grow together. It happens still more rarely that the judgment grows faster than the fancy. This seems, however, to have been the case with Bacon. His boyhood and youth appear to have been singularly sedate. His gigantic scheme of philosophical reform is said by some writers to have been planned before he was fifteen, and was undoubtedly planned while he was still young. He observed as vigilantly, meditated as deeply, and judged as temperately when he gave his first work to the world as at the close of his long career. But in eloquence, in sweetness, and variety of expression, and in richness of illustration, his later writings are far superior to those of his youth.' "

These words may be applied almost literally to Senator Hoar. From the day he delivered his great philippic against Mr. Secretary Belknap to the hour of his death, he spoke as frequently, perhaps, as any other man in public life, and every word that fell from his lips was read with eagerness by the intelligence of America. His style constantly grew richer, more imaginative, and more ornate, until some of his later speeches partook largely of the nature of epic poems. The peculiar order of growth which Macaulay notes in Bacon's mind, and which I have just stated to be true with reference to Senator Hoar's, is also true, though in a lesser degree, of the intellects of Grover Cleveland, Benjamin Harrison, and William McKinley. The feature in which their minds and styles seem to have changed most markedly in their advanced years was that of humor. Prior to their induction into the presidential office it would be difficult to discover even a trace of humor in their writings or their speeches, but after quitting the White House Mr. Cleveland and General Harrison each developed a rich vein of humor. On his trip to California President McKinley lightened up his speeches with genial humor, which was a grateful surprise to his countrymen. Even on his death-bed he uttered one delicious mot at the expense of his physicians. I hold it truth that this development of humor, in these three illustrious citizens of the Republic, was so much clear gain to all our people.

It may possibly be—who knows?—that these men were dowered with the humorous faculty at birth, but the occupations of their lives had been so serious and so pressing that they never had leisure or inclination to indulge its exercise.

It is a matter of congratulation that they did develop that faculty, for I believe in Carlyle's dictum that "Humor has justly been regarded as the finest perfection of poetic genius."

The career of Senator Hoar suggests still another thought—that all the world, including Massachusetts, is growing more liberal and more tolerant. As a matter of fact, Massachusetts has always been liberal and tolerant above the average in the range of opinion permitted to her public men. Nevertheless, the fact remains that Boston shut the doors of Faneuil Hall in the face of Daniel Webster, the greatest New-Englander who ever saw the light of day, the greatest orator who ever spoke the English tongue; and that the Legislature of Massachusetts passed resolutions of censure upon Charles Sumner because they had run counter to the public sentiment of their constituencies.

But Senator Hoar's was a happier fate; for, notwithstanding the fact that he ran counter to her public sentiment more frequently and more violently than either

Sumner or the godlike Daniel, Massachusetts re-elected him in his extreme old age to a fifth full term in the Senate of the United States. With her increasing generosity the Old Bay State would probably have kept him in the Senate a half-century had he lived so long. This wiser liberality was not only an honor to Massachusetts and a gratification to Senator Hoar, but is an added glory to the Republic and to the human race.

CHAPTER X

Why lawyers preponderate in public place.

EVERY once in a while somebody rises up and loudly laments the indisputable fact that there is such a large preponderance of lawyers in public life, particularly in the two Houses of Congress. It is a sort of periodical performance, and will no doubt recur from time to time, until the earth shall perish as a scroll. Just now those lamenting are numerous and in good voice. Their doleful utterances relieve them and do the lawyers no harm. So there is no particular reason why the mourners should cease to ululate.

Why lawyers, despite the prejudice there is against them, continue to hold so many places of importance in our political system is a state of affairs well worthy of philosophic inquiry. There must be a good reason for the same, for it is unquestionably a popular amusement to take a fling at them, otherwise there would not be so many engaging in that species of diversion.

I hold no brief for my brother lawyers, but it seems to me meet and proper to set forth a few pertinent facts as to the why and the wherefore of their frequent appearance in public office and their influence in public affairs—particularly of country lawyers.

When a lad attending Kentucky University I heard President Robert Graham, one of nature's noblemen, who among other things taught rhetoric, read, as a sample of exaggerated irony, this remarkable passage: "An honest lawyer! A monstrosity in the animal kingdom! Cage him when you have found him, and let the world gaze upon the wonder!" No doubt that preposterous libel was written by some knave whose insatiable rapacity had been thwarted by the courage, knowledge, skill, and conscience of an honest lawyer. He was most likely a mental lineal descendant of Jack Cade, who said, "The first thing we do, let's hang all the lawyers"—which was at least rather a drastic remedy.

Among my first clients in Pike County, Missouri, was a certain Uncle Jimmie Brown, one of the modern Argonauts who, in 1849, made the wearisome and hazardous journey across the plains in search of the Golden Fleece, which in difficulty, danger, and importance eclipses the far-famed exploit of Jason in sailing beyond the Pillars of Hercules. He was the first alcalde of Sacramento City; that is, he was Judge Lynch in broad daylight.

Uncle Jimmie, with the garrulous vanity sometimes observed in men of extreme age, always boasted that his criminal jurisdiction extended from the crest of the mountains clear down to the sea, and that he had passed death sentence on twenty-six men. He chuckled at the recollection that the first two of his victims were Australian lawyers, who had knocked a miner on the head and robbed him of a bag of gold-dust—a crime in that time and in that latitude rated as foul as murder, if not worse. Both were capital offenses in the estimation of the "Forty-niners." His jubilant reminiscence on account of that swift meting out of rude justice recalled to my mind the remark of Peter the Great when he heard the lawyers wrangling in the English courts, that there were only four lawyers in his realm, two of whom he intended to hang as soon as he returned into his own country. Whether he put this astounding threat into execution I do not know. Perhaps he did, for while he was a great monarch—one of the greatest in the history of the world—and wrought marvels for his people and his country, he was a heartless despot, a crowned and sceptered savage, as is shown by the putting of his own son to death—a monstrous crime which is a black blot upon his memory.

But as Uncle Jimmie Brown was a very litigious person it may be assumed on rational grounds that he was really fond of lawyers, and that his flings at them were of Pickwickian variety. The world is full of Uncle Jimmies who, while abusing lawyers as a matter of amusement, fly to them for relief. They appear to be as badly mixed mentally as the boy in Sunday-school, who defined a lie as "an abomination in the sight of the Lord, but a very present help in every time of trouble." The word *liar*, with various adjectives, seems to serve the latter purpose in all the multitudinous disputes in which a certain preeminent personage of our own times found himself involved.

Jack Cade's summary method of disposing of lawyers was crude when compared with that of Plato in his *Republic*, Sir Thomas More in his *Utopia*, and Bulwer Lytton in his *Coming Race*, who, being finer artists than Cade, sought to attain the same end without the shedding of blood, by excluding all lawyers from their imaginary republics, on the principle that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. Man proposes, but God disposes. Cade came to grief before his sanguinary policy could be enforced; the ideal republics of Plato, More, and Bulwer Lytton never materialized, but the lawyers are still with us, plying their noble vocation in every civilized country under heaven, destined, so far as we can now judge, to go on, like Tennyson's brook, forever.

Cade had no idea that he was philosopher, statesman, poet, or novelist, and never dreamed of finding himself in such select company; but to this distinguished quartet of publicists may be not inappropriately applied a famous couplet, with a change of a word:

> *Four* souls with but a single thought;
> *Four* hearts that beat as one.

Over against the view of Cade, Plato, *et id genus omne* of lawyer-haters, I confidently place the words of Merlin: "While the reign of law endures, it must continue to be far less necessary to the human race to have great painters, poets, historians, and physicians than to have great jurisconsults, who study the immortal code of duty, teach what is just and unjust, what is permitted and what is forbidden, and instruct mankind in the duties which they owe to themselves, to their fellow-men, to their country, and to God."

These words, fitly spoken, are like apples of gold in pictures of silver.

In the very nature of things and from the necessities of the case, lawyers flourish most, exert their mightiest influence, and rise to their greatest pre-eminence under free governments, for there can be no lawyers worthy of the name without free speech and a free press. Consequently, in this country the lawyer is at his best.

History furnishes shining examples of lawyers in other ages and other countries who, by reason of their genius and their eloquence, formed the decrees of mighty states and molded the political opinions of their countrymen. It is rarely that anybody thinks of Demosthenes as a lawyer; but he was a lawyer, the most eminent one of his generation, nevertheless. Perhaps had he not been a lawyer he would never have fought his far-resounding battle against Philip of Macedon, which immortalized not himself alone, but Great Alexander's father also, and by which he gave a new and enduring word to the literature of the world—*Philippic*.

Cicero was a most ambitious statesman as well as the foremost lawyer and the most popular orator of Rome. The orations on which rests the towering fabric of his fame were nearly all delivered in political controversies or in lawsuits or prosecutions political in their nature. His castigation of Verres will be read with delight as long as learning and patriotism are cherished among men, while his fierce arraignment of Catiline earned for him the proud title of *Pater Patriæ*—a title more honestly won and more worthily worn by George Washington in later times. Had Cicero's courage and fortitude been equal to his ambition, his vanity, and his eloquence, he and not Octavius Cæsar would have been the first man in Rome.

Other instances of Greek and Roman lawyers who figured largely in politics might be cited, but after all known cases are considered, it must be concluded by the philosophic student of history that the sum total of their influence in that field of endeavor is pitiably small when compared to the influence of American lawyers in the public affairs of our country.

Even in England the lawyers who may justly be said to be political leaders and molders of political opinion are not nearly so numerous as in America. The greatest premiers of the last two centuries are laymen, almost to a man. Sir Robert Walpole, the Pitts—father and son—Melbourne, Palmerston, Sir Robert Peel, Gladstone, Disraeli, Lord Salisbury—not one of these was a practitioner of the legal profession. Lloyd George is a lawyer—reputed to be a good one. His enemies sneer at him as a "little Welsh attorney."

There are a few great names which figure both at the bar and in Parliament. Taken all in all, I am inclined to think that Somers and Brougham and O'Connell are the most conspicuous of those who have achieved eminence in both law and politics.

Emerson says, "America is another name for opportunity." Most assuredly lawyers, of all men, have realized the truth of that dictum. Mr. Justice David J. Brewer, of the Supreme Court of the United States, declares that "America is the paradise of lawyers." My brilliant friend, Hon. Frederick W. Lehman, who is not only one of the leaders of the St. Louis bar, but also much of a philosopher, in a recent address before the Nebraska Bar Association, uses this striking language: "This is the land of law and lawyers. And too many of both is the general, if not universal, comment. Still the laws increase and the lawyers multiply. The profession here has a larger muster-roll than anywhere else in the world, and however much it may be disparaged in word, nowhere else has it been so much favored in deed."

From 1735, when one Zenger was prosecuted in New York for publishing a libel about the royal governor and his administration, Andrew Hamilton, a Philadelphia lawyer, offered to prove the truth of the words uttered in justification, and, notwithstanding an unfriendly ruling of the court, won a verdict of "not guilty" from the jury, thereby establishing the freedom of the press down to the present moment, the lawyer—especially the country lawyer—has been a dominant force in our political affairs.

If all that the lawyers have done for liberty in Europe and America could be undone, George V would be as rank a tyrant as was King John, and these United States would still be appanages of the British Crown.

In April, 1775, that shot was fired by the embattled farmers at Lexington which was heard round the world; but just a decade prior to that great day a speech was made in the Virginia House of Burgesses by Patrick Henry, a country lawyer, which was also heard round the world, which precipitated the Revolution and which still stirs the heart like strains of martial music.

Lawyers, country lawyers, dominated the Continental Congresses, especially that immortal Congress which published the Major Charta of our liberty. That great state paper, the greatest in all the hoary registers of time, was penned by a young country lawyer, Thomas Jefferson, the profoundest philosopher that ever devoted his life to statesmanship, the chief priest, apostle, and propagandist of civil liberty. Were there saints in the political calendar as in the religious, and were particular days assigned to particular persons, the Fourth of July would be universally known as "St. Jefferson's Day."

Lawyers made up a majority of the Congress which framed the old Articles of Confederation, and of the convention which submitted the Federal Constitution to the states for ratification. Another young Virginia lawyer, James Madison, took such a prominent part in drawing and perfecting the latter document that he is called "the Father of the Constitution."

Lawyers have constituted a majority in both branches of every Congress that ever assembled. A majority of the Governors of states are lawyers, and lawyers swarm in the state legislatures.

Not only that, but they may not inappropriately be termed top-notchers. The Committee on Rules is composed entirely of lawyers, as is the Committee on the Judiciary. On the great committees on Ways and Means, Appropriations, Foreign Affairs, Interstate and Foreign Commerce, Post-offices and Post-roads, the members of our profession outnumber the laymen three to one.

When he came into the Presidency Washington found a country lawyer in the vice-presidential chair, John Adams, whom Jefferson characterized as "the colossus of debate," in advocacy of the declaration in "the times that tried men's souls," and "praise from Sir Hubert Stanley is praise indeed." A majority of both House and Senate were lawyers—country lawyers. Not having even then enough lawyers about him to suit his taste, Washington, in making up his Cabinet of four members, appointed three lawyers—Hamilton, Jefferson, and Randolph, the latter two being country lawyers. From that day to this lawyers have held high positions in the Federal government in about the same relative numbers as during Washington's administration.

A vast majority of the Speakers of the House, vice-presidents, ambassadors, ministers plenipotentiary and envoys extraordinary, have been lawyers—country lawyers at that.

Twenty-eight men have held the presidential office, twenty-four of whom were lawyers and twenty-two of whom were country lawyers, though, truth to tell, several of them were not very busy with their professional duties—as Sam Jones once remarked of certain church members; but simple justice to their memories demands the statement that nearly every lawyer-President would most probably have become a great lawyer had he expended his time and talents entirely in the practice of his profession. Not only were the Presidents lawyers in proportion of more than five to one, but so were the men whom they defeated for the nominations and the elections. The two greatest men that ever aspired to the Presidency, without being able to secure even a nomination, were both lawyers—Daniel Webster and John C. Calhoun.

Of course the lawyers have from the beginning completely monopolized the judicial department, as it was intended by the Constitution-builders that they should do, and we have already seen that they also manage to appropriate to themselves the lion's share of the legislative and executive offices. They make the laws, they construe the laws, they execute the laws.

It is one thing to hold an office and an entirely different thing to fill it. It surely must be that through all the years of our governmental existence the lawyers have discharged the onerous and multifarious duties of high position with ability and fidelity. Otherwise the people would not continue to elevate them to high office, even to the highest.

What is the explanation of the fact that lawyers wield such power in politics?

My friend Lehman, whom I quoted awhile ago, says that it grows out of this clause in the Constitution: "This Constitution and the laws of the United States which shall be made in pursuance thereof; and all the treaties made, or which shall be made, under the authority of the United States, shall be the supreme law of the land; and the judges of every state shall be bound thereby, anything in the Constitution or laws of any state to the contrary notwithstanding."

His comment on that clause is this: "It gave the courts of the United States a power possessed by the judicial tribunals of no other country. It brought within the scope of the lawyer's business cases of a kind that could arise nowhere else—it married law and politics." Those remarks of my Brother Lehman are clear as crystal. His last five words—"it married law and politics"—constitute as terse an epigram as I remember ever to have read.

Mr. Justice Brewer, in his *Atlantic Monthly* article on "The Ideal Lawyer," after speaking of the denunciation of lawyers, says:

"But a curious contradiction to this denunciation of the lawyer is his prominence in official life. Without stopping for statistics—which have been so often collated—it is enough to say that in the public life of this country the lawyer has been the conspicuous factor. The judiciary, of course, is altogether composed of members of the profession. In executive offices and legislative halls the law has predominated, and still predominates over every business and all other professions. Yet the public life of this country has been of the highest character. Acting for the public, as the lawyers have done in their employment—and it may be safely said that the scandals which have sometimes been found in official life have seldom attached to them—how can this be accounted for except upon the theory of a general personal integrity? It will not do to say that the officeholding lawyers are mere illustrations of that singular character portrayed by the novelist Stevenson—Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde—honorable, high-toned, faithful, in one aspect of life; dishonest, unreliable, base, in another. Neither will it do to say that they have been selected for public life only for their capacity for drafting statutes, bills, and documents, their familiarity with the details of legislative and executive life, and that the public consciously ignores the want of character. Nor is it a sufficient explanation that, although the great mass of the profession is corrupt, there are a few who are reliable, and they are the ones whom the public select for official life. The truth is their very prominence in public life, their fidelity to the trust therein imposed, is evidence which cannot be ignored that the profession has, and maintains, a character for honesty and uprightness which attracts general confidence.

"Beyond this official recognition is local prominence. Go into any village, town, or city and ask for the leading citizen or citizens and you will be sure to hear the name of some lawyer. In our New England villages, squire, as the lawyer was familiarly called, was generally named as the leading citizen. This official selection and social prominence furnishes satisfactory evidence that the profession is not destitute of moral superiority, for surely it would be an unjustifiable reflection on the American people that they give official and local prominence to unworthy men.

"Still again, no profession is to-day so singled out and entered upon by ambitious, brainy young men as that of the law. No one is so crowded. It does not stand to reason that all the high-spirited young Americans are pressing eagerly toward a profession whose practice implies dishonesty. Do not all these things point directly to the fact that there is an ideal lawyer, that moral superiority is consistent with and to be found in the profession?"

My own conclusion is that the prominence of lawyers —especially country lawyers—in public affairs grows out of a few facts easily understood: First, boys who choose the law as their profession are above the average in intellectual endowment. Second, the law, being a jealous mistress, compels those who would receive her honors to prepare themselves by assiduous study. Third, the practice of law trains men in the difficult art of public speaking, particularly in debating—a thing invaluable in politics. Fourth, it keeps a man constantly in the public eye, forcing him into a wide acquaintance, even if he were disinclined toward it—which he usually is not—and a large acquaintance is one of the most valuable assets which a public man can possess.

People are generous to ambitious youths, and praise the efforts of young lawyers, thereby causing them to aspire to the honors of public station—even unto the highest. The glorious hope—

> The applause of listening senates to command,
>   The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
> To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
>   And read his history in a nation's eyes—

is enough to tint the dreams of any lad with roses and with gold.

That there are too many lawyers is probably true. Indeed, all the so-called learned professions except the ministry are overcrowded — the others as much as the law. Of late years there has been much discussion and suggestion to remedy the overcrowding of professions—especially the medical and legal professions. Conditions precedent to admission have been raised in almost every state of the Union, but, nevertheless and notwithstanding, a great army of the brightest young men in the land, ambitious and hopeful, swell the ranks of the professions, increasing annually. There is constant complaint, among preachers and in religious papers, of the growing disinclination of young men to enter the ministry in sufficient numbers to man the pulpits. Just why that is true I do not know and will venture no opinion, but I do know that there is no such complaint among lawyers and doctors. Quite the reverse.

CHAPTER XI

The St. Louis Democratic National Convention of 1904.

MEN seeking the honors of this world frequently fail to secure them. To others, sometimes, at least, honors come unexpectedly and unsolicited. Most of the honors which have come to me I have not only sought, but have fought for with might and main. I never dreamed, however, of being permanent chairman of the St. Louis Democratic National Convention of 1904, which nominated Alton Brooks Parker and Henry Gassaway Davis, until a few hours before I was elected to that high position. I had been on a long lecture tour with General Grosvenor.

I was one of Missouri's "Big Four" to that convention, and while I knew that my name was being sporadically mentioned for permanent chairman—as our friends, the doctors would say—I supposed it was done by personal political friends to help me along. I knew that ex-Governor and ex-Senator David Bennett Hill, of New York, and Hon. August Belmont, also of New York, were in control of the convention machinery, and would select both the temporary and the permanent chairman, so I didn't bother my head about it. In fact, I had no desire for the place.

When I arrived in St. Louis on the eve of the convention I learned two things from the evening papers; first, that John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, a brilliant man, then Democratic minority House leader, had been selected as temporary chairman, which was right and proper, as he was the highest Democratic official in the land; second, that my friends in the National Committee had, without my knowledge or consent, set me up as a candidate for permanent chairman against United States Senator Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas, and that he had defeated me by the narrow margin of two votes. Really, I was surprised that I made so good a showing, and felt no chagrin, no disappointment, and no resentment. Bailey and I were and are friends. While he was minority leader I had supported him most heartily. He had a wider reputation than I and I thought his election was in keeping with the eternal fitness of things. So, after supper, I was sitting in one of the Laclede Hotel parlors, busily engaged in writing my speech placing Gen. Francis Marion Cockrell, of Missouri, in nomination for the Presidency. A large shadow fell athwart my writing-paper. I looked up, and there stood Bailey. He said, "What are you doing?" I replied, "I am writing my speech nominating General Cockrell." Bailey took my breath away by saying: "Quit that; you can make an adequate speech for Cockrell without preparation; go to writing your speech as permanent chairman!" I said, "Why, the papers say you were elected permanent chairman, beating me by two majority." He answered: "I don't want it and will not accept it. I am going over to the National Committee meeting right now and will make them elect you. It would do me no good to be chairman and it will do you much good. You have always stood by me and I will stand by you now." It turned out as he said. They had a long and red-hot wrangle, Senator-Governor Hill and his followers bitterly opposing my selection. Hill objected because he said that I did not train with their crowd, and he was afraid that I would rule steadily against them and might thereby knock their plan sky-high. Bailey retorted that he knew me like a book, and that as chairman my rulings would be absolutely fair and judicial.

He also assured them that I was much apter to knock out their plans on the floor in my capacity as delegate-at-large, where I would have full swing, than if they put me in the chair. At last Governor Hill, "swearing he would ne'er consent, consented."

Senator Bailey has a multitude of warm friends and a *quantum sufficit* of bitter enemies, but not one of his enemies would have acted as generously toward me or toward anybody else as he did. I had done him some kindnesses, and he repaid them in Scripture measure, heaped up, pressed down, and running over. He voluntarily and gladly secured for me an honor for which many statesmen panted as the hart panteth for the waterbrooks. Such splendid deeds of generosity and unselfishness are so rare in this world that it gives me unfeigned pleasure to place in permanent form the story of the great Texan's magnanimity.

I endeavored to discharge impartially my numerous and delicate duties. By ruling correctly, I temporarily angered a few delegates. For instance, once I decided a point against Senator Benjamin Ryan Tillman, of South Carolina, whereupon he got as mad as a hornet and shouted, "You are a bigger tyrant than Mark Hanna!" —a remark for which he apologized to me before the convention ended. Senator Tillman was a quick-tempered but kind-hearted man.

The chief business of the temporary chairman is to make a key-note speech outlining the issues of the campaign. This stunt was accomplished by Hon. John Sharp Williams with great éclat.

The principal task of the permanent chairman is to keep order and conduct the business of the convention. The discharge of my duties on that occasion aided me materially to become Democratic minority leader, and subsequently led to the Speakership.

Some folks claimed that I kept order by strong-arm methods—which are the only methods by which a gathering of twenty thousand people can be kept in order. I made a requisition on the mayor of St. Louis for two hundred policemen, and under my orders they threw disturbers out to the number of one hundred and fifty, and we had no more trouble. The convention never was as quiet as a Quaker meeting, but it was as well behaved as such a large body of men can be.

If the convention system is to be continued, and I had my way about it, conventions would be held in halls with seating capacity of not over three thousand—one thousand for delegates, one thousand for alternates, one thousand for reporters and visitors. Under these conditions the business could be conducted with some semblance of decency and order. In a convention with fifteen or twenty thousand howling, bellowing, perspiring visitors there is no more opportunity for deliberation than there would be in a boiler factory. There is little hope or chance of reforming the convention system; therefore, it should be abolished utterly, and presidential and vice-presidential nominations should be made by primary elections.

Usually, conventions are as much alike as peas in a pod; but that of 1904 was different—as will presently appear—differentiated by an amazing episode.

But to return to our subject. Until after the nomination of Judge Parker the convention proceeded much after the manner of national conventions generally. While waiting for the committee on resolutions to report the platform, the convention called on several popular orators, who enlivened the proceedings with displays of gorgeous verbal pyrotechnics.

On the night of the third day Senator John W. Daniel, chairman of the committee on resolutions—"The lame lion of Lynchburg," as certain of his enthusiastic admirers loved to call him—reported the platform, which was a unanimous report.

That afternoon he had sent for me to come to his hotel, and inquired if it would be in order for him to move the adoption of the platform and to move "the previous question" on its adoption, at once. I told him that as we were operating under the rules of the House of Representatives, he could make both motions if he was "quick enough on trigger." Governor-Senator Hill a few minutes later propounded to me the same question, and received the same reply. Those at all familiar with parliamentary law know that the ordering of the "previous question" cuts off debate, and that the motion for the adoption of the "previous question" is itself not debatable. To cut off debate was the great desideratum with Messrs. Hill, Daniel, *et id genus omne*. They had secured a unanimous report in favor of the platform only after many wearisome hours of wrangling and debate, more or less bitter, and they knew that William Bourke Cockran was lying in wait, loaded to the muzzle with a speech attacking Parker in the same savage manner in which he attacked Cleveland in his famous midnight speech at the Chicago convention in 1892, universally rated as one of the greatest convention speeches ever delivered, ranking with Colonel Ingersoll's "Plumed Knight" oration at the Cincinnati Republican convention in 1876, nominating James Gillespie Blaine, and with Roscoe Conkling's speech nominating General Grant at the Chicago Republican convention of 1880, and with General Garfield's speech nominating John Sherman at the same time and place. So, after expending so much time, energy, and labor in securing a unanimous platform report, Messrs. Hill, Daniel, and others feared above all things to have Cockran queer their carefully laid plans by a burst of splendid oratory. Early in the game the convention had invited him to speak, which invitation he declined. Evidently he was biding his time, and the time at which he hoped to speak was on the adoption of the platform, about which he did not care a straw, but which would give him an opportunity to flay Judge Parker alive at the critical moment. Going from my hotel, the Laclede, to the Southern, in answer to Senator Daniel's invitation, in front of the hotel I met Col. William J. Bryan, of the platform committee, and asked him how he came out in preparing that document. He said that he came out fairly well, and started in to tell me about it; but a crowd began to gather, and he went his way, while I went mine without his finishing.

Pondering the queries of Daniel and Hill about the "previous question," I made up my mind that I would find out how Colonel Bryan, who was leading the Western Democrats, felt about debating the platform. He was stopping at the Jefferson Hotel, the foremost hostelry in St. Louis. I did not want to go to his room, as thousands of people knew both him and me by sight, and my visit to him would attract attention, excite curiosity, and start all sorts of rumors. So I got a level-headed man from Missouri, not so well known as either Colonel Bryan or myself to the multitude, to go to his room and ascertain his desires as to debate on the platform. I did this because in case President Roosevelt was re-elected I wanted to save as much as possible out of the wreck in Missouri and the West. Colonel Bryan sent me word back that he wanted the platform adopted as soon as possible. On that one thing at least Messrs. Bryan, Daniel, and Hill were agreed, though no doubt for different reasons.

I am reasonably certain that I am the only man living or dead who heard Senator Daniel read that long and tedious platform to a monster crowd in that great hall. Others—some twenty thousand others—saw him read it. I listened only to ascertain when he concluded and made his double motion for the adoption of the platform and for the "previous question" thereon. The night was hot to suffocation—a hotter one, perhaps, was never experienced since the "Black Hole" of Calcutta. The Senator was physically feeble—his voice, which, at its best, was of clarion quality, was weak and low—so weak and low as not to be audible ten feet distant. Of course, so soon as he began reading, everybody began talking to his neighbor, and the concentrated hum of voices would have drowned out old Stentor himself, or "Rise Up" William Allen, or William Bourke Cockran. There was no such thing under the circumstances as keeping that vast audience in order, and after two or three futile attempts I ceased to try. By the time Senator Daniel had been reading ten minutes the sweat was streaming down his handsome face and Senator Bailey offered to rest him, but the great Virginian waved him off and read on. A few minutes later I suggested to Senator Daniel to permit one of the iron-throated reading-clerks to read awhile, but he declined my suggestion and struggled on to the end. Then in almost a whisper he made his two motions, and I put them instanter. They were carried with a whoop and Mr. Cockran left the hall in high dudgeon.

As many who read this may know nothing of the technicalities of parliamentary law and practice, it is apropos to state that when there is a desire to debate a proposition on which the "previous question" is moved, the way and only way to accomplish it is to vote down the motion for the "previous question"; but in this case there wasn't a chance to vote down the motion for the "previous question," because both wings of the party wanted the platform adopted without debate.

Many speeches were made placing men in nomination and in seconding the nominations. The best speeches, and the most elaborate, were delivered by Martin W. Littleton, of New York, nominating Judge Parker, and by D. M. Delmas, of California, nominating William Randolph Hearst, the two leading candidates. In fact, they were the only candidates who had any considerable strength. Nevertheless, Irvin L. Handy, of Delaware, made a capital speech in presenting Judge George Gray. Other speeches of excellence seconding nominations were made, the strongest one, perhaps, by Clarence S. Darrow, of Chicago, seconding Mr. Hearst's nomination, and William J. Bryan's speech seconding General Cockrell's nomination, while not among his famous oratorical efforts, commanded profound attention and was roundly applauded.

General Cockrell of Missouri had asked me to place him in nomination, which I did for three reasons: First, because I not only admired, but loved him; second, because Missouri had instructed for him by a unanimous vote; third, because I was largely responsible for his being a candidate—which came about in this wise: The year before, I was on a lecture tour in California. At Los Angeles the Missouri Society gave me a reception. At that time the Democratic situation as to presidential nominations was quite nebulous. Public opinion was unformed. In responding to the gracious introduction of the chairman, Doctor Jackson, a nephew of Gov. Claiborn F. Jackson, of Missouri, I insisted that the time had come when the Southern states, which uniformly furnished the bulk of the Democratic electoral votes, with a majority of Democratic Senators and Representatives, should present one of their own eminent men for President. I named half a dozen who measured up to the presidential standard, dwelling fondly and particularly on the qualifications of General Cockrell—all of which greatly pleased my Missouri auditors. When I returned home I found the Missouri press ablaze with my Los Angeles speech and with laudatory indorsements of General Cockrell's candidacy. He was universally and affectionately named "Missouri's grand old man"—which, in very truth, he was. Four years a Confederate soldier, entering the army as a private, he came out a brigadier, with a splendid military reputation and several honorable scars. He was one of the first to accept in good faith the results of the war and to help in restoring peace and amity among the people of Missouri. Emulating the immortal Benton, he was serving his thirtieth year in the United States Senate—one of the most useful of public servants. A more thoroughgoing American never lived. He would have made a safe and sane President, but it was not to be.

During my speech an interesting thing happened. I knew that my candidate did not have a ghost of a show, but, nevertheless, I did my best for him. The whole performance was cut and dried. Governor Hill and August Belmont had a firm grip on the situation, and were proceeding in a way to suit themselves. I had a Cockrell speech about ten minutes long, but I never finished it. Knowing the convention was for Judge Parker, I did not suppose that the mention of Cockrell's name or my speech would elicit much applause or engender great enthusiasm. That's where I missed my guess and lost more than half my speech. I was running a brief parallel between President Roosevelt and General Cockrell. After a while I said, "They say Roosevelt is brave, but old Cockrell"—and that was the last word of that speech that I ever got a chance to utter. Suddenly there was a roar as of many waters. Ten thousand people jumped to their feet and bellowed themselves hoarse. Immediately ten thousand flags were waving. They kept up the shouting, marching, and waving of flags for thirty minutes. That heaving sea of red, white, and blue constituted one of the most beautiful spectacles human eyes ever beheld. Of course, my speech was ruined. No man of ordinary intelligence would have continued after that half-hour's uproarious demonstration.

How and where did they get the flags? Thereby hangs a tale illustrating the accidents of politics. The Parker men, certain of Judge Parker's nomination, had brought in and distributed through the hall ten thousand flags, tied up in bundles, to be used in a Parker demonstration immediately after his nomination was actually made. Sitting directly in front of the Speaker's platform, up in the first gallery, sat two of the astutest men in Missouri —warm friends of General Cockrell—Sam B. Cook, Secretary of State, and John H. Carroll, attorney for the Burlington Railroad. There was a bundle of the Parker flags close to them. They grabbed it, cut the strings, and threw the flags down on the crowd below. Others did likewise. The people caught on, and in the twinkling of an eye Judge Parker's flags were waving for General Cockrell. Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the New-Yorker walked away with the nomination. I knew I was leading a forlorn hope for Cockrell, but we had thirty minutes of hilarious jubilation. The memory of that joyous half-hour can never be taken from us while Memory holds her sway.

Judge Parker was nominated just before sunup, and the convention adjourned until 2 P.M., and was slow and late in reassembling.

Then came an astounding rumor that Gov. William F. Sheehan, of New York, had received a telegram from Judge Parker—known in history as the "Parker Gold Telegram"—declining the nomination unless a Gold plank was incorporated in the platform. All sorts of tales as to its contents were in the air. Excitement was intense. Governor Sheehan could not be found. It was said that he was trying to reach Judge Parker by wire to ascertain the genuineness of his telegram. Men—even seasoned veterans—were running round in circles. I delayed the proceedings as much as possible in order that Governor Sheehan might be found and be made to produce the Parker telegram. I caused the band to perform until the members must have been fatigued, and most probably hate me to this day.

The mystified members were growing weary of the delay, and confusion was spreading through the convention, when Mr. Siver Serumgard, of North Dakota, reported the death of Jacob P. Birder, a delegate from his state; whereupon Mr. Russell of Alabama moved, as a mark of respect, a recess until twenty minutes after five, which motion was carried—greatly to the relief of all concerned.

After the recess I announced that nominations for Vice-President were in order. Several nominating speeches were made. Before a roll-call could be had Capt. Jerry C. South, of Arkansas, arose and said, "Mr. Chairman, in view of the fact that there are certain rumors which seem to affect the convention, I move that we take a recess until eight o'clock"—which motion he withdrew.

I ordered a roll-call; but before it began Senator Culberson of Texas arose, with a newspaper in his hand, and said, "Mr. Chairman, for reasons which are obvious to all the delegates here, it seems to me we ought not to proceed to nominate a candidate for Vice-President at this time. I therefore move that the convention take a recess. [Cries of 'Why?'] I think the delegates understand what I mean, and I repeat that, in the present exigency confronting the convention, it ought not to proceed to the nomination of a candidate for Vice-President. We want to know, before a candidate for Vice-President is nominated, who will be the nominee of this convention for President. I therefore move that the convention take a recess until eight-thirty to-night"—which motion was agreed to. Taking that recess probably prevented a riot.

It has been claimed that I never put the "no" vote on the motion for a recess. However that may be, I am absolutely certain that I acted wisely in declaring the convention in recess.

The reasons why Captain South and Senator Culberson made their motions for recess was that Governor Sheehan still failed to produce the Parker telegram, and that the newspaper men, growing tired, framed up a telegram in these words:

> Senator E. W. Carmack, Tennessee delegation: The Gold Standard is established by law, and I cannot accept the nomination unless that plank is contained in the platform.
>
> ALTON B. PARKER

That bogus telegram was in the newspaper which Senator Culberson held in his hand. If true, the convention would most probably take Judge Parker's nomination away from him.

When I reached my hotel with my son Bennett, who was acting as my convention page, I found a messenger from the Missouri delegation, asking me to come to their headquarters at the Southern Hotel at once. I went, and found the rotunda seething with angry, swearing, perspiring men from west of the Alleghanies. They were demoralized and frenzied. I proceeded to the Missouri headquarters. My fellow-delegates were wild. They had determined, so they said, that if the Carmack telegram were correct, to rescind Judge Parker's nomination and nominate somebody else—preferably General Cockrell—and they wanted to advise with me as to how it could be done. They desired to learn whether I would hold that it required a two-thirds majority or a simple majority to rescind his nomination. I replied that I would rule that as it required a two-thirds majority to give him the nomination, it would require a two-thirds majority to take it away from him. Then they asked what majority would be required to repeal the two-thirds rule. I answered that as it required only a simple majority to adopt the rules of the convention, a simple majority only would be required to repeal any or all of the rules.

Thereupon the red-hot Missourians worked out this scheme: I was to recognize Governor Dockery, chairman of the Missouri delegation, who had moved to make Judge Parker's nomination unanimous, to move to rescind his nomination, at the same time inquiring what vote was necessary, whereupon I would answer, "A two-thirds majority." Then former Lieutenant-Governor Ball, also of Missouri, was to be recognized to move to repeal the two-thirds rule, at the same time inquiring what majority was required to accomplish that, and my decision would be, "A simple majority." That was the plan fully agreed upon.

The proposed action of the Missourians leaked out and the excitement was intense. In order to work the scheme it was necessary that I, or somebody who would rule as I declared I would rule, should be in the chair, and as it was verging on eight-thirty, I did not have time to get supper, but proceeded immediately to the convention hall and took the chair, calling the convention to order on the dot.

As we were leaving the hall when the recess was taken, Governor Vardaman of Mississippi, subsequently a Senator of the United States, sent me word that he desired to be recognized first when we reconvened, for the purpose of making a few remarks. Consequently I recognized him. He should have had his picture taken while speaking. He stood up in the bottom of a chair, about the center of that great hall, with a thousand electric lights beating down on him. Straight as an Indian, dressed in a suit of beautiful white flannel, with his tall figure, swart complexion, and immense shock of long, black hair, he was a handsome, a commanding figure—one to fix the earnest gaze of every one in that vast throng.

Earlier in the afternoon there was a dramatic performance on the chairman's platform, pathetic but amusing, which never got into the papers. Senator Daniel was sitting on my right, a little behind me, when Senator Tillman came up in a towering rage. Having read the purported telegram from Judge Parker to Senator Carmack, the irate South-Carolinian concluded that in supporting Judge Parker he had been deceived, seduced, maltreated, and hornswoggled. He had blood in his eye and was out for revenge. Somehow he had gotten it into his head that Senator Daniel was responsible for his lapse from political consistency. He pounced on the eloquent Virginian in savage manner for having helped induce him to support Judge Parker. Daniel kept his temper, and tried to mollify Tillman by the soft answer which we are assured turneth away wrath, but he continued his red-hot tirade, swearing and shedding floods of tears by turns. He had lost his handkerchief and used his sleeve to wipe off his tears and other effluvia. Finally the storm subsided, and he went back to the Palmetto delegation.

Finally somebody got the genuine Parker telegram, which is as follows:

> Esopus, N. Y., July 9, 1904.
>
> Hon. W. F. Sheehan,
> Hotel Jefferson, St. Louis, Mo.
>
> I regard the Gold Standard as firmly and irrevocably established, and shall act accordingly if the action of the convention to-day shall be ratified by the people. As the platform is silent on the subject, my view should be made known to the convention, and if it is proved to be unsatisfactory to the majority, I request you to decline the nomination for me at once, so that another may be nominated before adjournment.
>
> Alton B. Parker.

Senator Carmack, in open convention, denounced the telegram in the evening papers purporting to be from Judge Parker to himself as a fake, declaring positively that he had never received a telegram from Judge Parker in his life—all of which reduced the excitement several degrees and knocked the parliamentary program of the

Missourians and their allies into a cocked hat. Had the Parker-Carmack telegram been genuine, and had the Missouri plan to rescind the two-thirds rule been successful, much subsequent history would be widely different from what it is.

A resolution was offered and carried, to send the following telegram to Judge Parker:

> The platform adopted by this convention is silent upon the question of the monetary standard, because it is not regarded by us as a possible issue in this campaign, and only campaign issues are mentioned in the platform. Therefore, there is nothing in the views expressed by you in the telegram just received which would preclude a man entertaining them from accepting a nomination on said platform.

A furious and long-drawn-out debate on the telegrams was precipitated, in which several strong men participated. After its conclusion the venerable Henry Gassaway Davis, of West Virginia, was nominated for Vice-President on the only ballot taken.

I was made chairman of the committee to notify Judge Parker of his nomination, which function was performed at his country place, Rosemount, in due time.

Perhaps Colonel Roosevelt would have been elected no matter what the Democratic platform was or who was the Democratic candidate, for the tide was running strong in his favor; but many think to this day that until Judge Parker sent his "Gold Telegram," his chances of success were by no means hopeless. However that may be, it unquestionably put a damper on Democrats in West and South, and brought him no additional strength in the East. Colonel Roosevelt was not only elected by an overwhelming majority, but carried with him the biggest Republican majority the House has ever known. Even Missouri joined the Republican column, the first time since 1868. Senator Cockrell lost his curule chair, and half the Missouri delegation in the House were Republicans.

As a palpable non-sequitur, I will state that I was tendered the permanent chairmanship of the Democratic St. Louis convention in 1916, but declined by reason of my duties as Speaker of the House.

CHAPTER XII

Congressional scholarship.

PEOPLE are liable to underestimate both the quantity and quality of Congressional scholarship. This grows out of jealousy and the perverse tendency to belittle public servants.

During my twenty-five years in the House I have served with many scholars, but Dr. William Everett, of Massachusetts, was easily first. He came of most distinguished lineage, being the son of Edward Everett, who in his day and generation was one of the most eminent preachers, orators, and statesmen in the land, and whose fame is one of the priceless treasures of the Republic.

It is not generally known that Edward Everett was a famous pulpit orator before he began his long and illustrious career as a statesman. But such is the truth of history, and John Quincy Adams, in that wonderful diary in which he jotted down passing events, wrote down the most vitriolic opinions of men and poured out the feelings of his ulcerated heart, notes the fact that one night he went to hear young Edward Everett preach in Washington, and that his sermon was a marvel of eloquence. It can be set down once for all that anybody praised in John Quincy's diary was out of the ordinary.

Doctor Everett told me of one incident in his father's life of which I had never heard, and which I am sure will be interesting news to many. It is that at one time his father was offered the presidency of a Greek republic, which was proposed instead of a monarchy. This high honor he declined with thanks, stating privately to his intimate friends that he would prefer as a *dernier ressort* to work as a hod-carrier or a deck-hand on a steamboat and remain a plain American citizen than receive any honor from any foreign king, prince, potentate, or country. That was surely a noble sentiment, and should be inscribed upon his tombstone; but, speaking for myself alone, I regret that he did not accept, for nothing could be more in harmony with the eternal fitness of things, unless for Lord Byron to have been King of Greece.

In the evening of his life Edward Everett placed his countrymen under lasting obligations to him by delivering, all over the land, a magnificent lecture on George Washington, the proceeds of which he donated to the "Ladies' Washington Memorial Association," thereby enabling them to purchase Mount Vernon, and save it from the ruthless grasp of the land speculators and to reserve it as a sort of American Mecca, to which every citizen of the country should make at least one pilgrimage in a lifetime.

Dr. William Everett came into the House panoplied with the prestige of a historic and well-beloved name. People were ready to welcome him on account of his father, but without this ancestral renown he would soon have become one of the leading figures of the House.

He possessed character, learning, eloquence, courage, and eccentricities sufficient to distinguish him in any assembly of distinguished men.

He was chosen at a by-election to succeed Henry Cabot Lodge, translated to the Senate. I do not say promoted, for I am not sure that it is a promotion to go from House to Senate. The district was considered reliably Republican, but Doctor Everett, who was not even a citizen thereof, carried it by a close shave.

In his first speech in Congress the doctor declared that he hardly knew how he came to be elected, and that nobody was more surprised at the result than himself.

At the time of his election he was principal of an academy for boys, at Quincy—pronounced Quinzy by New England Brahmins. He might be called, and not improperly or hyperbolically, a universal scholar. He had the right to add a string of academic titles to his name half a foot long, being an "A.B.," an "A.M.," "Ph.D.," "LL.B.," and a "LL.D." of Harvard; a "B.A.," a "D.D.," and a "D.C.L." of Trinity College, Cambridge, England, etc.

He had been a professor at Harvard, and a lawyer, author, minister of the Gospel, and an orator of uncommon force and fire. He was a bookish man, and brought into the House the mannerisms both of the pedagogue and the old bachelor.

In his maiden speech in Congress he enriched English literature with a phrase, coined, no doubt, in a spirit of banter, which is likely to survive many political landslides and tidal waves.

Where another man—one of the plain people—would have expressed a fear of being put in a hole, the doctor voiced his apprehension of being "deposited in a cavity."

That linguistic achievement at once attracted the attention of the country. Every newspaper in the land commented on it. Every Washington correspondent was ever after on the *qui vive* to catch some other odd or novel expression from the doctor's nimble tongue.

He precipitated a tremendous ransacking of dictionaries by using in one of his speeches the word "octopus," and by placing the accent on the second syllable. For a few days there was as much debate in private circles touching the pronunciation of the word as there was in public about the interminable tariff question.

Finally, when the debate was at white heat, he arose to a question of personal privilege, amid breathless expectation. A thousand ears were strained to hear what he would say. A thousand eyes were fixed upon the great linguist; a hundred Fabers flashed in air, ready to record forever and forever the proper pronunciation of that outlandish word. The doctor fairly took their breath away by saying, very gravely: "Mr. Speaker, some controversy has arisen as to the correct pronunciation of the word o-c-t-o-p-u-s. I am happy to inform you and the country that the proper way to pronounce it is 'cuttlefish,'" and down he sat, smiling and chuckling, amid a roar of applause that was deafening.

As an illustration of his precise scholarship and his familiarity with books, I had an experience with him which it may be interesting to relate. In one of my speeches I had used the Latin phrase *facilis descensus Averni*—easy the road to the deuce, which it certainly is. The Government proof-reader, who was evidently something of a scholar himself, changed it to *facilis descensus Averno.* As either reading was good grammar and made good sense, it mattered little, but I thought I was correct, and appealed to the doctor. He at first said I was right, but in a few minutes he wrote me a note which I shall forever keep as a memento of Congressional life. In it he said: "I have investigated that matter; there are four acceptable readings, *facilis descensus Averni*, *facilis descensus Averno*, *facilis descensus Averno est*, *facilis descensus Averni est*, but the *facilis descensus Averno* appears to have the weight of authority, and the proof-reader is correct."

Afterward, in conversation, he told me that he had in his library at home twenty-six different editions of Virgil.

One day, when some member was delivering a speech which nobody wanted to hear, Mr. Reed, Doctor Everett, and I were over in a corner conversing on matters of pronunciation. Mr. Reed said: "By the way, Everett, I made a speech in Boston the other night, and had occasion to use the name of the island where Napoleon died. I called it St. Helena—accent on the second syllable—long 'e.' I wonder if I was right. I wouldn't make a mistake in Boston for the world."

The doctor at once replied, "Oh, you were right. It is the French Sainte-Hélène anglicized." We sent out for Webster's Unabridged and found that the doctor had told the truth.

Then came a more astounding revelation of the doctor's universal knowledge. Mr. Reed said: "When we were at the World's Fair, among the places which we visited was the art-gallery. After a while my sister-in-law said, 'There's a fine picture of Samson and Delilah,' placing the accent on the first syllable and making the 'e' short. I told her I didn't believe she was correct, and asked her if all the Congregational preachers in New England were of no authority on a question of pronunciation. But she stoutly maintained her opinion. I wonder who was right?"

"You were both right," said the doctor. "It is generally pronounced with the accent on the second syllable and with the 'i' long; but in 'Samson Agonistes' the exigencies of Milton's meter placed the accent on the first syllable, and what is more of it in that great poem the first syllable has an 'a' instead of an 'e.'" Once more was Webster appealed to and once more the scholar from Quincy was correct.

What are the disappointments and accidents of politics to a man like Doctor Everett? Every hour he spent in Congress—however distinguished his services—was really so much subtracted from his own pleasure and the permanent good of the human race.

Some years ago I examined into the educational equipment of the eighteen Missourians in House and Senate, and found that fourteen of them were graduates of good institutions of learning.

At the present writing five college presidents are members of the House: Tillman of Arkansas; Fess of Ohio; Temple of Pennsylvania; Aswell of Louisiana, and myself. How many have been college professors I do not know. In the membership are also several authors.

CHAPTER XIII

Denatured alcohol and Ebenezer J. Hill.

ONE of the bills in the passage of which I was active, from which much was hoped, and which was most disappointing in its results, was the "Denatured Alcohol" bill; or, I should say, "bills," for there were two of them.

From the evidence produced before the Committee on Ways and Means (the committee which has charge of all such legislation), it was believed that by making denatured alcohol free from internal-revenue tax the lighting and heating of small towns and of large farms would be revolutionized, and that even cities of considerable size would also be benefited.

Denatured alcohol is easily made. It is clean, non-explosive, and one gallon of it contains twice as many heat-units as a gallon of gasolene.

For the benefit of the uninitiated it should be stated that "denatured" alcohol is simply the ordinary grain and fruit alcohol of commerce, with a sufficient quantity of "denaturing" material put into it to render it dangerous to drink—the "denaturing" ingredients being deadly poisons. How the queer name of "denatured" alcohol was applied I do not know.

Another fact or two may be of interest:

1. Alcohol can be made of any fruit, grain, flower, vegetable—in fact, of everything containing sugar or starch, and what may surprise many is that rotten pota-

toes, frozen corn, decayed vegetable matter, and nubbins make just as good alcohol as the most perfect grains, fruits, etc.

2. Since the two-dollar-a-gallon tax was put on whisky, July 4, 1862, most alcohol manufacturing has been done in large, expensive distilleries, so that people have concluded that distillation is a difficult and costly process, when as a matter of fact it is one of the simplest and cheapest of all manufacturing processes. Indeed, one big mail-order house advertises to sell a "still" for thirty dollars. Of course that is a small one; but one of sufficient capacity for farm purposes can be built for the value of one big fat ox. Consequently it was concluded by the committee, and by the Congress, that if denatured alcohol was made taxless, every considerable farmer would have a little distillery, and at odd times work up his unmarketable grains, fruits, etc., into "denatured" alcohol, thereby rendering himself independent of coal barons, electrical and gas magnates, at the same time converting his farm waste into good coins of the realm. So with much unanimity and enthusiasm we passed the first Denatured Alcohol bill. Our Republican friends made two campaigns for Congress largely on that bill, as a blessing to farmers, conferred upon them by sage Republican statesmen as proof positive of their love for the farmer, notwithstanding the fact that Democrats had fully as much to do with that legislation as did the Republicans.

Strange and aggravating to relate, the bill did no good. Not a distillery that I ever heard of was built to produce denatured alcohol. Farmers and villagers went on heating their houses with coal or wood in all sorts of stoves, and straining their optics at night by the dim light of kerosene lamps, while they had it in their power to read by alcohol lamps furnishing a light pure and white as the best electrical lamps. Traveling about the country, I would visit the largest hardware-stores, asking to see alcohol lamps and stoves. I never found even one stove, and only occasionally a lamp. That was bill number one.

After laying their heads together the members of the Committee on Ways and Means concluded that the chief reason why the bill failed of the expected results was that the law required every distillery to have a five-dollar-a-day government storekeeper or gager, which rendered the expense prohibitive to the small distiller. Consequently, to get rid of him was the great desideratum.

Knowing that denatured alcohol is used extensively in France, Germany, and certain other European countries, Judge John W. Yerkes, of Kentucky, then Commissioner of Internal Revenue, and Representative Ebenezer J. Hill, of Connecticut—both much surprised at the utter failure of the aforesaid denatured Alcohol bill to bring the benefits expected—made a pilgrimage to Europe and investigated the subject thoroughly in every phase. On their return they prepared a bill which practically abolished the five-dollar-a-day storekeeper or gager. The main provision of it was this: When anybody desires to establish a distillery for denatured alcohol he makes application in due form to the Commissioner of Internal Revenue, who details a man to make a survey of the distillery, which is to have a steel tank attachment of such capacity as the government surveyor prescribes, to which there is but one key, which is to be carried by a government agent so that the proprietor cannot open his own tank. The alcohol is run directly from the still into the tank. When the tank is full, or when it contains all the alcohol which the owner intends to make, he notifies the government agent who carries the key, and he puts in the denaturing material. As one agent can this way look after hundreds of stills, only a small part of his salary falls on one distiller.

When we passed this bill number two we had no doubt whatever that denatured alcohol would "scatter blessings o'er a smiling land." But it did nothing of the sort. It has proved as flat a failure as bill number one. Why that is true remains a puzzle.

While these bills were pending, Ebenezer J. Hill supported them most enthusiastically and industriously. I was for them, but not so uproariously as was he. I favored them largely because Missouri is so rich in agricultural products that she could furnish denatured alcohol *ad libitum*. Knowing that the agricultural capabilities of Connecticut are limited, I wondered at Mr. Hill's activities. After a while I discovered two facts which afforded ample explanation of his zeal: First, the stiffening in every kind of hat, except straw hats and silk hats, is made of shellac cut with alcohol; second, that a very large portion of all hats is made in the Congressional district then represented by Mr. Hill.

A hatter came before the committee and initiated us into the mysteries of hat manufacturing. One step is to thrust the embryo hat into a tub of shellac cut with alcohol. Then it is taken out and placed on a board. A person using a thick stick, working in the opposite direction from which a drawing-knife works, removes the surplus of the mixture from the hat. No machine has been found to do that stunt successfully. Doing that, the head of the workman is thrown directly over the hat saturated with shellac cut with alcohol. Because wood alcohol, on which there was at that time no internal-revenue tax, was much cheaper than ethyl alcohol, on which there was and is a heavy tax, the hatters used the former, which is as poisonous as ratsbane, and the fumes therefrom would seriously injure the eyes, nose, throat, and ears of the workmen, sometimes causing total blindness. It was to cure these evils that Mr. Hill pressed these bills with such vigor and pertinacity.

It is assumed that everybody knows that wood alcohol, so called, is not alcohol at all, but is a by-product in burning charcoal in kilns.

A brief account of its discovery may not be considered as inapropos or uninteresting. Up in Michigan a certain man was conducting a big charcoal kiln. A dreamy sort of young man surprised him one day by asking him how much he would take for the smoke. The amazed proprietor told him curtly he could have the smoke gratis, intimating broadly that the youngster was a fool. So the youngster rigged him up an apparatus to utilize the smoke, from which he extracted two articles of commerce—wood alcohol and acetate of lime. When the first run was made the proprietor received 48 per cent. of the financial proceeds, while the dreamer pocketed 52 per cent.

Most readers hereof have seen greasy-looking bricks in old chimneys. That's where wood alcohol was generated accidentally from wood fires.

Long service on the Committee on Ways and Means is a liberal education.

One night during McKinley's administration General Bingham, Superintendent of Public Buildings and Grounds, told me this interesting story at a White House dinner, illustrating the durability of charcoal. He said that a short time before the roof of the White House sprang a leak close to one of the walls, which are three or four feet thick. He sent a man up to discover the cause of the leak. In investigating, the man ran his hand along the top of the wall, and pulled it back, covered with a black, wet substance, somewhat the consistency of old-fashioned "New Orleans molasses"—the sort used when I was a boy. Considerable discussion ensued as to what this black stuff was. They finally concluded, so General Bingham said, that when the British burned the White House, in 1814, some of the charred wood remained on top of the broad wall, and the water from the leaking roof had disintegrated it, thus making the molasses-like substance.

By the way, a few words concerning Representative Ebenezer J. Hill and his legislative methods may be of value to new Representatives in the days to come.

When my father was a young man he worked some years as a journeyman buggy- and carriage-maker, at Meadville, Pennsylvania. Being an omnivorous reader, he was well posted as to the prominent citizens at that time living in the Keystone State. He was fond of talking about Governor Shunck, Judge Jeremiah S. Black, and other big-wigs. When I was a boy he told me of a great Philadelphia lawyer who could not make a speech without twisting a certain button on his coat. When this man was about to address a jury on an important case a smart young lawyer on the other side surreptitiously, and with malice prepense, cut that particular button off the eminent barrister's coat, thereby causing him to make an utter failure and to lose the case.

Ebenezer J. Hill, of Connecticut, an able and veteran member, was what may not inaptly be denominated an enthusiastic and enlightened grubber after facts. His head was a literary Old Curiosity Shop, crammed to bursting with miscellaneous information. But he did not depend entirely on his memory. On the contrary, he carried in his hip pocket a book containing statistics on every subject under heaven; and he could, with those figures and sleight-of-hand performance, prove anything he desired. With that book he was armed cap-à-pie. Before I became Speaker I intended for a good while to try to steal his book and then jump him in debate; but the trouble about that fine scheme was that I could never get his book away from him.

He was a rampant Protectionist on everything except raw materials used by his own constituents in their factories. Nevertheless, he did not like to hear other folks misstate statistics. For example, during the hearings on the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot Tariff bill, some gentlemen—

Democrats at that—were insisting on a stiff tariff on long staple cotton. I asked them what reason they could give for such a request. They said they demanded it on the ground of the greater cost of production in this country, whereupon Ebenezer shot his head out after the fashion of a turtle, pulled his book of statistics, and took the fight off my hands.

He asked the witness, "Where did you find out that it costs more to produce long staple cotton here than abroad?"

"Saw it in a newspaper," replied the witness. Whereupon Ebenezer said: "Your information is incorrect. I was in Egypt last year, investigated the matter thoroughly, and discovered that the cost of producing long staple cotton is greater in Egypt than here, and in this book are the figures to prove it!" The witness was utterly discomfited, and that was the last anybody heard as to a tariff on long staple cotton.

The lawyer's button-twisting and Ebenezer's wonderful book of statistics recall a thing done by the brilliant and humorous "Sunset" Cox of Ohio and New York. Once upon a time "Uncle Joe" Cannon asked Cox to yield him time in a debate. While speaking, "Uncle Joe" swings his arms like flails. Cox, knowing that fact full well, told him that he would yield him time so long as he kept his hands in his pockets. "Uncle Joe" accepted the conditions and started in; but in about two minutes up went his right hand like a catapult, and Cox called time on him amid a shout of laughter that almost cracked the glass roof.

The first Congressman I ever heard speak was Aaron Harding, of Kentucky, when I was a barefoot boy. He was a lame man and spoke three mortal hours. During the whole time he never moved his feet six inches.

If "Uncle Joe" had to speak standing still and without gestures, he would be a complete failure. Harding's opponent was Col. Marion Taylor, who had just come out of the Union Army. He canvassed the district in his uniform, including a military cocked hat, military boots and spurs, riding his war-horse, a magnificent dapple-gray stallion, but all this did not save him from a sound beating on Election Day.

CHAPTER XIV

Lure of departmental life.

DOES the man make the circumstances, or do the circumstances make the man? That is a question which has perplexed the human mind *ab urbe condita*, and about which philosophers still differ. No doubt the proponents of each theory are partially right and partially wrong. However that may be, I never visit any of the great departments in Washington that I do not recall Gray's splendid lines:

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have sway'd
  Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The words "neglected" and "laid" do not exactly fit, but as a whole the passage does.

I have no sort of doubt that there are old, gray-haired men, vegetating in the departments, who if they had never secured a clerkship in Washington would have become great lawyers, doctors, preachers, editors, authors, scientists, or merchant princes. To many of them the notification of their appointment, which filled their hearts with joy, and conjured up before their mind's eye gorgeous visions of conspicuous and lucrative careers, was an unmitigated curse. They came to Washington full of lusty life, of high resolve, of lofty ambition; they are here now, fallen into the sere, the yellow leaf, their energies gone, their aspirations dead, their talents frittered away by service on a treadmill, with only one purpose remaining—to hold on to a job; and, unless dismissed *sans cérémonie*, they will be here when the inexorable and inevitable messenger who comes for all, and will not be refused, knocks at their doors, even though he should postpone his unwelcome visit a thousand years. "'Tis true; and pity 'tis 'tis true."

The insatiable desire for a clerical position under Uncle Sam is comparable only to being stage-struck.

There is something exhilarating, strengthening, exciting about being a candidate for an elective office. The conflict of mind with mind, the appeal to the people, the noble love of fame, and the craving for victory, inspire a man to do his best and cause him to grow intellectually.

But the universal desire for an appointive position at Washington—more especially the grim determination to hold on to it perpetually—is inexplicable. The short hours, the light work, wages above the average, a chance to see celebrated people, opportunity to gaze upon the passing show—these things explain it partly, but not wholly or satisfactorily.

Over the doorways of the departments should be inscribed, in letters so large that every man who runs may read:

"All hope abandon, ye who enter here."

Many, perhaps the majority, of the bright and buoyant young men and women who seek a clerkship in Washington do so with the honest and laudable intention of using it only as a temporary expedient, as a preparation for a more strenuous life, as a convenient stepping-stone to higher and better things; for it does not stand to reason or to nature that any youth of good parts will deliberately choose to bury himself alive in these magnificent mausoleums of human hopes; but once here, nearly all fall under some curious spell and settle down to a life which offers the minimum chance for making a reputation, and whose maximum emolument, save in the exceptional case, is a paltry sixteen hundred a year in a city where the cost of living is high. The ultimate average is nearer a thousand than sixteen hundred.

I have seen men who at home were prominent citizens, successful lawyers, leaders of thought in their communities, influential factors in affairs—some of them ex-Circuit judges and ex-Representatives in Congress—occupying positions in the departments where they were compelled to answer the bell-call of their superiors after the manner of a bell-boy in a hotel, and doing what and only what some higher official ordered them to do. There is no chance whatever for intellectual or moral growth in a life like that. It is at best a species of gilded slavery, differing from chattel slavery only because official slaves are not amenable to corporal punishment and cannot be bought or sold; but they are not free from mental torture, for over their heads is forever held *in terrorem* the power of dismissal—like another sword of Damocles. The civil-service laws and regulations have lessened, but not entirely removed, this ever-present fear, for skilful chiefs who wish to dispose of subordinates undesirable from political or other reasons can always, and do always, find a way to "circumwent" the civil-service laws, as Weller *père* would have said; so that nearly every departmental employee feels safer when he has a friend at court. They speak of a protecting Representative or Senator as their "influence" as glibly, if not as frequently, as in the days of yore, when the spoilsman was no hypocrite and made no pretense of being a reformer. The employee who has a really friendly Representative—especially of the administration party—as "influence" is considered by his fellows to be in luck. If he have a Senator of the administration party he is in clover; and if, perchance, he have both a Representative and a Senator of the administration party, he is the envy of all.

Not long since, in a debate in the House, the astounding statement was made that at least ten per cent. of the department clerks are utterly incapacitated for service by reason of old age or other infirmity, and no one denied it. In fact, the latest estimate is sixteen per cent. of incapables. That shows what an amazing condition of affairs the desire to hold on to a job has brought about.

To illustrate: After I had been in Congress about a year, one evening a lady and gentleman called at my boarding-house and sent up their cards. I went down to the parlor and found a rather handsome matron in great perturbation of spirit, and a man who left to her the talking part. She introduced herself as "Mrs. Vere de Vere," and her companion as her husband. I asked her what I could do for her, in as soothing tones as possible, whereupon she fell to weeping and wringing her hands, exclaiming between her sobs, "We are ruined! oh, we are ruined!" After a good deal of this hysterical performance she managed to inform me that she and her husband were from my district, that her husband had been removed from a clerkship in the War Department, and that they had come to me for succor in their effort to have him reinstated. The first thing to do was to ascertain if they really were from my district—as a Representative very soon learns by experience that if he attends to the demands of his own constituents he will be carrying a *quantum sufficit* of "the white man's burden" without assuming any of the loads peculiarly applicable to the shoulders of his Congressional brethren.

As I had never heard of anybody in my district—in which I am well acquainted—bearing the name they gave

I was somewhat suspicious—especially as impostors are not unknown in "the finest capital in the world." Consequently I cross-examined her rigidly as to her maiden name, her mother's brothers, their names, ages, appearance, and location. Being satisfied that she was telling me the truth about that, I elicited the further statement that her husband had been a clerk in the War Department twenty-six years—which antedated my advent into Missouri by several years; that he started in at nine hundred dollars per annum, and for the last five or six years had been drawing a salary of sixteen hundred dollars.

I said, "How much money or property have you now?" "Not a dollar's worth," he replied, "except our clothes and household furniture. Indeed, we are in a worse condition than when we came to Washington. We have tried to economize, but the expenses of maintaining a large family have eaten up my income. Our oldest daughter lacks only one year of graduation at a respectable college in the city. If I could only hold my place till she graduates she might do something to help us."

I then asked, "Why don't you get out of Washington, locate somewhere else, set up for yourself, and be a man among men?"

Then came a reply which advocates of life tenure would do well to ponder, for it is true of thousands of others besides this man. He answered, "Because I do not know how to do anything except the routine work I have been doing in the War Department for more than a quarter of a century, and I am too old to try to learn anything else now." A more hopeless declaration I never heard from human lips. A more dismal countenance I never beheld than his, as he thought mournfully of the vanished years. Yet for nearly a generation he had held a position which thousands covet and for which thousands struggle. The end was woe and penury in his old age.

I inquired, "How long since you have been in the Ninth Congressional District of Missouri?"

"Fifteen years!" was his answer.

I said: "I will try and have you reinstated on one condition, as you appear to have been dismissed without fault on your part, merely to make room for another. The condition is this: You must go home every two years to vote. No man has a moral right to live in this Republic fifteen years without exercising the right of suffrage—the right preservative of all rights. Vote for me if you can, but if you can't do that conscientiously, vote for the other fellow. At any rate, vote!" He promised faithfully that he would do so.

The next morning I went over to see Col. Dan Lamont, then Secretary of War, the most affable of mortals, and told him the story, with the request that he reinstate my forlorn constituent. He looked at me with a twinkle in his eye, and asked, "Do you really want this man reinstated, or are you simply going through a perfunctory performance to keep your promise technically to his wife?" I assured the genial Daniel that I was in dead earnest. He complied with my request and restored my protégé to his place and the pay-roll, where he remains to this day. What will happen to him? Why, some time, when there is a Representative from that district who knows nothing and cares nothing for this man's wife's relatives, he will be thrown out for keeps into the cold, cold world, where there are weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth.

His was not an isolated and unusual case. Without having inquired particularly about it, I will guarantee that nearly every Representative and Senator has had a somewhat similar experience—some of them many such.

Seven years passed, and in the rush of events I had almost forgotten the man, his wife, and their troubles; but in the spring of 1900 she called at my house, sent up her card, and I went down to find her once more dissolved in tears. I jumped to the conclusion—prematurely and erroneously, but not unnaturally—that her husband had been ousted again. Not so, however; he was still holding on; but she wanted me to secure a position in the Census Office for her son, alleging with a great lachrymose flow that he was going to the dogs because he had nothing to do. I flatly refused, advising her to put him to work on a railroad, on a steamboat, on a farm, on the street—any place in the United States where there is honest, manly work to do. This she would not do, claiming that he had been reared too tenderly for such labor. Thus we parted. He may be loafing about Washington yet for all I know. I suppose she deemed me a heartless wretch, but, as I had survived much hard, manual labor, I did not intend to help pamper her indolent son.

Some one may inquire why the superannuated employees are not discharged? Simply because no head of a department desires a reputation for cruelty which shall rival that of Herod and of Nero. If one of them is dismissed Washington is made to reverberate with lamentations, because there are several thousand departmental employees here who expect to be old some day, and they with their families and friends constitute a vast army. When they all wail in unison it is not pleasant to the ear. What, then, would be the condition of the city were the whole sixteen per cent. of incapables, through age and other infirmities, dismissed at once?

Sensible people will contend, and correctly, that these incompetents obstruct the transaction of public business. That is true, and the evil is augmenting constantly as the years go by rather than diminishing. What, then, is to be done? One of four things: First, retain them, to the injury of the public and at the cost of the taxpayers; second, dismiss them without regard to their tears and moans; third, establish a pension roll from the civil walks of life; or, fourth, enact into law a plan for retaining a certain per cent. of their wages to form the basis for a retiring wage big enough to keep them from want. The first is expensive; the third an outrage on common sense and justice; the second is denounced as heartless because it is claimed that faithful public servants should not be turned out in their old age to starve. The fourth is the only feasible plan. That it will be adopted in the near future I have no doubt. "But why haven't they saved something against the day of old age?" It is easier to ask that question than to answer it. Why is the prodigal son, and not the one who remained at home and toiled, the favorite theme of preachers? Suffice it to say that most of them—no matter what their salaries—do not save anything; some, on account of sickness and for other valid reasons, cannot; many of them live beyond their incomes; some are borrowing money at three and four per cent. per month. They are compelled to pay exorbitant rates of interest because the security is bad. Altogether, it is a problem difficult of solution.

When that splendid gentleman, Major Vespasian Warner, of Illinois, was Commissioner of Pensions he caught half a dozen of his clerks lending money to their fellows at highly usurious rates of interest, and fired them bodily and instanter.

There is a surplusage of employees in all the departments. Warner cured that in his bureau by refusing to appoint any one to a vacancy till he had reduced his force by twenty-five per cent. He was a just and practical statesman.

Hon. William H. Moody, late Secretary of the Navy, tried, so it is said, to get rid of the incapables in his department. When he was remonstrated with as to the cruelty of removing employees incapacitated by age it is reported that he said: "To give these incapacitated employees money out of my own pocket would be a charitable, perhaps a noble, act, but to give them the money of the taxpayers when they can render no service commensurate with the pay would not be right."

An investigation is now being made by a committee of the House, and hearings held, in the endeavor to solve this problem. Officials and heads of departments and bureaus are lining up on this side and that. The question is being argued in the public press, and much heat is being engendered. The agitation is likely to continue till a remedy is discovered, for every man who has paid attention to the situation knows that the whole system is growing top-heavy and is liable to break down of its own weight.

There are bills pending before Congress to authorize the employees of the Weather Bureau to be formed into an involuntary association, whereby a certain portion of their salaries is to go into a common fund for the purpose of providing annuities for those incapacitated by age or other infirmity. If that scheme proves practicable it may be the solution of the question as to how to get rid, without seeming cruelty, of the superannuated and the helpless clerks; but many look askance at the plan, regarding it as the forerunner of a huge pension roll from civil life. Indeed, in answer to a question which I once propounded, Mr. Wadsworth of New York, chairman of the Committee on Agriculture and chief advocate of the bill—father of Senator Wadsworth—acknowledged on the floor of the House that that was its real purpose.

Here is a case in happy contrast to that related above of the weeping woman. In 1900 I was asked by the Census Bureau to nominate three clerks at a salary of seventy-five dollars per month. When they arrived in Washington I stated my views to them about departmental clerkships, and accented my opinion that after they had been here long enough to see the sights and get the hang of things they would benefit themselves by shaking the dust of Washington off their feet, returning home, and going into business. My words sank into the heart of one of them. About a year after that he came to me and said that he had just been promoted to one hundred dollars per month—also that his brother had written him to come home to a beautiful and growing little city in the heart of an exceedingly rich agricultural neighborhood and go into partnership with him in the dry-goods and clothing business, as there was a stock of goods for sale on very favorable terms. He solicited my advice. I said, "What do you intend to do in life?" He replied, "I have always desired to be a merchant." I told him to go to the depot immediately, purchase his tickets home, and then go to the Census Office and settle up—that if he went to the Census Office first somebody would persuade him to stay and that he would be a departmental clerk as long as he lived. Fortunately for him, he took me at my word. When in his town three years ago I dined at his comfortable home. He told me that he was mayor of the city, owned the house he lived in, also half of a large two-story brick business building, half of one of the biggest stock of goods, together with a considerable bank-account. That man was wise in his day and generation.

In what I have said I am in no way reflecting on the departmental employees. As a rule they are estimable folk, clean, sober, virtuous, kind, polite, and attentive to their duties. What I am trying to do is to state plainly the sad and discouraging facts as they exist, thereby hoping to influence young men and women who are contemplating a departmental career from afar, but have not entered upon it, to stay away, and to dissuade those who have started upon that life to flee before it is everlastingly too late.

I inveigh against a system, not against individuals.

CHAPTER XV

Physique as a factor in public life.

SINCE the lords of creation have worked out most of the theories which delight or harass mankind, as the case may be, it is not strange that it is commonly accepted that only women plume themselves upon their beauty, and that men don't care a copper whether they are themselves handsome or—to steal a word from Nat Dryden's mint—"unpretty."

If this be true, then the genius who first conceived the idea of putting a looking-glass in the tops of men's hats, to sell his wares, was, to say the least of it, no blood relation to King Solomon.

It may be true that as a general thing men do not care for good looks in themselves—though I don't believe one word of it—but if so, there are exceptions which prove the rule.

John Wilkes boasted that he had one advantage over the caricaturists, being so ugly that they could by no possibility make him appear uglier than he really was, and that as a matter of fact their caricatures flattered him.

It is a historical tradition that when Mrs. Gen. William Henry Harrison took possession of the White House, and "viewed the landscape o'er," with an idea of renovating it, she observed, with amusement, that the only portion of the velvet carpets worn threadbare and trodden into tatters was the part immediately in front of the mirrors in the rooms used by President Van Buren as his private apartments. But then "Old Van" was not only "a used-up man," as the hard-cider, coonskin, log-cabin literature hath it, but was a gay and festive widower—which is an explanation that explains. Although he lacked as much of being an Apollo Belvedere as any of the occupants of that greatly coveted mansion, he was under the dominion of Cupid, the most inexorable tyrant of all the gods of mythology, and whatever time he could snatch from the serious business of his presidential life—*i.e.*, the setting up of pins, the pulling of wires, and the laying of pipes for re-election—he spent admiring his own foxy face and pudgy figure in a looking-glass. How the hard heart of this tough old politician grew tender at such moments, under that all-conquering flame which has melted us all, first or last, would form an instructive chapter in American politics if we only had it, and would perhaps make the world feel kindlier toward the wily "Sage of Kinderhook."

It cannot be disputed that a woman's personal appearance had much to do with her success in life in the good old days, when catching a husband was one of her chief occupations, and has something to do with her career even now, in the day of the "new woman" and her hideous bloomers.

Whether or not a man's looks, physical strength, and size in any way influence his political career is a question which every boy aspiring to public station should study prayerfully and carefully; for, if he intends entering upon that perilous life, he cannot afford to despise any aids which he can legitimately invoke. If he decides that these things count, he can by proper training increase his size, augment his strength, and improve his looks.

I am not expressing any opinion on this subject, but from time immemorial the qualities of people have been more or less estimated by their physical features.

In antiquity rulers were chosen more for their physical than their intellectual prowess.

That idea still survives in our vocabulary, if not in our practice, for the word *king*, when traced back to its origin, means "one who can." It is the same as the German *König*.

Shakespeare puts these words into the mouth of Julius Cæsar:

"Let me have men about me that are fat, sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights. Yond Cassius has a lean and hungry look; he thinks too much. Such men are dangerous. . . . Would he were fatter."

It is thumped into the heads of our school-boys constantly—to their detriment, as I think—that every boy is a possible President.

It would be infinitely better to impress on them that they should do their duty honestly, intelligently, and courageously, in whatever station God may place them, and that the chief end of an American—if not of man—is to be a good, law-abiding, patriotic citizen, a true neighbor, a faithful friend, a kind husband, and a tender father.

Every boy can be all these, but only about eight boys out of every generation can be President.

Nevertheless, the Presidency is the measure of human greatness in this country. There have been twenty-eight Presidents. What manner of men were they physically? Of the twenty-eight only four—Washington, Jefferson, Jackson, and Lincoln—were over 6 feet, Washington and Jefferson being 6 feet 2½ inches, Jackson 6 feet 1, and Lincoln overtopped them all with 6 feet 4.

Washington, Jefferson, and Lincoln were not only very tall, but famous for their strength. Every boy remembers the stories of how Washington pulled a new horseshoe in two with his hands, and how he threw a stone across the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, a performance never duplicated by any other men, while Lincoln could outwrestle any other soldier in the Black Hawk War. Hundreds of stories have been told of Jefferson's strength and grace.

To say that they were great because of their unusual stature would be preposterous, but there can be no doubt that it attracted attention to them.

James Madison was the smallest of the Presidents physically, but he comes near crowding into the first class mentally. He was about five feet six and weighed little above one hundred. He enjoys the distinguished honor in history of being known as "the Father of the Constitution."

In fact, he and Alexander Hamilton—another little man physically—are entitled to the lion's share of the praise for the adoption of that greater charter of our liberties. By this one performance—and it was their *chef d'œuvre*—these two small men did more to influence the destiny of the human race than all the giants who have lived from the days of Og to the present hour.

And Hamilton met his death at the hands of Aaron Burr, the smallest man physically who was ever Vice-President.

The second shortest President was Martin Van Buren. What he lacked in length he made up in girth.

William Howard Taft enjoys the distinction of being the heaviest of all our chief magistrates, Grover Cleveland running him close. General Garfield was about six feet, weighed about two hundred and twenty-five, and was a splendid specimen of physical and intellectual manhood.

Many people will easily recall the malignant ingenuity with which Charles A. Dana stabbed Garfield's illustrious rival—Winfield Scott Hancock, surnamed "the Superb"—by saying, editorially, "General Hancock is a good man, who weighs two hundred and fifty pounds." This, I always believed, did more to defeat him than his ill-advised chatter about the tariff.

COL. JAMES M. THOMSON, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER OF "THE NEW ORLEANS ITEM," SON-IN-LAW OF CHAMP CLARK

Franklin Pierce and General Arthur were the most Chesterfieldian of the Presidents, and perhaps the handsomest. They were of fair size.

All the other Presidents, except those above named, would fall under the general head of "medium" in avoirdupois, stature, and handsomeness.

The historic question propounded by the little boy, "How big was Alexander, pa, that people called him great?" had philosophy as well as curiosity at the bottom of it.

The invincible Macedonian was a small man with a wry neck; while another great warrior, Belisarius, who followed him some centuries later in the same fields of conquest, was as big as the Kentucky giant.

My father believed in phrenology, and the best beloved of all my teachers was a phrenologist. An old, rough-and-ready country doctor whom I kne win my boyhood was fond of saying that he judged people by their "flesh marks"—which was his way of saying that he believed in phrenology and physiognomy.

These things, perhaps, have influenced my opinions, for while I reject the doctrine of determining a man's character and capacity by feeling the bumps on his head, I do believe that one man can form a tolerably fair opinion of another from his general makeup, or *tout ensemble*, including his physiognomy, shape and size of cranium, stature, weight, gait, and manner.

I believe that God writes a legible hand, and inscribes a man's character on his countenance, so that all may read. Even little children can interpret it, and confidently approach one stranger while instinctively avoiding another.

Charles Dickens, a rare judge of human nature, pronounced two opinions on historic personages worth quoting. He said that Andrew Johnson would be picked out in any crowd as a distinguished man, and that if all the Russian people were dressed exactly alike, and a stranger had to select a Czar, guided only by ocular inspection, he would unhesitatingly choose the Emperor Nicholas the First.

When the Carthaginian ambassador returned home after a visit to Rome, and was asked how the Roman Senate appeared to him, he made the memorable reply: "It looks like an assemblage of kings." But that was in Rome's best days.

Before hard work had shown its ravages, General Cockrell of Missouri was the handsomest man in our Senate. Then that honor went to Gorman of Maryland. He was of middle size and had the ideal Greek head and face.

The largest men who ever sat in the Senate were Dixon H. Lewis, of Alabama, and David Davis, of Illinois. They had to have chairs made specially for them.

Sleicher of Texas was the largest man that ever served in the House, and weighed over four hundred.

Besides those already mentioned, many small men have cut a tremendous swath in our politics.

Stephen A. Douglas, the greatest debater this country ever knew, was short and stocky. His friends delighted to call him "the Little Giant," and in very truth he was. As a sort of ill-natured offset to the enthusiasm which that title aroused among the people, Thomas H. Benton, when asked if Douglas could be elected President, replied, "No, sir; his coattails reach too close to the curbstone."

Lincoln said that when he first saw Douglas he thought he was "the littlest man" he ever saw.

"Sunset" Cox, wit, scholar, humorist, and statesman, was a mere pygmy in his physical proportions. Strange to say, he represented the same New York district once represented by John Morrisey, who won the heavyweight pugilistic championship of America by thrashing John C. Heenan. That district was certainly experimenting on the relative value of brawn and brains.

One of the most remarkable men, all things considered, who ever figured in our politics was Alexander H. Stephens. He never weighed a hundred, and was sick all his days. In his last years in Congress he was conveyed in a wheeled chair daily into the House of Representatives by a faithful colored servant. But he was a host within himself. Once some big Georgian who was having a tilt with him got mad and said, "I have half a mind to swallow you alive." Whereupon Stephens replied in his shrill tenor, "If you do, you'll have more brains in your belly than you ever had in your head."

Among soldiers, too, little men have held their own. While Maximin, one of the Roman emperors, who fought his way from the position of a private mercenary soldier to the throne, was of gigantic stature, being over eight feet high, and so large that he wore his wife's bracelet for a finger-ring, ate forty pounds of meat a day and drank an amphora of wine, Napoleon was only five feet five, and in his younger days extremely thin visaged. Five feet five are the figures usually given, but, strange to relate, nobody knows his exact stature, it being stated all the way from five feet two to five feet five, though it surely must be that, being a soldier all his life, he must have been measured under a standard more than once.

William the Third and the Duke of Luxemburg, who contended for the mastery at Landen, Steinkirk, and Minden, were small, lean, and so frail that they spent half their time in bed in the hands of physicians.

The physical feature most indicative of military capacity, so it is said, is the nose. Napoleon judged his officers in that way.

Fowler and Wells state it positively in their journal that history furnishes no example of a really great general who did not have an aquiline nose.

They state the further amazing fact that if a boy with a perfectly straight nose is put to studying military books, his proboscis will gradually take on the aquiline style.

But the most astounding proposition which they laid down in their articles on noseology was that if Horace Greeley had had a Roman nose he would have defeated General Grant for the Presidency!

As a practitioner and exponent of athletics, Colonel Roosevelt stood easily first among the Presidents—which fact was one of the elements of his popularity.

CHAPTER XVI

Wit and humor in Congress.

MANY men in House and Senate use wit and humor as incidents of speech—merely that and nothing more. But, first and last, there have sat in the House six humorists of the first order: Abraham Lincoln, Thomas Corwin, Samuel Sullivan Cox, James Proctor Knott, "Private" John Allen, of Mississippi, and Frank Cushman, of Washington.

Strange to say, there cannot be found any trace of Lincoln's humorous faculty in his Congressional career. In speeches elsewhere he exercised that faculty freely. One of his most delightful mots was this: He generally sat in a rickety old chair in the White House. One of his visitors said: "Mr. President, that is a bad chair. You should have a better one."

"Yes," he replied, "this is a bad chair, but, bad as it is, I am inclined to believe that I know several statesmen who are perfectly willing to occupy it."

Stranger yet, there is in Lincoln's Congressional career no trace of those great qualities which made him immortal. What is the explanation? Simply this: Congress did not suit him, and he did not fit Congress.

Rev. Sydney Smith, of witty and blessed memory, once said that when God made the world He made round holes, and round people to fit into them, and three-cornered holes and three-cornered people to fit into them; but many round people had got into three-cornered holes, and *vice versa*, so that there were many misfits. We see samples of his (Sydney's) theory every day. In fact, he was an example of his own humorous theory.

Many persons who never had a bright idea in their heads, or a generous sentiment in their hearts, assuming an air of owlish wisdom, affect to disdain wit and humor, and to be vastly superior to the practitioners thereof, forgetting, or most likely never having heard of, the great truth enunciated by Charles Lamb, "A laugh is worth a hundred groans in any market."

In most instances it is a case of "sour grapes." To be disparaged is the penalty which brilliancy must pay to dullness. It is natural for jealous souls to belittle those qualities which they do not possess. It is a mean sort of egotism, a vainglorious pride, which is apt to have a sudden fall.

As the non-humorous and unwitty constitute the overwhelming majority, they have succeeded, partially at least, by dint of ceaseless iteration, in propagating the idea that mental dryness is indicative of wisdom and that a wit or humorist is lacking in the substantial qualities of mind—all of which is mere moonshine.

It was the success of the theory of the dry-as-dusts which forced Tom Corwin in his old days, in an address to a law class, to utter this pathetic plaint, "Young men, if you desire a reputation for wisdom, never joke; be as solemn as an ass!" Considering who said it, that is one of the saddest sentiments ever fashioned by human lips, for he went to his grave in the firm belief that his reputation as a wit and humorist had cost him the chief-magistracy of the Republic. But in that he was mistaken; it was his speech against the Mexican War—by far the greatest he ever made, and one of the greatest ever delivered in the Senate of the United States—which removed him forever from the list of presidential possibilities.

No sane person would elect to be continually cooped up with another who is witty or humorous on all occasions, any more than he would desire to dwell in a land of perpetual day; but sunshine is a good thing, nevertheless. So are wit and its cousin, humor. King Solomon tells us that there is a time for every purpose under heaven—a time to weep, and a time to laugh.

Laughter is the sweetest music that ever greeted the human ear, and the chief purpose of wit and humor is to produce laughter.

Henry Ward Beecher, who was created for enjoyment, once said, "If a horse had not been intended to go, he would not have had the 'go' in him."

Wit and humor, like all other of the numberless and precious gifts of God to man, undoubtedly have their proper uses. They help to float a heavy speech, and they give wings to solid argument. A brilliant sally, a sparkling epigram, a "fetching" sim-i-le, a happy mot, an apropos anecdote, may extricate one from an embarrassing predicament where all else would utterly fail.

For example, take the case of Tom Corwin, whose splendid genius lighted up and glorified the age in which he lived. While the anti-slavery agitation was becoming acute, and the Abolitionists growing strong enough to defeat candidates, though still too weak to elect them, Corwin—who was as swart as Othello—being a candidate for Congress, was once addressing a great open-air meeting in southern Ohio, and doing his best to offend no one, when a wily and malicious auditor, in order to unhorse him, interrupted him with the query:

"Are you in favor of a law permitting colored people to eat at the same tables with white folks, in hotels and on steamboats?"

"Black Tom" did not follow the Scriptural injunction, "Let your communication be yea, yea; nay, nay." That was too concise and direct for the end he had in view, which was to dodge, or, in prize-ring parlance, to "duck."

If he should answer "Yea," all the pro-slavery votes would be cast against him and he would be defeated. Should he answer "Nay," the Abolitionists would defeat him.

He answered neither "Yea" nor "Nay," but—his dark, mobile countenance shining with the gladness of certain victory—he replied:

"Fellow-citizens, I submit that it is improper to ask that question of a gentleman of my color!"

The crowd, delirious with delight, yelled itself hoarse, and the "Wagon-Boy" carried the day and the election.

Now I propound to a candid world this pertinent question: Could any dry-as-dust statesman have escaped the net of the fowler as easily and gracefully as did Corwin? I think not.

The truth is that the man who is dowered with wit and humor is in first-class intellectual company—with Shakespeare and Bacon; Swift and Sheridan; Jerrold and Sydney Smith; with Dickens and Thackeray; Curran and Lamb; with Burns and Byron, and countless masterspirits of the elder world; and with our own modern master minds—Washington Irving, Tom Marshall, and George D. Prentice; with Sargent S. Prentiss; with Lowell and Holmes and Lincoln; with "Sunset" Cox, Henry Watterson, and Proctor Knott; with Horr, Ingersoll, and Thomas B. Reed; with Justice Harlan and George G. Vest; and with a bright and shining host of statesmen, orators, poets, and literati—not to mention all the professionals from "John Phœnix" to Mark Twain.

It is a significant fact, pertinent here and well calculated to furnish food for reflection, that the three most distinguished New York humorists were simultaneously located in these downy berths: Joseph H. Choate, ambassador to Great Britain; Gen. Horace Porter, ambassador to France; Chauncey Mitchell Depew, United States Senator.

It may also be interesting to state that one of the most illustrious New-Yorkers of the last generation, William Maxwell Evarts, the foremost lawyer of his time, owed his world-wide fame as much to his wit as to his legal attainments; and he filled the great offices of Attorney-General, Secretary of State, and Senator of the United States. It is safe to say that Doctor Talmage's humorous faculty netted him over a quarter of a million on the lecture platform, and Governor Bob Taylor's placed him in the ranks of rich Tennesseeans.

Unless Republicans as well as republics are ungrateful, they will some day erect a magnificent monument to their pioneer, Senator John P. Hale, of New Hampshire, whose irresistible humor compelled the attention of men who were ready to stone his sober-minded companions.

This is *par excellence* the land of orators. Here within the life of the Republic—a mere span in the history of the human race—the divine gift of moving the mind and heart by the power of spoken words has been bestowed upon more men than in all the rest of the world since the confusion of tongues at the unfinished Tower of Babel.

By universal acclaim Demosthenes is the Grecian orator, Cicero the Roman orator, Mirabeau the French orator, Castelar the Spanish orator, and Edmund Burke the English orator. Their "right there is none to dispute."

Who is the American orator? Ask that question of any American audience and there will be a score of answers, precipitating a heated wrangle.

The universal gift of utterance in America renders appropriate, haply instructive, a discussion and illustration of the use of wit, humor, and anecdote in public speech; for all use them who can, and they are found in every species of public speech—bar none.

Henry Ward Beecher enlivened many of his sermons with them, as did John Smith, of Kentucky and Missouri, commonly called "Raccoon" John Smith, because he was once remunerated in raccoon skins for pronouncing the marriage ceremony. He was famous in the Southwest as one of the great pioneers in the religious reformation with which the name of Alexander Campbell is forever associated in the nickname of "Campbellite." In our time Sam Jones and Billy Sunday have rivaled Beecher and Smith in this respect. Of course all four have been severely criticized as innovators, but imitation is the sincerest flattery, and scores of young preachers pattern after them with various measures of success and applause.

One of the greatest surprises of my life was to discover that some genius had compiled and published a volume with the rather startling title of *The Wit and Humor of the Bible*. I once made the round of the St. Louis bookstores in quest of that "curiosity of literature." From the furtive manner in which the clerks glanced at me out of the tails of their eyes, I incline to the opinion that they thought I was suffering from incipient lunacy.

After all, it must be confessed that the use of wit, humor, and anecdote—that is, amusing anecdote—in sermons or in funeral orations is meager and of rather a lugubrious effect. They are used most frequently and most appropriately at the bar, on the stump, in Congress, on the platform, and in after-dinner speeches.

The most famous after-dinner speech within the memory of any living man is that of Henry W. Grady, at the banquet of the New England Society in the City of New York in 1886. It is a rich mine of eloquence, wit, humor, and anecdote. To illustrate the power of faith, he told this story, which is perfect:

"There was an old preacher once who told some boys of the Bible lesson he was going to read in the morning. The boys, finding the place, glued together the connecting pages. The next morning he read on the bottom of one page, 'When Noah was one hundred and twenty years old he took unto himself a wife, who was'—then turning the page—'one hundred and forty cubits long, forty cubits wide, built of gopher-wood, and covered with pitch inside and out.'

"He was naturally puzzled at this. He read it again, verified it, and then said, 'My friends, this is the first time I ever met this in the Bible, but I accept it as an evidence of the assertion that we are fearfully and wonderfully made.'"

I once heard Vice-President Garrett A. Hobart, in an after-dinner speech in Washington, speaking to an audience made up largely of newspaper men, utter this mot, "Since I have been in office I have given the newspaper men everything they asked of me—except my confidence!" which was enjoyed immensely by all his hearers, especially by the newspaper men themselves.

Hon. Joseph H. Choate was no less celebrated as a post-prandial orator than as a lawyer. Nothing verbal could be more delicious than his description of the dinners of the New England Society of New York, as "those gatherings of an unhappy company of pilgrims who meet annually at Delmonico's to drown the sorrows and sufferings of their ancestors in the flowing bowl, and to contemplate their own virtues in the mirror of history."

At one of those dinners he proposed the following toast, which contains more wit than do most witty speeches: "Women, the better half of the Yankee world—at whose tender summons even the stern pilgrims were ever ready to spring to arms, and without whose aid they never could have achieved the historic title of the Pilgrim Fathers. The Pilgrim mothers were more devoted martyrs than were the Pilgrim Fathers, because they not only had to bear the same hardships that the Pilgrim Fathers stood, but they had to bear with the Pilgrim Fathers besides."

New-Yorkers agree that either Choate or Chauncey M. Depew was the finest after-dinner speaker on earth. Some one says: "At an annual dinner of the St. Nicholas

Society Choate was down for the toast 'The navy,' while Depew was to respond to 'The army.' Depew began by saying: 'It's well to have a specialist; that's why Choate is here to speak about the navy. We met at the wharf once, and I never saw him again till we reached Liverpool. When I asked how he felt he said he thought he would have enjoyed the trip over if he had had any ocean air. Yes, you want to hear Choate on the navy.'

"Choate responded, 'I've heard Depew hailed as the greatest after-dinner speaker. If after-dinner speaking, as I have heard it described and as I believe it to be, is the art of saying nothing at all, then Doctor Depew is the most marvelous speaker in the universe.'"

In joint discussions on the stump every weapon in the mental armory is brought into service. In that species of public speech wit and humor are invaluable and are most used—especially that sort known as repartee. By far the most memorable performance in that line was the series of debates between Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas, in 1858. The United States Senatorship was the prize directly in sight, but both looked beyond that to the Presidency as their goal. In winning the senatorship Douglas lost the Presidency to Lincoln.

Unlike in everything except ambition, they were most equally matched, each being wondrously strong. They had known each other from early manhood and were on the friendliest footing, but they laid on and spared not, being none too particular about not "hitting below the belt."

On one occasion Douglas sneeringly referred to the fact that he once saw Lincoln retailing whisky.

"Yes," replied Lincoln, "it is true that the first time I saw Judge Douglas I was selling whisky by the drink. I was on the inside of the bar, and the judge was on the outside; I busy selling, he busy buying"—which is about as neat a retort as the annals of the stump afford—rich, but not malicious. It perhaps had a greater effect on the audience than if Lincoln had spent an hour talking about temperance in general, and his own temperance in particular.

On the stump, in a hot campaign, it is not the elegance of an anecdote that tells so much as its pointedness, snappiness, above all, its applicability. Probably no better story-teller than former Lieut.-Gov. David A. Ball, of Missouri, ever stood before an American audience. In 1896 he was trying to persuade the Gold Democrats that, notwithstanding the fact that they differed with the regulars on the financial issue, they agreed with them on so many others that they ought to vote for Bryan anyway. He wound up that part of his speech as follows:

"How would a mossback Missouri Democrat look voting with the Republicans? I will tell you. Up in Pike County an old chap undertook to commit suicide by hanging himself with a blind bridle. Just as he was about dead his son cut him down. The old man rubbed his eyes, and said, 'John, if you had let me alone a minute longer, I would have been in heaven!'

"'Yes,' replied the boy, 'you would have cut a devil of a figure in heaven looking through a blind bridle, wouldn't you?'

"And that," concluded Governor Ball, "is the way a Missouri Democrat would look voting for a Republican under any circumstances whatsoever!"

I have heard that anecdote told all the way from the Atlantic to the Rockies, and it invariably brought down the house.

One of my predecessors in Congress, now a Federal judge—Col. David Patterson Dyer—owes his advancement in life fully as much to his wit and humor as to his professional attainments. He is an intense Republican, and was sent to Congress during the Reconstruction period, though his Democratic opponent received a large majority of the votes cast. He understands thoroughly the philosophy which teaches that a soft answer turneth away wrath. He is *persona grata* to his old Democratic constituents, and though he tongue-lashes them dreadfully, they turn out in large numbers to hear him when he comes back to his old home to speak. Once in a while, however, he presumes too much upon their personal affection, and nothing except his readiness at repartee saves him from serious trouble.

For example, when he was a candidate for re-election to Congress he was making a speech in which he was imputing to the Democrats all the sins denounced in the decalogue, and a great many which are not mentioned in that comprehensive document, when an irascible Democratic veteran exclaimed:

"Shut up! You were never elected to Congress in the first place!"

Dyer looked at him a moment in a quizzical sort of way and replied, "Well, my old friend, any blamed fool can serve in Congress who is elected, but it takes an unusually smart one to serve there who was never elected!"—a happy shot, which restored the *entente cordiale* between the colonel and his Democratic auditors.

Allen V. Cockrell, a brilliant Washington litterateur, gives this felicitous account of how ex-Senator Edward O. Wolcott, of Colorado, once rescued himself from a ticklish position by a happy use of wit:

"During his twelve years of senatorial service the Coloradoan won for himself the honor of being about the most eloquent Republican in the Senate. In addition to his oratorical talent, he was wonderfully clever at campaign repartee. This gift was well demonstrated before he became nationally known, when he was sent to a Southern state to advocate Republicanism. At a certain place he was politely informed that the 'rally' would begin and end about the same time, and that not since

1883 had any Republican been permitted to finish a speech there. Wolcott was determined, however, and, upon learning that the citizens, as a rule, were kind enough to permit the speakers to get out of town and fill their next appointment, he concluded to make his speech as billed. The chairman was instructed to dispense with the music and introduce him to the audience in as few words as possible. The advice was followed a little too literally. He simply pointed at the audience and then at the speaker, and disappeared behind the scenes.

"Wolcott began his speech at once, with one of his best stories. The audience was separated, the colored folk all being in the gallery and only white people below. In about five minutes Wolcott's discretion was overcome by his Republicanism, and he made a pointed thrust at the opponent party, whereupon a body of young men in the center of the theater shouted in concert, 'Rats!' Wolcott paused for a moment, and then, waving his hand at the gallery, said, 'Waiter, come down and take the Chinamen's orders!'

"The effect was electrical and effectual. In laughingly referring to the incident afterward the Senator said, 'You should have seen that dusky hillside of faces in the gallery break into ledges of pearl.'"

Occasionally the humor at a public speaking comes from the audience instead of the speaker. Sometimes the humorous auditor makes a hit unconsciously. Notwithstanding the fact that in the summer of 1900 I indulged in the luxury of some twenty-five joint political lectures—really "knock-down-and-drag-out" political discussions, but denominated "lectures" because they were delivered at Chautauqua assemblies—with Senator Jonathan P. Dolliver, of Iowa, and Representatives Charles H. Grosvenor, of Ohio, and Charles B. Landis, of Indiana, and in addition thereto heard several other Republican orators of great repute, my candid and well-considered opinion is that the best Republican stump speech that I heard during that campaign was delivered by one of my stanchest friends, personal and political, a well-to-do farmer in the district which I have the honor to represent. He voted the Democratic ticket straight, from Bryan down to constable—never voted nor thought of voting anything else in his life. His speech, which consisted of only one short sentence, was injected into mine, which consumed about one hour and a half in delivery. It came about in this wise:

One very hot day in August I was making a Democratic speech in a magnificent grove up in Ralls County, at a Modern Woodmen's picnic. My friend, Enoch G. Matson, popularly known as "Nuck," was standing directly in front of me, about five feet distant, listening intently to what I had to say. I was mauling the Republicans with all the power I possessed about their policy and conduct in the Philippines, declaring that they were ignoring the Declaration of Independence, overthrowing the Constitution, and otherwise deporting themselves in an unseemly and un-American fashion. After I had been going on for about forty-five minutes Matson remarked, *sotto voce:*

"Well, I guess we can stand it as long as beef-cattle are seven cents a pound on the hoof!"

That was the gist of the whole argument which carried the Middle and Western states for the Republicans. I have always thought it lucky for me that no quick-witted newspaper man was within ear-shot of "Nuck" when he uttered his ejaculation. If that dangerous epigram had ever got into print I should not have heard the last of it till the polls closed.

While a man may be both humorist and anecdote-teller, it does not necessarily follow that because he is one he is also the other. The best anecdote-teller, pure and simple, who has been in Congress in the last twenty-five years, is Hon. W. Jasper Talbert, of South Carolina, who will probably be the next Governor of the Palmetto State. He is a Free-Trader of the Henry George sort. In order to illustrate his theory of the operation of the high protective tariff as it affects the different sections of the country, he told this story in a speech in the House:

"Down in my district a boy went to mill for the first time, and did not understand the *modus operandi.* So when the miller took out the toll the boy thought he had stolen it; but as it was a small matter he said nothing about it. When the miller took up the sack, poured all the rest of the corn into the hopper, and threw the sack on the floor, the little chap thought he had stolen that, too, and he thought, furthermore, that it was high time for him to take his departure. Consequently he grabbed the empty sack and started home as fast as his legs could carry him. The miller, deeming the boy crazy, pursued him. The boy beat him in the race home, and fell down in the yard, out of breath.

"His father ran out and said, 'My son, what is the matter?'

"Whereupon the boy replied, 'That old, fat rascal up at the mill stole all my corn, and gave me an awful race for the sack!'

"Now," said Mr. Talbert, that "illustrates the working of the high protective tariff precisely. The tariff barons have been skinning the farmer for lo! these many years. They've gotten all our corn, and now they are after the sack!"

Gov. Charles T. O'Ferrall, of Virginia, after several years' service in the House of Representatives, retired with a great reputation for capacity and none for wit and humor. Nevertheless, he told one of the finest and most effective anecdotes ever heard in Congress. It was at the expense of William Bourke Cockran, whose fame as an orator extends all over the English-speaking world. Among his many qualifications for successful public speaking, Cockran has a voice which would have aroused the envy of the bull of Bashan, if that historic animal had ever heard the Tammany Demosthenes. It so happened that O'Ferrall and Cockran locked horns on a contested election case. Cockran's big voice was in prime condition, and made the glass roof of the hall of the House rattle.

O'Ferrall, though chairman of the Democratic committee on elections, advocated the seating of the Republican, for which Cockran assailed him bitterly and bombarded him with his heaviest artillery, until everybody within half a mile was deaf from the noise.

O'Ferrall began his reply as follows: "The remarks of the gentleman from New York remind me of a story of an old colored man down in Virginia who was riding a mule, and who was caught in a violent thunder-storm while passing through a dense forest. Being unable to make any headway, except through the agency of the fitful flashes of lightning which occasionally revealed his surroundings, and becoming greatly alarmed at the loud and terrible peals of thunder which shook the earth and reverberated over his head, he at last appealed to the Throne of Grace in this fashion:

"'O Lawd, if it's jes' the same to you I'd rather hev a little less noise an' a little mo' light!'

"Now," concluded O'Ferrall, "we have had a hogshead of noise, and would be thankful for a thimbleful of light on this important subject!"

The dry-as-dusts solemnly asseverate that humor never did any good. They are cocksure of that. Now let's see. How did "Private" John Allen, of Mississippi, get to Congress? He joked himself in. One "fetching" bit of humor sent him to Washington as a national lawmaker. The first time John ran for the Congressional nomination his opponent was the Confederate General Tucker, who had fought gallantly during the Civil War and served with distinction two or three terms in Congress. They met on the stump.

General Tucker closed one of his speeches as follows: "Seventeen years ago last night, my fellow-citizens, after a hard-fought battle on yonder hill, I bivouacked under yonder clump of trees. Those of you who remember, as I do, the times that tried men's souls will not, I hope, forget their humble servant when the primaries shall be held."

That was a strong appeal in those days, but John raised the general at his own game, in the following amazing manner:

"My fellow-citizens, what General Tucker says to you about having bivouacked in yon clump of trees on that night is true. It is also true, my fellow-citizens, that I was vidette picket, and stood guard over him while he slept. Now then, fellow-citizens, all of you who were generals, and had privates to stand guard over you while you slept, vote for General Tucker; and all of you who were privates and stood guard over the generals while they slept, vote for Private John Allen!"

The people caught on, took John at his word, and sent him to Congress, where he stayed till the world was filled with his renown.

It would perhaps be cruelty to animals to ask any or all of the dry-as-dusts to specify one piece of solemn wisdom which ever did as much for a Congressional candidate as John's brief bit of humor did for him in his contest with General Tucker, and at the general's expense. Right or wrong, success is universally admitted to be the standard of merit, and by reason of his humor John Allen succeeded.

Of course, every Representative must make his "maiden speech" in Congress—that is, if he intends to try the oratorical caper at all. Much depends on that effort. The Congressional tyro feels that the eyes of the House, of his constituents, perhaps of the whole country and of posterity, are fixed upon him. Generally he is mistaken as to the number of eyes riveted upon him, but, nevertheless, he feels, as he rises for the first time to say "Mr. Speaker," that he is a sort of universal optical target, and, so feeling, he is liable to an attack of heart failure or stage-fright. Lucky the member who catches the ear of the House, and of the country, in delivering his "maiden speech." He is not only lucky; he is scarce—almost as scarce as hen's teeth.

In due time "Private" John Allen delivered his "maiden speech" in Congress, proved to be one of the lucky ones, and took an instant secure hold on the auricular appendage of the House, which he held as long as he occupied his seat. The members regarded Allen as a godsend—as a welcome and grateful relief from what the late lamented Mr. Mantalini would have denominated "the demnition horrid grind" of the Congressional mill. John arose to make his "maiden speech" an obscure member. Next morning he awoke to find himself famous, as did Lord Byron after the publication of the opening cantos of "Childe Harold," and the fame of the Mississippi humorist was as fairly won and as justly bestowed as was that of the English poet.

The River and Harbor bill was up. John wanted to offer an amendment making an appropriation for the Tombigbee River. The chairman of the committee, Mr. Willis of Kentucky, had promised him time, and had then forgotten it. John asked unanimous consent to address the House, and Willis tried to help him get it; but some one objected, whereupon John, with tears in his voice and looking doleful as a hired mourner at a funeral, said, with melancholy accent:

"Well, I would at least like to have permission to print some remarks in *The Record*, and insert 'laughter and applause' in appropriate places." That was his astonishing exordium. The palpable hit at one of the most common abuses of the House—"leave to print"—tickled the members greatly, and he secured the unanimous consent which he desired. He closed that speech with an amazing exhibition of assurance, which added to his fame more than the speech itself. He wound up by saying, "Now, Mr. Speaker, having fully answered all the arguments of my opponents, I will retire to the cloak-room for a few moments, to receive the congratulations of admiring friends"—which set the House and galleries wild with delight. He did retire to the cloak-room, and did receive the congratulations of admiring friends—a performance which went on at frequent intervals, until his death.

The dry-as-dusts are absolutely certain that humor never pays; but here is what I saw John Allen do one day. I saw him joke the House into such a beatific frame of mind that it voted a half-million dollars' worth of land to endow a female college in Mississippi. I shall never forget one sentence in his speech. It was this, "Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, that school is maintained for the benefit of a lot of the loveliest female girls the world ever saw."

Who could resist an appeal like that?

CHAPTER XVII

Cloak-room stories.

THE term cloak-room appears very frequently in Washington correspondence. It is a relic of bygone days. At a time when a man wearing a cloak is a rarity under the sun, cloak-room is clearly a misnomer. What, then, are these cloak-rooms? They are long, narrow, handsomely furnished, richly carpeted rooms just off the hall of the House of Representatives, where the ice-water tanks and the telephone-booths are located, where members hang their hats and coats, and where they lounge, smoke, converse, consult, lay plans, form cabals, seek relief from oratorical bores, swap yarns, and in other ways enjoy and disport themselves. In the cloak-rooms every subject under heaven is discussed, from the immortality of the soul to the last transit of Venus. Many very able discussions are heard in the cloak-rooms. The fate of many a bill is settled therein.

The cheerful roaring fires in the open grates of the cloak-rooms appear to stimulate the story-telling proclivities of the members. Many who never figure in *The Congressional Record* or newspapers as wits or humorists shine with brilliancy in the cloak-room séances. With most Representatives these cloak-room talks are mere incidents, temporary recreations; with some they appear to constitute the main features of their Congressional lives. A few famous cloak-room raconteurs never open their mouths on the floor except to answer "Aye" or "No" on roll-call. Others would have world-wide fame for repartee if they would utter their bright mots in debate in the House instead of squandering them in the comparative seclusion of the cloak-room, where the audience is small and where there are no stenographers.

Lord Byron always contended that there never were but seven original jokes in the world. If that be true, the fact remains, nevertheless, that the variations upon them are for multitude as the stars in heaven or the sands upon the seashore.

I think sometimes that every anecdote told since Adam first opened his wondering eyes upon the glories of Eden has been repeated in these cloak-room "gabfests." Joe Miller and Æsop have been reproduced entire. Even Baron Munchausen is revamped; but if old acquaintances frequently appear, so do the latest stories, the freshest witticisms, the most recent bit of humor. Indeed, the best cloak-room sayings originate there on the instant, where diamond cuts diamond, and where each participant endeavors "to raise" the others out of the game.

Here are a few samples of stories related in the sacred precincts of the cloak-room:

Once in the cloak-room several members were holding a sort of "experience meeting" as to campaigning, when Col. Buckley Constantine Kilgore chipped in with this: "When I returned home to begin the canvass for my third term in Congress, which was a decidedly lively one, I asked one of my chief bell-wethers what my enemies were charging me with this time. 'Oh,' he replied, cheerfully, 'just the same old charge—that of being a plain d—d fool!' which," chuckled "Buck," "was short, but if not sweet, at least sufficiently comprehensive."

Most of the cloak-room stories are funny, or at least intended to be so, but some are pathetic, others dramatic. "Uncle Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, thrilled his hearers with this recital: "Governor Dick Oglesby was an extraordinary man. Not long before he died I heard him make a wonderful talk at a great dinner-party at Chicago. The company was of remarkable variety. It included several theatrical people, among whom was Joseph Jefferson. When Oglesby was asked to say something he began in a simple manner:

"'I am an old man. You must let me talk in my own way. I was born in Kentucky. Most people who come from Kentucky will tell you that they come from the Blue Grass country. There is some powerful poor country in Kentucky. I came from that part. I was a poor boy. My father died when I was eight years old. I remained in Kentucky until I was nine. Then I started to Illinois. I had a married sister in Decatur—Mrs. Peddicord. I was going to her. I remember the journey through the big woods of Indiana. I stopped all night at Terre Haute. The people told me in the morning I must cross the Wabash River and take a road leading across the prairies. They called it the "Springfield Trace." They said that if I kept on that I would be all right. It would take me where I wanted to go.

"'I remember that when I started out over that road the next morning the rosin-weeds seemed to be about one thousand feet high. But there was just the one road, and I followed it. There were few houses. Late in the afternoon I came to a place called Pinhook. I asked if I could stay all night. They told me no, that there wasn't anybody who could keep me, but if I would go on about three miles across the prairie I would come to a house where a Mr. Wallace lived. The Wallaces kept people who were passing through the country. I went on, and when it was almost dark I came to Mr. Wallace's. I asked if a poor boy could get to stop all night, and they said yes, they would keep me all night. The house was pretty full, but I could sleep on the floor in front of the fire. They asked me if I had eaten any supper, and I said I hadn't. They gave me something to eat. I remember that I thought they were kind to a poor boy.

"'After supper I was shown where I was to sleep in a corner by the fire. It was in the fall of the year, and the nights were frosty, so the fire felt good. I did not go to sleep right away. Some play-actors were in the house. They were on the way from Terre Haute to Springfield. In those days the actors went from place to place and stayed two or three weeks, or longer. That night the actors gathered about the fire and talked. I had never seen any actors before, and the conversation was interesting to me. I remember that after I had listened for some time one of them, the leader of the party, turned to me and asked me about myself. I told him who I was, that my father was dead, and that I was on my way to my sister's house. He put his hand on my head and said: "Sonny, how would you like to go with us and learn to be an actor? This is my boy here, a little younger than you, and you would be company for each other." I said I would like to go first-rate, and it was arranged that I should go on to Decatur with the actors, and that, if my sister would consent, I should continue with them. She did not consent, but kept me with her. I have often wondered if that was not a turning-point to be regretted by me. And by the way'—turning to Mr. Jefferson—'I remember that the actor who was so kind to me, and who offered to take me with him, was named Jefferson.'

"'"My God! Governor," exclaimed Jefferson, "that was my father, and I was that boy with whom you were to travel!"'"

Gen. Charles Henry Grosvenor, of Ohio, was not only one of the most prominent members of the House and one of its crack debaters, but was also a most genial companion in private, and a fascinating conversationalist. He was nicknamed "Old Figgers," by reason of his penchant for making arithmetical prognostications as to elections, and was also denominated "the Grim Old Lion of Athens," from the savage manner in which he debated.

I had read and heard much of Tom Corwin's famous speech in the House, flaying General Crary of Michigan for an assault the latter had made upon Gen. William Henry Harrison. The accepted tradition is that Corwin so thoroughly used up Crary that a few days afterward ex-President John Quincy Adams, then a member of the House, referred to him in a speech as "the late General Crary of Michigan."

Being anxious to enjoy the speech in full, I went over to the Congressional Library, got a *Life of Corwin*, and read the speech, as old man Harper of Kentucky used to run his horses, "from eend to eend." The more I read the more I was surprised, for, while not a dull speech, it falls far short of the high rank assigned to it by common fame —that of being the finest sample of wit, humor, irony, and sarcasm in our vernacular.

I went to General Grosvenor in the cloak-room and said, "General, did you ever read such and such a life of Tom Corwin?"

"Yes."

"Did you read his speech on General Crary?"

"Yes."

"Do you suppose that it is a full and correct report?"

"Yes."

"One of two things is true," I replied; "either that report is not correct or Corwin is vastly overrated as a humorist."

"Neither proposition is true," replied the general. "Tom Corwin was not overrated, but no report of his humorous speeches, however accurate, will sustain his reputation. His wonderful effect upon an audience depended more upon his marvelous facial expression than upon anything he said. To illustrate this I will give you this instance: Once Corwin and a talented, high-spirited preacher in his town of Lebanon got into a very hot discussion on the street, and became very angry. Everybody, including Corwin, took it for granted that the preacher would skin Corwin on the next Sunday from his pulpit. So the next Sunday everybody, including Corwin, attended that particular church to enjoy the skinning. Corwin took a seat in the amen corner, facing the audience.

"The preacher did not know Corwin was in the audience, but he proceeded to excoriate him nevertheless. As the preacher spoke, Corwin, facing the audience, punctuated and illustrated the speech with all sorts of facial contortions and grimaces. Interrogation points, exclamation points, and all sorts of points and comments appeared upon Tom's dark and mobile countenance. The audience began to smile, the smiles grew into titters, and at some severe thrust made by the preacher, and some extraordinary facial grimace by Corwin, the audience burst into a roar of laughter. The preacher looked around, saw Corwin, and grew so angry that he quit speaking suddenly, and left the victory to Corwin.

"Corwin's humor was uncontrollable," continued the general. "It bubbled out of him at all times. He was always very poor. In those days a man could be arrested for debt. A great many persons wrote to Corwin at the period of his greatest fame, asking him to run for President. On one occasion a friend found Corwin in a secluded spot, busy reading a pack of letters.

"'What are you doing here, Tom?' asked his friend.

"'I guess,' replied Corwin, 'that I am the only statesman in the history of the human race who was compelled to hide from the constable long enough to read letters requesting him to run for President.'"

Amos J. Cummings joined the cloak-room assembly on one occasion when they were discoursing on amusing interruptions of speeches. Amos said:

"One of the funniest things of that sort I ever witnessed was in the closing days of the Fifty-second Congress. Col. Charles H. Mansur, of Missouri, had been defeated for renomination. He was making a sort of farewell address to the House. Among other things he said: 'I have worked hard during my six years here—very hard. My labors on the Committee on Claims were onerous and unceasing. I have reported on hundreds of bills. I have worked all day, and sometimes all night. Time and time again I have remained in my committee-room in the Capitol until the morning light streamed through the windows.'

"Just then some irreverent wag inquired, 'What was the "ante," Colonel?' which question was received with a roar of laughter, cutting off Mansur's brilliant peroration."

On one occasion members were relating their speech-making and debating experiences in the cloak-room. Dolliver said: "Among the first elaborate set speeches which I made in the House was one on the tariff. As I was new at the business I had taken particular pains to fix it up in the best manner possible. I had written and rewritten it, boiled it down, polished it up, and committed it to memory. There was one passage with which I was particularly pleased. As an argument in favor of the tariff as a generator of prosperity I drew as graphic a picture as I could of how foreign-born citizens of Iowa would come into my law-office at Fort Dodge, employ me to write letters to the old folks across the sea, including money to promote their comfort and happiness, and how, while engaged in this kindly duty, tears would roll down their cheeks. Just as I was in the midst of what I deemed my most eloquent, thrilling, and pathetic passage Caruth arose and said:

"'Mr. Speaker, what did I understand the gentleman from Iowa to say those people were crying about?'

"The House caught on instantly, and spoiled my peroration entirely. It has not been delivered until this day."

Dolliver is not the only man whose oratory was knocked to pieces by the genial Kentuckian. There are others, among them Lemuel Eli Quigg, of New York.

One day, when the Wilson-Gorman Tariff bill was under discussion, Quigg was lauding the Republicans to the skies. He said:

"The Republicans rode into the lists all booted and spurred, like the Roman gladiators." What else he had in his mind to say in that particular vein will never be known. Whatever it was, he did not say it, for Caruth arose gravely to a question of information, and said:

" 'I would like for my friend from New York to state when and where any Roman gladiator ever appeared booted and spurred. If such a thing ever happened, it has escaped my attention.' "

The House roared till it was red in the face, and Quigg mustered his "booted and spurred gladiators" out of the service.

Representative John Dougherty told this story about the Missouri Legislature:

"Colonel Crisp, when in the Missouri Legislature, was one of the central figures in a scene which promised bloodshed, but which ended in a hearty laugh and which was the cause of an astounding remark from Hon. John W. Farriss, the then Speaker. Crisp and another belligerent son of Anak got into a debate, which grew into a quarrel. They shook their fists at each other and roared like a pair of Numidian lions. Everybody expected, and many hoped to see, a regular old-fashioned knock-down-and-drag-out fight, which expectations and hopes were frustrated and dashed to the ground by Speaker Farriss remarking:

"'If you gentlemen do not quit fussing and take your seats, I will order the chaplain to take you into custody!'

which so amazed the bellicose legislators that they stood in a state of lingual paralysis, while the spectators laughed till they were red in the face. Humor saved the day."

When debate is dull in the House the cloak-rooms are in their glory. The wits light their cigars and go for one another in liveliest style. They cut and thrust and parry, so that frequently the merriment which they engender causes such boisterous laughter as to disturb the gentleman who is speaking to the shorthand reporters and through them into *The Congressional Record* and to the country.

In the cloak-room one day members were having a sort of "experience meeting" as to campaigning. Doctor Norton of Ohio said: "When Tom Corwin was in his palmy days and his fame as orator and humorist was at the zenith he made a speech in that part of Pennsylvania where Quakers did most abound. He began by telling one of his most fetching anecdotes. Not a ripple of applause or a smile. He tried another, with the same unsatisfactory result, whereupon 'Black Tom' became nettled, and for two mortal hours poured wit, humor, sarcasm, irony, and eloquence upon his audience, who sat grave as a tombstone. At last he quit in disgust. As he was going out an old fellow approached him and said: 'Friend Thomas, at times thee almost made me laugh!'

"'And why in the deuce didn't you laugh?' roared the irate Ohioan as he strode away, realizing for the first time that he had been speaking to a crowd of Quakers."

Once upon a time, when "Uncle Joe" Cannon, of Illinois, and Col. Pete Hepburn, of Iowa, had a bitter debate, and almost came to blows on the floor of the House over the bill to construct the Nicaragua Canal, the excitement was intense. Charlie Wheeler of Kentucky wanted to stop the fracas with a point of order, but so many members yelled "Let them alone!" that he desisted from his efforts at peacemaking.

After the row was over Col. M. E. Benton, of Missouri, in the cloak-room gave a new rendering of the story as to the disinterestedness and impartiality of the woman who encouraged both participants in a fight by shouting, "Go it, husband!" and "Go it, bear!" Colonel Benton said:

"During the historic campaign of 1870 in Missouri, when the Republican party in the state split in twain and nominated two tickets in my county, two leading Republicans, Colonel Dale and Captain Hopkins, got into an argument in the court-house, which grew into a quarrel and then into a fight. They were both powerful men and were mauling each other at a great rate. A large crowd gathered. Capt. E. E. Carnes, an old east Tennessee Confederate of giant stature and strength, climbed upon a barrel to get a clearer view of the combatants. Several persons, seeing him up there and recognizing his great physical prowess, shouted to him:

" 'Part them, Captain Carnes; part them!'

"The old soldier took another look at the fighters, and then, gazing at the crowd, said: 'Part them? Why, dash them, I wish they would kill each other!'"

Major McDowell told this exquisite anecdote of Hon. Thomas Brackett Reed and Col. James Hamilton Lewis. Everybody knows all about Mr. Reed. Colonel Lewis is an exceedingly brilliant man, entirely *sui generis*. While he was always whacking Mr. Reed, the latter was very fond of him. Major McDowell, who was clerk of the House, said:

"One morning Colonel Lewis went into the Speaker's room to secure recognition from the chair to call up by unanimous consent some bill of interest to his constituents. After a little conversation Reed drawled:

"'Well, I guess I will have to grant your request, Lewis. I am not so ugly as I look.'

"Lewis bowed nearly to the floor, went through all sorts of genuflexions and gyrations, and with a graceful sweep of his arms, said, in deprecatory tones:

"'Impossible, Mr. Speaker; utterly impossible!' which amused Reed very much, though clearly the joke was on him. They were both great characters," continued the major. "It will be a long time before we see their counterparts."

Major McDowell's mot reminded me of a passage of arms between Horace Greeley and Dr. William K. Pendleton, who was for many years president of Bethany College, West Virginia. He came of the old Virginia Pendleton family, which has given so many soldiers and statesmen to the Republic. He was an accomplished orator, scholar, and gentleman. During Reconstruction days, when all the West Virginia Representatives were Republicans, Doctor Pendleton, who was a Democrat, came to Washington, and while here was introduced to Horace Greeley as "Doctor Pendleton, president of Bethany College, West Virginia."

Horace looked at the courtly Virginian and in his shrill tenor said:

"Judging by the sort of Congressmen which West Virginia sends to Washington, I had concluded that there are no colleges in West Virginia."

"Ah, Mr. Greeley," replied Doctor Pendleton, with a graceful bow which would have done honor to Lord Chesterfield, "all those West Virginia Congressmen whom you have met are Republicans! They are not fair samples of the intelligence of our state."

One of the most picturesque figures in American politics was Hon. Benjamin F. Wade, of Ohio, usually called "Old Ben Wade." He was bluff, emphatic, dogmatic, and domineering. He was a tough customer to tackle in debate. He was in the Senate of the United States many years, and was President *pro tem.* when Andrew Johnson's impeachment was attempted. Had the Tennessee commoner been convicted, Wade would have become President. The change of one senatorial vote would have landed "Old Ben" in the White House. Taken all in all, Senator Wade ranked as one of the most popular of the anti-slavery leaders.

The late Hon. Marriott Brosius, of Pennsylvania, used to tell this anecdote on Wade:

"During the presidential campaign of 1848, Benjamin F. Wade was a Circuit judge in Ohio. Gen. Zachary Taylor was the Whig candidate, Gen. Lewis Cass the Democratic, and Martin Van Buren the candidate of the Free-Soilers. Judge Wade adjourned his court frequently to make stump speeches for the hero of Palo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, and Buena Vista. The Free-Soil committee, knowing the judge to be an ardent Free-Soiler, could not understand his conduct and called on him for an explanation. They got it promptly and in no equivocal terms. Judge Wade said:

"'When I saw that illustrious soldier, eminent patriot, and true Christian, Gen. Zachary Taylor, being crucified between two such dashed rascals as Lewis Cass and Martin Van Buren, I just had to talk or bust!'"

It is very much to be doubted whether Stephen A. Douglas ever had a superior on this continent as a debater. He and Wade were, of course, generally on opposite sides of questions in the Senate, but were firm personal friends. One day, in discussing some bill, the great Illinoisan said:

"Mr. President, that proposition is contrary to my code of morals."

Wade jumped up and shouted:

"Against his code of morals! Good God! Mr. President, his code of morals! I didn't know he had any!" which was one of those offhand shots at point-blank range which would disconcert any man, temporarily, at least.

Once Wade was crossing the plains. On the train a man said:

"All this region needs is more water and better society."

"Yes," growled "Old Ben"; "that's all hades needs to make it an ideal dwelling-place!"

Of course Senator Gorman's astounding and dramatic performance, as heretofore described, set everybody to talking about the Cleveland-Gorman feud. Hon. J. Fred C. Talbot, an ex-Confederate soldier and for a quarter of a century Representative in Congress from Maryland, a close friend to Gorman, on one occasion entertained the cloak-room with this remarkable bit of history. He said:

"When Grover Cleveland was nominated in 1884 Senator Arthur P. Gorman was chairman of the executive committee of the National Democratic Committee. Soon after the nomination Daniel Manning wrote to Gorman to come to Albany. He went, and Manning took him over to the gubernatorial mansion and introduced him to Mr. Cleveland. During the conversation Gorman said:

"'Governor, I came down to consult you as to the conduct of the campaign.'

"Cleveland replied: 'I don't know a continental thing about a campaign! You run it to suit yourself,' which Gorman, taking Cleveland at his word, proceeded to do. Now be it remembered that Cleveland had a habit of spending a good deal of time incubating a document and then springing it suddenly upon an unsuspecting and astounded public. Toward the end of the campaign Manning telegraphed Gorman to hasten to Albany on business of most serious import. Gorman obeyed, and took the first train for New York's capital. Manning met him at the depot and told him that Cleveland had prepared an address to the people which, if published, would knock his presidential fat into the fire and play the deuce generally; that he had endeavored to dissuade him from his suicidal course without avail, and that he had sent for Gorman as a last resort to see if he could devise some plan to circumvent Governor Cleveland and prevent his political undoing. Gorman listened, wondered, said little; but, after the fashion of the Irishman's owl, 'kept up a divil of a thinking.' They drove to the Governor's mansion. It was a clear, crisp, frosty day, and a bright fire was burning in the open grate.

"After passing the compliments of the season, Mr. Cleveland said:

"'Senator, I have prepared an elaborate address to the public, and before I publish it I desire to know what you think of it.'

"With this modest preface he handed Gorman a large roll of manuscript in that small, feminine calligraphy for which he is famous. Most men would have been utterly nonplussed, but Senator Gorman is one of the coolest and least excitable of mortals. He read the document carefully, and then did the most remarkable thing ever done to a paper prepared by the hand of either a President *in esse* or a President *in posse*. Just as Gorman concluded its perusal and the Governor was enjoying by anticipation a eulogy on his production, Gorman amazed, disgusted, and enraged him by unceremoniously and promptly flinging it into the fire with the sententious remark:

"'That's what I think of it!'

"Cleveland hopped around like a turkey on a hot griddle, tried to claw his precious paper out of the fire, and only had burnt fingers for his pains. And his great address went into the limbo of oblivion along with the sibyline leaves and the *Lost Tales of Miletus*. Not being able to rescue his document from the flames, he swore and ranted and cavorted, telling Gorman that he would permit no living human being to take such unusual and unheard-of liberties with the children of his brain. Gorman, looking like a Greek statue, said:

"'When first nominated I asked you for your ideas of running the campaign. You said you had none, and told me to run it to suit myself. This paper would defeat you. I will not be responsible for any such performance. You either run this campaign or I will run it.' With that Gorman bowed himself out, and the world knows the result.

"It may be—who knows?—that that incident at Albany laid the foundation for the mutual dislike between President Cleveland and Senator Gorman which finally took on the character of a feud and which was productive of a great deal of history. What a pity that that queer and unique scene could not have been placed on immortal canvas by a cunning hand!"

The Maryland Representative before quoted also made this statement in the cloak-room: "In 1888 Senator Gorman went to the St. Louis convention as the representative of Mr. Cleveland, with a set of resolutions in his pocket which had been submitted to President Cleveland and John G. Carlisle, and which bore interlineations, changes, and corrections in the handwriting of those two great tariff reformers. Arrived in St. Louis, Gorman offered these resolutions to the committee on resolutions, of which he was a member, as the platform of his party. He was antagonized by Col. Henry Watterson, who had also gone to the convention with a ready-made platform in his pocket. He and Gorman locked horns, and a battle royal ensued. Watterson won out by one majority in the committee on resolutions, the Kentuckian's platform was adopted by the convention, and upon it President Cleveland went down to defeat. In the debate in the committee Senator Gorman stated that his resolutions had been indorsed and amended by Cleveland and Carlisle. Some incense-burner did not believe this, and telegraphed to those two worthies at Washington to find out. Carlisle could not be found, and his secretary telegraphed, signing Carlisle's name, declaring that he did not remember or know anything about it, and Cleveland has never answered to this day. Senator Gorman still has his original resolutions bearing the alterations of Cleveland and Carlisle."

It's an accepted saying that old soldiers like to fight their battles o'er again. Consequently, when I run across a veteran of the Civil War I interrogate him as to his experiences during that calamitous but heroic epoch in our history.

Young Gen. John B. Clark of Missouri was a Confederate brigadier by the time he could sport a mustache, was ten years a Member of Congress, six years clerk of the House, and for many years filled a high and responsible position in the Treasury Department.

Some years since I ran across him at a place where we both had some enforced leisure, and to overcome his natural modesty and to induce him to talk of his military life, I said: "General, were you ever wounded during the war?" "Yes; several times," he replied, "and the worst I was hurt was by a wound in the groin from a spent grape-shot which neither broke the skin nor drew a drop of blood. It made a black spot about as big as a walnut, which suppurated, and kept me in the hospital several months.

"At Lexington, Missouri, I received a wound which did not disable me in the least, but which made me bleed like a stuck pig, and which came within a Georgetown graze of nipping my military career in the bud. It is amusing to recall it now, but if the bullet had gone two inches farther to the right I would not be here to tell the tale.

"The Union troops under General Mulligan, a brave and gallant officer, were well intrenched on top of a hill and armed with the best long-range rifle then known among men. Gen. Sterling Price, as fine a man as ever lived, commanded the Confederates, not one in fifty of whom had a rifle. Therefore we were at vast disadvantage. About two hundred yards in front, toward Mulligan's fortifications, stood an old church. General Price ordered me to take a squad of men and two old brass cannon, and take shelter behind the church, and when I got a chance to take a shot at the fortifications. I obeyed orders, but every time we ran one of the cannon out from behind the church a tall, handsome Union soldier, particularly noticeable by reason of his long, black, curly hair and his red shirt, would appear on the parapet of the fort and pick off one of my men. I had a fine rifle which Gen. Ben McCullough had presented to me, and I concluded to try it on that Union crack shot. From the church there was a tall plank fence, which was tolerably close to the fort. Weeds grew along the fence taller than my head. So I thought I would slip along under cover of the weeds and fence and perhaps get a chance to pick off the black-haired, red-shirted Union sharpshooter. I got as near as I could, and thought I was unobserved. I took a top plank for a rest, cocked my rifle, and waited. Out came the man with the red shirt, but instead of firing at my men at the church, to my surprise he turned and blazed away at me. We fired simultaneously, and the reports of the two guns appeared to be only one. He shot the lobe of my left ear off. I went back to my men covered with blood, and they had a good deal of fun at my expense about going out gunning for a fellow and catching it in the ear myself."

"General, what became of the handsome soldier with the red shirt and the raven locks?" I asked. "I don't know, but he never appeared on that parapet any more," replied the general, grimly.

Patriotism is oftener the theme in Washington than in any other place within the broad confines of this puissant Republic, and the Stars and Stripes are more in evidence. This is but natural, for everywhere in "the finest capital of the world" are the monuments of our greatness. The first object that greets the eyes of the Washingtonian upon arising from his virtuous couch is the splendid shaft erected to the memory of the Father of his Country. The effigy of the immortal George is seen on every hand and upon everything—stamps, books, periodicals, street-car tickets, and, prior to prohibition, even upon beer-barrels, kegs, and bottles. The denizen of that delightful city can't look about him without seeing Old Glory floating proudly to the breeze. He can't walk three hundred yards without looking upon some American who won renown by land or sea—in war or the paths of peace. The "oldest inhabitant" has heard all the great orators, from Daniel Webster to Senators Borah and Reed, and witnessed more patriotic processions than any Roman who dwelt upon any of the seven hills famed in story and in song. The two Houses of Congress are schools of patriotism to the Washingtonians, and they scarcely finish up one inaugural show until they begin to lay plans for another. And, truth to tell, Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed as the marshal of an inaugural parade. Perhaps it is a good thing that he wasn't.

The very fact that the Washingtonian cannot vote appears to increase his fondness for talking politics. He delights to describe the stirring scenes, all of which he saw and part of which he was. Consequently it happens that politics is the resounding theme of every Washingtonian's tongue. If you appear at all sociable, the artist who shaves you, or the gentleman who blacks your boots, will open up a cheerful conversation as to our status as a world Power or swap opinions with you as to the fate of the pending bill, whatever it may be.

To the average Washingtonian "the old flag and an appropriation" are things inseparable, for sixty per cent. of him somehow gets a living out of Uncle Sam.

But patriotism—and of the most ultra type—is found elsewhere, as the following anecdote, contributed to cloak-room séances by Mr. Braezeale of Louisiana, will show:

"There exists in Louisiana a law requiring a United States flag to float over each court-house while the state court is in session. This statute was placed upon the statute-books in Reconstruction days, but it is now entirely obsolete, few lawyers or judges even being aware of its existence.

"Some few years ago a venerable and eminent lawyer, an ex-justice of the Supreme Court of the state, was employed as counsel in an important case to be tried in a small town in the interior of the state. The day of trial came on, and the justice found himself unprepared for trial because of the absence of an important and material witness. He was extremely anxious for a trial, but could not risk it without his witness, whose voluntary attendance he had depended upon, omitting to have him legally subpenaed. Opposing counsel, learning of his adversary's predicament, insisted on a trial, and for hours the battle raged, every resource of an able lawyer was exhausted, and finally the trial judge, being about to rule the case to immediate trial, the ex-justice bethought him of this ancient statute and invoked its protection, insisting that his sense of patriotism forbade him from trying a case in a court-house which did not fly from its cupola the emblem of our country's greatness. A more patriotic and eloquent speech was never before heard within the walls of that little court-house than that delivered by this eloquent jurist, whose reputation as an unreconstructed rebel was a household word throughout the state. As he closed his matchless peroration and turned to take his seat, he saw coming into the court-room his delayed witness. Immediately addressing the court, he said, 'May it please your Honor, I believe, however, that my outraged feelings will be assuaged and my patriotism satisfied if, instead of the flag being raised, your Honor will instruct the high sheriff to step to the window and whistle a bar of "Yankee Doodle."'"

Judge John C. Bell, of Colorado, one of the most capable men in the House, was not much given to story-telling. He is a close blood relation to John Bell, of Tennessee, who ran for President in 1860. Before coming to Congress, Judge Bell was for many years on the Circuit bench of his state, and is on all hands regarded as a first-class lawyer.

He told me in the cloak-room the following story of Mr. Reed and Hon. James B. Belford, who was for years in Congress and won for himself the unique sobriquet of "the Red-headed Rooster of the Rockies." Belford was an orator of surpassing force and fire. Only a few years ago his name was in the papers almost constantly. Judge Bell says:

"Prior to the adoption ot the Reed rules in the 'eighties the Republicans had a small majority in the House and had a bill to the voting-point that the Democrats opposed. When a roll would be called no Democrat would vote, and with a few absent and a few obstreperous Republicans, this left the House without a voting quorum. Under the old rules no one could be counted for a quorum except those voting.

"A coterie of Republicans got their heads together and agreed that they must adopt some means to smoke the Democrats out of their dumb condition, as for days they had sat like Quakers, never saying a word except to suggest that no quorum had voted. There was a consensus of opinion that the eloquent and brilliant James B. Belford, of Colorado, was the most polished and effective browbeater in the House, and if any one could drive the Democrats back to their speech Belford was the man.

"He had taken several days to prepare a speech of withering sarcasm. He took his place at the head of the central aisle, between the Democratic and Republican sides. For some reason Mr. Reed had not been taken into the scheme, and as Mr. Belford started in at the head of the aisle Mr. Reed wabbled in from the lobby and stood at the foot of the center aisle with his hands locked behind him, his mouth hanging open, and looking at the Speaker and the Democratic members in blank astonishment. The Democrats were so still that one could have heard a pin drop. Mr. Belford charged down the aisle, shaking his fist at the Democrats and saying:

"'The people of the country are suffering for Congressional aid, and we have appealed to you, begged of you, and prayed that you would wake up from your lethargy and allow us to relieve their distress, but there you sit, silent, dumb, speechless.'

"'N-o-o,' said Mr. Reed, in his droll way, 'they are not saying a darned word.'

"The House and galleries broke into hysterical laughter, rested, and laughed again and again. Mr. Belford coughed, stammered, tried to talk, failed, broke into an embarrassed chuckle, made a swinging bow to Mr. Reed, took his seat, and that great speech has not up to this time been delivered."

All of Mr. Reed's sayings were not sarcastic. He was generous in recognizing merit. The green-eyed monster did not bother him. It was told about the Capitol that when he first heard Hon. Evan Settle, of the Ashland district, the old Henry Clay district, speak, Mr. Reed said:

"My God! Don't they raise anything but orators in the Ashland district?"

Judge Bell of Colorado told a rich story of Hon. Horace A. A. Tabor, once Lieutenant-Governor of Colorado, and a Senator of the United States for thirty days.

Tabor got rich suddenly and immensely in mining operations. Then he plunged into politics and cut a tremendous splurge. During his stay in Washington the newspapers astounded the country by publishing a story to the effect that Senator Tabor arrayed his manly form at night in a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar nightshirt. He was a generous, whole-souled fellow, willing to help almost anybody, went broke, and died while postmaster at Denver.

Judge Bell says: "Just before Senator Tabor left Washington at the end of his brief senatorial term he gave a banquet to his friends—a banquet which Lucullus would have envied. At the conclusion a guest arose, glass in hand, and proposed this toast:

"'Our host! This nectar is fit for the gods!'

"Of course it was received with great éclat. Tabor was not up in fine words, but the toast was drunk with so much enthusiasm that he concluded it was a good thing and that he would work it off as original. So shortly after his return to Denver he was a guest at a great banquet. At the conclusion he brought down the house by proposing this toast, 'Our host! This necktie is good enough for the gods!'"

Good American citizens probably differ more widely concerning the righteousness of prohibition than they do upon any other question ever brought before them. Even slavery did not engender more heat. Kansas has had it on her hands for nearly a generation. It has wrecked many political fortunes and many business careers. Men have fought it, and ruined themselves thereby. Others have indorsed it and gone down for so doing. Still others have dodged it, and also perished. On the contrary, some have ridden into power by fighting it, others by advocating it, still others by dodging it.

The vitriolic Senator Ingalls was always caustic and epigrammatic. When in the heyday of his popularity, somebody asked how prohibition worked in Kansas.

"Oh, first rate," he replied. "The prohibitionists have all the law they want; the other fellows have all the whisky they want. Consequently everybody is happy," which sneer helped to retire Ingalls to private life.

Few men have served in either House of Congress whose smart sayings are more frequently quoted in private conversations than those of John James Ingalls. They are not humorous, but are sarcastic. The one most frequently repeated as a sample of his utterances is this: One day a stately Senator whom Ingalls did not like was walking up and down in the area back of the Senate chairs, whereupon Ingalls sneeringly said:

"There goes a man who thinks he's thinking."

Col. John T. Crisp, of Independence, Missouri, was one of the most interesting characters in American politics. He was a Confederate soldier and was built on the pattern of Sir John Falstaff. He was an orator of force and fire. As a swearer of strange oaths he could give "our army in Flanders" pointers and then beat them at the sulphurous game. He was as humorous as Mark Twain, as witty as Artemus Ward, and as sarcastic as John James Ingalls.

Senator William Joel Stone set the cloak-room in a roar telling this tale about Colonel Crisp:

"On one occasion Colonel Crisp made a speech at Holden, Missouri. When he got through he received many congratulations. One old fellow was especially enthusiastic, hugged Crisp, and swore that Crisp's speech was the greatest since the days of Patrick Henry—indeed, since the time of Demosthenes and Cicero. Crisp was much pleased and thanked his admirer profusely.

"'Where do you speak next?' inquired the old man.

"'At Warrensburg, to-night,' replied the colonel. Now Warrensburg is about fifteen or twenty miles from Holden. When Crisp arose to begin his speech, to his surprise and displeasure he saw his ardent admirer occupying a front seat. So he changed the order of his remarks, but delivered substantially the same speech as at Holden. At its conclusion his enthusiastic auditor came forward and showered Crisp with compliments, finishing up by asking:

"'Colonel, where do you speak to-morrow?'

"'At Webb City,' answered Crisp, which was about one hundred miles away. When he began his Webb City speech the first man Crisp clapped his eyes on was the same old man, a sight which filled him to bursting with disgust. He chopped his speech up, put the last part foremost, the first part hindmost, and did his everlasting best to appear to deliver a new speech. At the finish his enthusiastic friend rushed up, slapped him on the back, and said:

"'Great, Colonel! Greatest ever delivered; beats your Holden and Warrensburg speeches all hollow; never enjoyed myself so much in my life. My dear Colonel, where do you speak next?'

"Crisp, wild with anger, could hold in no longer, and roared at his persecutor:

"'I speak next in sheol, you blanked, blanked old fool! And I hope that the first blanked, blanked idiot I see sizzling in the bottomless pits will be *you*, *you* blanked, blanked rascal!'"

CHAPTER XVIII

Heredity in American politics.

"IS there any such thing as heredity in American politics?" is a question which affords food for reflection to sociologists, philosophers, and statesmen. Evidently Thomas Jefferson did not intend there should be, for the entire theory of our institutions is bottomed on his famous dictum, "All men are created equal." He never meant, as some hypercritical persons who were either very stupid or decidedly uncandid have tried to make it appear, that all men have the same endowments of mind, soul, and body.

Such an assumption would have been preposterous, and most assuredly Jefferson did not deal in the preposterous. With his exquisite intellect, he could not have thought that the chances of all men for political preferment are equal. He understood too well the philosophy of environment and how great a part luck or accident plays in the affairs of men.

What he meant, and all that he meant, was that all men are endowed by nature with equal political rights, and I am inclined to think he used "men" as a generic term, like the Latin *homo*, including the women also. His immortal saying contains the entire motive power of that leveling process which has been abroad in the world for more than a century.

It is fatal to the theory of aristocracy.

It rejects the idea of hereditary honors; and yet we see hereditary political honors more and more in vogue in this land of universal male suffrage. If the sins of the fathers are to be visited on the children to the third and fourth generation, it is by no means strange that their talents and virtues should also be transmitted, and that the children should be the beneficiaries to some extent, at least, of the honors and friendships of their progenitors. Is there any such thing as heredity in the human family?

Psychologists have wrangled about that always, and will continue to do so to the end of time. I believe that not only talents and physical traits are transmitted from father to son, but manners, tastes, inclinations, and aptitudes. "The Hapsburg lip" is a recognized feature of the late reigning family of Austria-Hungary. Why can't mental characteristics descend as well as physical? Astronomer Proctor, in his explorations into the realm of mathematics, figuring on the doctrine of chances, ciphered it out some years ago that only one royal flush—whatever that may be—would be held in a million hands in the game of draw-poker.

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When the Constitution was adopted, so thoroughly did the idea of hereditary political honors appear to be exploded in this country that the prophet would have been hooted at who predicted that in the first century of constitutional government a father and a son of one family and a grandfather and grandson of another would all be Presidents of the Republic, while the sons of two other Presidents would be mentioned as a possible presidential team. It is true that John Quincy Adams was an abler man than old John, and that Gen. Benjamin Harrison easily outclassed Gen. William Henry Harrison. But no man who regards truth, and who takes cognizance of the doctrine of cause and effect, will for one moment believe that the younger Adams and the younger Harrison would ever have been President had not their illustrious ancestors held that exalted station. "Grandfather's hat" was a great thing for paragraphers and cartoonists, and furnished the world with lots of fun in 1888, but it stirred the heart of many an old Whig who could remember the log-cabin campaign and the rhyming battle of

Tippecanoe
And Tyler, too.

Perhaps—who knows?—it was the straw that turned the scale against the New-Yorker and in favor of the Hoosier.

This is a country where men are elected to office solely on their merits, and the son of the lowliest has equal chances with the son of the greatest. That is the way we say—but is it true?

John Adams, and Abigail, his wife, transmitted their talents, tastes, and ambitions farther than any other pair in American history. They must have been an ideally mated couple. Two Adamses, John and John Quincy, were Presidents. These two, and Charles Francis, son of John Quincy, were Ministers to the Court of St. James's.

Charles Francis was the Free-Soil candidate for Vice-President with Martin Van Buren in 1848, and came near capturing the Liberal Republican nomination for the Presidency which Horace Greeley received in 1872. A great many wise men believe to this day that if he had been nominated instead of the "Sage of Chappaqua," he would have been elected.

His son, John Quincy, had been the Democratic nominee for Governor of Massachusetts, and Gen. Charles Francis Adams, who recently died, was a man of extraordinary parts.

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Besides those already mentioned, there are many other instances in our annals where the tendency toward political life and the ability to succeed therein have descended from father to son. In all fairness it should be stated that in many cases the sons are of greater ability than their fathers.

In ante-bellum days it was common enough for sons ultimately to succeed their fathers as the representatives of Southern constituencies.

The two Dodges—the father from Wisconsin and the son from Iowa—sat side by side in the Senate of the United States before the war.

For many years—indeed, as the Romans would have said, *ab urbe condita*—the senatorial office in Delaware was hereditary in the Bayard and Saulsbury families.

Four Bayards have sat in the Senate—James A., his two sons, Richard B. and James A., Jr., and James A. Jr.'s son, Thomas F. The last named was sworn in just as his father's term expired. He was ambassador to the Court of St. James's, after having been Secretary of State.

His grandfather, James A., who was the founder of the dynasty, and who succeeded his own father-in-law in the Senate, served as one of the commissioners to Ghent, and declined the missions to both France and Russia.

The strange spectacle was once presented in the land of the "Blue Hen's Chickens" of three Saulsbury brothers being candidates for the United States Senate against one another. One of them did actually succeed the other. The son of one of the three has just retired from the Senate.

Eli Saulsbury always boasted that he was the only man who ever served more than six years on one election to the Senate. This is how he did it: When the hands of the clock marked the hour of twelve noon—at which time his term expired—he was up making a speech, and they couldn't choke him off till he had spoken twenty minutes beyond his senatorial life.

This triangular fight of the Saulsbury brothers was paralleled in Tennessee, when Bob Taylor was the Democratic nominee for Governor, his brother Alf the Republican nominee, and their father the Prohibition nominee. Some wag proposed to have Mother Taylor nominated as the Woman Suffrage candidate.

Senator Nat Claiborn once ran against and defeated his father for the Virginia Legislature.

Judge Jeremiah S. Black, in his younger days was nominated against his father for Congress, but declined, very much to his own honor.

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Missouri has the distinction of having among her governors a father and son—the Marmadukes—and she fondly cherishes the memories of both. Indeed, by affinity and consanguinity that family has furnished three governors, for Hon. Claiborn F. Jackson married seriatim three sisters, maternal aunts of Gen. John S. Marmaduke. It is commonly reported that when he asked old Doctor Sappington for his third daughter the knight of the pills replied, "All right, Claib, take her, but for Heaven's sake don't come back for the old woman."

In comparatively recent years Simon Cameron, while he was sure of the Pennsylvania machine, resigned a seat in the Senate in the middle of his term, in order to have his son Don elected as his successor. Simon had also been Secretary of War and Minister to Russia. But Don was by no means obscure when he succeeded to the curule chair of his wily sire, for he had been Secretary of War under Grant—which place, however, he most likely obtained out of a desire on the President's part to please "the Winnebago Chieftain," as the head of the Clan Cameron was dubbed.

Two sayings of the elder Cameron are not inapropos. Once he remarked, "I had one great advantage over Don —I was born poor." On another occasion, when wrangling with Don about his high-handed methods of procedure, he said, "Don, you are much richer than I, but

I will have a blamed sight more mourners at my funeral than you will."

In passing, it may be remarked that Don Cameron is the only American statesman who was born in a bank.

It is said that the ultimate ambition of Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, of Massachusetts, is to be Secretary of the Navy, because in the olden time that position was held by his great-grandfather, George Cabot.

Two of the greatest orators in the Senate at one time were uncle and nephew—Voorhees of Indiana and Dubois of Idaho. At another time during his long senatorial career one of Voorhees's sons sat in the House for two terms as a delegate from Washington Territory.

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In the House of the Fifty-third Congress were something like a dozen men whose fathers had sat in Congress—Everett of Massachusetts; Wilson of Washington; Hall of Missouri; Tucker of Virginia; Houk of Tennessee; Mallory of Florida; Tyler of Virginia, son of President John Tyler; Breckenridge of Arkansas, son of Vice-President John C. Breckenridge; Mutchler of Pennsylvania, and Robertson of Louisiana.

George D. Wise, of Virginia, was a collateral descendant of Henry A. Wise, who was one of the most brilliant men Virginia ever produced.

Col. William C. P. Breckenridge was not the son of a Congressman, but his father, old Dr. Robert J., was not only a theologian of renown, but managed always to find time to take a big hand in politics, being, among other things, chairman of the Union National Convention of 1864, which nominated Abraham Lincoln and Andrew Johnson.

It is safe to say that first and last Breckenridge has had one hundred cousins of near degree in the House, Senate, Cabinet, gubernatorial chairs, diplomatic positions, and the Vice-Presidency.

Tom Marshall and Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge were kinsmen and began to practise law about the same time. In his declining years, referring to the doctor's penchant for politics, Tom once said, "Dick Menifee drove me to my bottle and Bob Breckenridge to the pulpit, but I have stuck to my text much closer than he has to his," which, though jocularly stated, was historically and pathetically true.

Judge Culberson of Texas was the only Congressman with whom I have sat in the House who could boast that he was the father of the Governor of a great state; but Col. Josiah Patterson was nearly as proud of the fact that his son was Attorney-General of Tennessee and afterward became Governor, while Mr. Speaker Crisp had for secretary his son Charles, who subsequently served in the House, and, excepting Mr. Reed, knew more parliamentary law than any Representative on the floor.

Senator Cockrell of Missouri and Representative Cockrell of Texas were brothers.

Thomas F. Marshall and two of his brothers served together in the House, as did three of the Washburn brothers. While Roswell G. Horr was in Congress his twin brother lacked only a few votes of joining him there.

It is not generally known that an uncle, Field of California, and his nephew, Brewer of Kansas, were simultaneously members of the Supreme Court of the United States.

Gen. George B. McClellan's son, George B., Jr.—"Young Mac," as his friends lovingly called him—represented a Tammany district in Congress, and was mayor of New York.

In the same House with young McClellan sat young Belknap, son of General Belknap, who was one of Grant's War Secretaries.

All these facts go to prove the doctrine of political heredity in this country, though it must be admitted that as a rule our statesmen have no sons of sufficient caliber to succeed to their honors.

This may, however, be explained to a large extent by the sad plaint of Fletcher Webster, son of the "godlike Daniel," who fretted under the fact that he was always compared, to his own disadvantage, with his father, and that, no difference what he did or attempted in politics, his envious competitors declared that it was because of his sire's towering reputation.

When, at the beginning of the Civil War, he was appointed by Governor Andrew to the command of a regiment, he joyfully exclaimed, "Thank God, Daniel Webster was never a colonel of infantry."

It is queer that there is no case in our history of father and son serving together in the House. It has happened only once in the Senate, but never in the House, where naturally one would expect it.

CHAPTER XIX

Hepburn, Shields, and Matthew Lyon.

ONE of the three strongest Republican debaters—debaters, not orators, mark you—with whom I have served in the House was Col. William Peters Hepburn, of Iowa, who held the boards for a quarter of a century, the two others being Gen. Charles Henry Grosvenor, of Ohio, and Mr. Speaker Joseph Gurney Cannon, of Illinois. On the paternal side he was of Scotch extraction, as is demonstrated by his name. On the maternal side he was of Irish blood, being a great-grandson of the famous Irishman, Matthew Lyon, as stanch a Democrat as ever lived. While Colonel Hepburn was a most uncompromising Republican, he certainly came by his belligerency honestly. One day in a cut-and-thrust, running-fire debate with Colonel Hepburn, which was decidedly hot, I expressed surprise at his savage assaults on the Democrats, and twitted him with having departed so widely from the political faith of his illustrious great-grandfather, Matthew Lyon. With that tilt fresh in mind, a day or two afterward I sat down by him and inquired how, considering his lineage, he happened to be such a thoroughgoing Republican. He said that when a boy he was inclined to Democracy, but he wanted to learn to be a printer, and, the editor of the Democratic paper in the town having no room for him, he found employment in the office of the Republican paper, where, by reading Horace Greeley's *New York Tribune*, he was converted to Republican beliefs—which was an explanation that explained.

Statuary Hall—the old hall of the House of Representatives—"the American Valhalla," as it is fondly called—"the Chamber of Horrors," as Senator Henry Cabot Lodge denominates it—"the Whispering Gallery," as it is sometimes named, has been set aside as the permanent abiding-place of the effigies in bronze or marble of certain of our worthies who have gone to their reward. Each state has the right to place two, and only two, therein, but five Missourians are there—Col. Thomas Hart Benton, Gen. Frank P. Blair, contributed by Missouri; Stephen F. Austin, "the Father of Texas," contributed by the Lone Star State; Gen. James Shields, contributed by Illinois, and Senator E. D. Kenna, contributed by West Virginia. Not only is the law right which requires that the statues of dead persons alone shall be placed in that historic hall, but it should require that they shall have been dead for at least fifty years. Otherwise it will be cluttered up with a lot of local celebrities of only fleeting fame, by various states which later on may produce some really great men who deserve places therein. Of course, I do not mean to say that new states may not produce great men. I could not, being a Missourian, hold to any such theory, for Col. Thomas Hart Benton, the greatest statesman that imperial Missouri ever produced, one of her first two Senators, is one of the illustrious occupants of that historic hall; but even his statue was not placed therein until he had been for half a century in his grave. What I do say is that a delay of fifty years would give the states, particularly the newer states, more material, if not better, to choose from. Some of even the older states have so far not availed themselves of the privilege of placing Representatives in Statuary Hall. Among these is Kentucky, which has delayed her choice by reason of the rich and superabundant material she has from which to choose. Perhaps no state can produce a longer bead-roll of fame from which to select her worthies.

John Breckenridge, United States Senator, and Attorney-General under Thomas Jefferson; Henry Clay; John J. Crittenden; Richard H. Menifee; Thomas F. Marshall; George D. Prentice; Dr. Robert J. Breckenridge, theologian and statesman; Col. Richard Mentor Johnson, "Old Dick"; Gen. John C. Breckenridge; John Marshall Harlan; Bascom, the famous preacher; John Griffin Carlisle—any one of these and others not necessary to mention would be fit companions for that goodly company.

Illinois chose as her representatives in that more or less illustrious company Gen. James Shields and Miss Frances E. Willard, whose fame rests on her activities as head of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. She is the only woman thus far to find a place in Statuary Hall. Shields is remarkable for four things:

First, he was a general in two wars—the Mexican and Civil Wars. A few other Americans have been generals in two wars; so he is not alone in that regard.

Second, he served in the United States Senate from three different states—a feat never accomplished by any other man, and perhaps never to be duplicated so long as the Republic endures. Indeed, no other man has ever served in the United States Senate from two different states. To most aspiring statesmen it is difficult enough to break into the Senate from even one state. General Shields served in the Senate six years from Illinois, about a year from Minnesota, and thirty-nine days from Missouri. "Old General" John B. Clark, of Missouri, a man of fine ability, the man who kept John Sherman from being Speaker of the House, hated General Shields most cordially. When he heard that the latter had been elected to the Senate for thirty-nine days General Clark said, "Thank God, old Shields has gotten a nubbin at last!" a caustic reference to General Shields's chronic habit of seeking office. The way he happened to be elected for that short period was this: When Senator Lewis V. Bogy

—"Bogus," as Col. Thomas Hart Benton scornfully denominated him—died in the fifth year of his senatorial term, Gov. John Smith Phelps appointed, as a chair-warmer for himself he hoped, Col. David H. Armstrong, a fine old gentleman, but only a local St. Louis politician. The man most hated in Missouri for conduct during the Civil War was Gen. John McNeil. While he was in command in northeast Missouri it was reported to him that a "bushwhacker" had shot a Union man, whereupon McNeil took twelve citizen prisoners charged with being Confederate sympathizers out of jail at Palmyra and had them shot, without even the semblance of a trial, in retaliation—which performance is known to this day, and will be forever known, as "the Palmyra Massacre." Unluckily for Colonel Armstrong, while he was serving in the Senate by appointment, President Hayes nominated General McNeil for some position in the Indian service, which nomination had to be confirmed by the Senate, and Colonel Armstrong voted to confirm him because, as it was alleged, General McNeil had saved his life during the war. However that may be, his vote to confirm McNeil so thoroughly angered the people of Missouri that when the Legislature met it flatly refused Colonel Armstrong the compliment of an election to the Senate for the remaining thirty-nine days of the Bogy term, and gave it to brave old General Shields. The chances are that the fact that it would confer on Shields the unprecedented honor of senatorial service from three states had some influence, as he was exceedingly popular with both Democrats and Republicans.

I once heard him introduced to an audience as "the only man that ever licked Stonewall Jackson." He began his speech by saying, "I came nearer licking Stonewall Jackson than anybody else ever did, but I did not do it by a d—d sight!" Subsequently, I studied thoroughly the history and literature of the Civil War, and discovered that General Shields did defeat Stonewall Jackson in the small but bloody battle of Kernstown. Jackson laid the blame on General Garnett, whom he broke for disobedience of orders, and who died a hero's death under Pickett at Gettysburg. General Shields, then a candidate for the Democratic nomination for Attorney-General, was clearly playing politics in his denial of "licking" Jackson.

Third, General Shields was also peculiar for a most curious reason. So far as history shows, he is the only man to survive being bored clear through the lungs and body by a grape-shot. That happened at Cerro Gordo. When I was a little chap my father bought me a book about our heroes in the Mexican War. Among the illustrations was that of General Shields lying on the ground and bleeding so profusely that a horse was walking in the blood. Mr. Speaker Cannon told me once that when General Shields defeated Sydney Breeze for the United States Senatorship in 1849 one man said, "That grape-shot wound in Mexico does not appear to have hurt General Shields much." Another replied, "The curious part is that it went clear through Shields without permanently injuring him and killed Sydney Breeze two thousand miles away!"

Shields is one of two men of foreign birth who, upon being elected to the Senate, were refused seats in that body because they had not been naturalized long enough, Albert Gallatin being the other. Shields defeated Breeze for the Senate in 1849, and, having then been a naturalized citizen for the period prescribed by the Constitution, he was duly seated. Mr. Speaker Cannon told me that the day after his election in 1849, Shields wrote Breeze a letter congratulating him on his defeat, stating that, had he been elected, he fully intended to kill him!

I said above that no other man ever served in the Senate from even two different states, but a few have served in the House from one state and in the Senate from another. Among them were Daniel Webster, who represented a New Hampshire district in the House and Massachusetts in the Senate; Rufus King, who represented a Massachusetts district in the House and New York in the Senate; William R. King, who represented North Carolina in the House and Alabama in the Senate; Charles Henry Van Wyck, who represented New York in the House and Nebraska in the Senate; Gen. James Henry Lane, Representative from Indiana and Senator from Kansas; Stephen B. Elkins was a delegate in Congress from New Mexico and Senator from West Virginia; Edward D. Baker, who fell at Ball's Bluff, Representative from Illinois and Senator from Oregon; William M. Gwinn, Representative from Mississippi and Senator from California; Edward Livingston, Representative from New York, also both Representative and Senator from Louisiana; Gen. Sam Houston, Representative from Tennessee and Senator from Texas; William Charles Cole Claiborn, Representative from Tennessee and Senator from Louisiana; James Hamilton Lewis, Representative from Washington and Senator from Illinois. No doubt there are others whom I do not remember.

A few men have represented two different states in the House. Among them were Samuel Sullivan Cox, who served from Ohio for eight years and from a New York district for many years, and Gen. William Vandever, who sat in the House for both Iowa and California. Charles A. Towne was both Representative and Senator from Minnesota as well as Representative from New York.

Fourth, General Shields was not only a brave and gallant soldier on the battle-field, but was equally ready to fight in a private quarrel when he considered himself insulted or his reputation assailed. Nobody familiar with his career in the Mexican and Civil Wars will be surprised at that, but I imagine that most persons who read this will be amazed to learn that Abraham Lincoln, one of the kindest of mortals, was once challenged to a duel by General Shields, which challenge Lincoln accepted, and that they, together with their seconds and friends, actually started to "the field of honor," a spot in Missouri in St. Charles County, three miles from Alton, Illinois, which spot happens to be in the Ninth Congressional District of Missouri, which I have the honor to represent. I think I will sometime have a monument erected on that spot of earth. When they reached Alton, the night before the duel was to take place, friends patched it up.

When trouble is afoot the French have a saying, *Cherchez la femme* (search for the woman), and a woman was at the bottom of the near-duel betwixt Shields and Lincoln. It is surely one of the queerest rows of which history furnishes a record, demonstrating the courage of Shields and the chivalry of Lincoln.

In 1842 Lincoln and Shields were both residents of Springfield, Illinois, Lincoln a struggling young lawyer and Shields State Auditor. Lincoln was a Whig and Shields a Democrat. Lincoln was engaged to Miss Mary Todd, whom he subsequently married. She was a very bright, highly educated young woman, who wrote elegantly and, alas! sarcastically. She wrote some sarcastic letters about General Shields which she signed "Aunt Rebecca," and which, unluckily for the peace of mind of several persons, were published in *The Sangamon Journal*. Perhaps of all the denizens of Springfield the most dangerous person to practise sarcasm on was Auditor Shields. He had a temper inflammable as a powder-magazine, and was proud and sensitive to an unusual degree. So he hied him to the editor and demanded the name of the author of the letters aforesaid, and the editor gave the name of "A. Lincoln"—who assumed the authorship to shield the lady. Most likely she based her articles on Lincoln's jokes. However that may be, Shields promptly challenged him to mortal combat. Lincoln, being the challenged party, had choice of weapons, etc. Here are the terms Lincoln formulated, "First, *weapons*—cavalry broadswords of the largest size, precisely equal in all respects and such as now used by the cavalry company at Jacksonville.

"Second, *position*—a plank ten feet long, and from nine to twelve inches broad, to be firmly fixed on edge on the ground as the line between us, which neither is to pass his foot over, upon the forfeit of his life. Next a line drawn on the ground on either side of said plank and parallel to it, each at the distance of the whole length of the sword and three feet additional from the plank; and the passing of his own such line by either party during the fight shall be deemed a surrender of the contest."

How they could have fought on any such terms must forever remain a mystery, for it seems impossible that even Lincoln, who stood six feet four in his stockings and had, therefore, a tremendous reach, could have touched Shields with his cavalry broadsword, and most assuredly Shields, who was about five feet and six inches tall, could no more have touched Lincoln than he could have touched the man in the moon; but happily for them and for the country the ugly controversy was ended by the good offices of friends without actual hostilities, and to the honor of both the principals.

It is pleasant to remember that Lincoln went to Congress, while Shields went to Mexico, where he won unfading laurels and a brigadier's star, and that at the beginning of the Civil War Shields hurried from California to offer his sword to the Union cause, and that his old antagonist, President Lincoln, accepted his services, instantly made him a brigadier once more, and gave him an important command.

Abraham Lincoln was barely out of what he termed "my duel with Shields" when he was called upon to act as second to Doctor Prettyman, who had been his second in the Shields affair and who had been challenged by General Whiteside, who was the second of Shields in his affair with Lincoln. The Whiteside-Prettyman row also eventuated without blood-letting.

Ward Lamon, one of Lincoln's first biographers and his lifelong friend, makes this comment on the Shields-Lincoln near-duel: "Abraham Lincoln in the field of honor, sword in hand, maneuvered by a second learned in the *duello*, would be an attractive spectacle under any circumstances. But with a celebrated man for an antagonist, and a lady's humor the occasion, the scene is one of transcendent interest."

The nearest duplication in the House for General Shields's service in the Senate from three states was the case of Matthew Lyon, Colonel Hepburn's great-grandfather. He served four years from Vermont and eight years from Kentucky. In addition thereto he stopped off in the territory of Missouri long enough to run for delegate to Congress at her first election, but was defeated by Mr. Hempstead. He was then appointed by the President to an office in the territory of Arkansas, and was elected her first delegate to Congress, but died before he reached Washington to be sworn in. It is an interesting coincidence that Shields and Lyon were both born in Ireland and were both rampant Democrats.

Lyon's biography is as interesting as any romance ever written. He was so poor that he was sold at auction for a term of years to pay his passage to America. He was bought by a man who was afterward Governor of Vermont and father-in-law of young Lyon. He purchased his freedom by turning over to the man who had bought him a pair of bulls, and ever after he swore "by the bulls that redeemed me."

Matthew was elected to Congress twice from Vermont; was indicted under the Sedition law for making opprobious remarks about President John Adams; was convicted and thrown into jail, and was re-elected while in prison. He was finally released from jail when the Democrats of Virginia sent General Mason on horseback from the Old Dominion to Vermont with one thousand and sixty dollars of gold coin in his saddle-bags to pay Lyon's fine and costs.

It fell to Lyon's part to perform a great historic act—to cast the vote of Vermont for Thomas Jefferson for President in the Jefferson-Burr contest in the House, thereby making Jefferson President. Under the Constitution, and before the adoption of the Twelfth Amendment, each presidential elector voted for two men for President instead of voting for one for President and for another for Vice-President, the one receiving the highest vote to be President and the one receiving the next highest to be Vice-President. Should two or more receive the same vote, being the highest, those receiving the highest vote went before the House, where each state delegation had one vote and one only. It so happened under this clumsy arrangement that Jefferson and Burr received the same electoral vote—the highest electoral vote—for President, though it was as thoroughly understood that Jefferson and Burr were candidates for President and Vice-President, respectively, as that Woodrow Wilson and Thomas Riley Marshall were candidates for those offices in 1912, and again in 1916. It happened, furthermore, that the Federalists had a majority of the House, but not a majority of state delegations in the House. The Federal Congressmen, to help their party and to plague and split the Democrats, undertook to elect Burr. They came so near doing it that Jefferson was not elected till the thirty-sixth ballot in the House. In the mean time excitement ran high, much bad blood was engendered, civil war was imminent, and a new constitutional convention was threatened. In fact, Governor

McKean of Pennsylvania and Gov. James Monroe of Virginia began preparations to arm their states, and General Darke's brigade at Harper's Ferry was getting ready to march on Washington and "know the reason why Jefferson should not be President." Jefferson himself wrote, "The very word convention gives them the horrors." If a new convention was called to make a new constitution, Delaware was afraid she'd lose her identity as a state and become a county or counties of Pennsylvania; Maryland was fearful that she would lose the Federal capital, etc.

The situation was this: There were sixteen states; nine were required to elect; eight voted for Jefferson; six voted for Burr, and two delegations, those of Vermont and Maryland, were divided evenly, and therefore did not count. If Jefferson could get one more state delegation, he was successful. At that time, as now, Vermont had two Representatives. One of them was a Federalist, Lewis R. Morris, nephew of Senator Gouverneur Morris; the other was brave old Matthew Lyon, as stanch a Democrat as ever lived, greatly embittered by his imprisonment, mentioned above. The situation was so strained that on the thirty-sixth ballot Lewis R. Morris, the Vermont Federalist, was induced to absent himself, and Matthew Lyon cast the vote of the Green Mountain State for Jefferson, thereby electing him.

To his eternal credit be it said that all through that dangerous contest Alexander Hamilton used his utmost endeavors to have Jefferson elected over Burr, and he finally persuaded the Vermont Federalist Representative to absent himself on the thirty-sixth ballot. Matthew Lyon cast the vote of Vermont for Jefferson, and he was elected.

It seems to me that Hamilton shows to better advantage in that transaction than in any other political performance of his life. He did not love Jefferson. On the contrary, he denounced him as "a fanatical Jacobin," and, while admitting his honesty, differed with him on principle *toto cœlo;* but after he saw that it was utterly impossible to elect a Federalist, he did yeoman service to elect Jefferson, his great rival, for two reasons:

First, he said that the people intended to elect Jefferson President and Burr Vice-President.

Second, he, whether right or wrong, regarded Colonel Burr as a dangerous man, or, as he expressed it, "an embryo Bonaparte."

No doubt Hamilton's support of Jefferson constituted a count in Burr's indictment against Hamilton, which the latter answered with his life at Weehawken, July 11, 1804.

Jefferson and Hamilton were rivals in their lives; they are rivals in history and even in their graves; and it is one of the queerest freaks of fate that Hamilton should have been forced by circumstances to be such a powerful factor in elevating Jefferson to the highest political office ever devised by the wit of man.

Matthew Lyon came near being expelled from the House by reason of a fight which he had on the floor of the House with Representative Griswold of Connecticut. They fought all over the hall with canes, cudgels, and tongs. It was alleged that Lyon spat in Griswold's face. On the resolution of expulsion the Federalists cast fifty-two ayes, and the Democrats forty-four nays. As two-thirds voting in the affirmative are required for expulsion, Matthew Lyon, the man who subsequently made Thomas Jefferson President, retained his seat in the House. My good friend Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, and certain other historians, endeavor to transfer the honor of electing Jefferson from Matthew Lyon to James A. Bayard, of Delaware, but the facts confound them—for on the thirty-sixth and decisive ballot Bayard voted blank!

The truth is that Bayard, a "high-flying Federalist," to borrow a phrase from Jefferson, was really for Burr as against Jefferson, and no doubt would have voted for Burr to the end but for the influence of Hamilton. After it was all over he left the wrathful opinion on record that Burr had lost his only opportunity to be President and "could have been elected by deceiving one man who was a great blockhead, and by corrupting two who had already been corrupted"!

It is interesting but bootless to conjecture what effect on our institutions and history the election of Burr to the Presidency would have had. Things governmental were in the plastic state then, and "the Virginia Dynasty"—Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe—in the twenty-four years of supremacy shaped our destiny upon lines of a truly representative government. That Burr in the White House would have attempted the Napoleonic rôle, as Hamilton believed he would, is a thing incredible. Having attained the highest station under our system, he most probably would have devoted himself with his extraordinary energies and ability to making a great President. Love of fame—one of the master passions of the human soul—it seems to me would have impelled him so to do. That a man with his brains ever harbored the delusion that a monarchy could be set up here is utterly preposterous.

CHAPTER XX

Personal encounters in Senate and House—List of duels of national note—Ollie James, peacemaker—Jerry South, gigantic barrier—Foote and Fremont, bantams.—Benton's raging defiance of death.

SOME two thousand years ago, to show his poor opinion of contemporary Romans, in a fit of pessimism Cicero exclaimed, "*O tempora! O mores!*"—most likely for some particular purpose—"to point a moral or adorn a tale." His lugubrious words have echoed down the corridors of time, and in every generation there are little Ciceros decrying the men and institutions of their own day.

This country is cursed with a surplus of prophets of evil, who assert that the world, especially our part of it, is going to the dogs—that we are a job-lot of degenerates.

Patriotic and humane people believe and love to believe that the world is improving, and it is. Saint Simon was correct, let us hope, when he asserted that "The Golden Age is ahead of us."

For instance, every person of good sense and the right sort of heart believes that dueling and other kinds of private combat were bad practices, though good men have fought duels and engaged in private combats. Whether or not our country is improving all along the line, it is most assuredly improving in this regard.

Up to the time—July 11, 1804—when Aaron Burr, Vice-President of the United States, killed Alexander Hamilton, ex-Secretary of the Treasury and ex-Major-General, in a duel at Weehawken, dueling was the fashionable way in which gentlemen settled their quarrels. James

Parton speaks correctly of their *both* falling on that fatal field. That duel gave the bloody system a body blow from which it never recovered. "Cervantes," so it is said, "laughed Spain's chivalry away." The American people laughed dueling away. What they failed to accomplish by laughing they achieved by enacting the most stringent statutes. Of course there were after-Weehawken "affairs of honor," but they grew less and fewer as the years went by. General Jackson killed Dickinson; William H. Crawford killed *his* man; Colonel Benton killed young Charles Lucas; Henry Clay, while Secretary of State, fought a bloodless duel with John Randolph of Roanoke, a United States Senator; Clay had previously fought a bloody duel with Humphrey Marshall, in which both were wounded, and he was with difficulty restrained from challenging Col. William R. King, of Alabama, as late as 1841, when he was sixty-four, for words spoken in debate; Judge David S. Terry resigned from the Supreme Court of California to kill Senator Broderick in 1859; fifteen years after Waterloo, the Duke of Wellington fought a duel with the Earl of Winchelsea; Charles James Fox, when at the zenith of his usefulness, appeared as a principal on the field of honor; Canning and Castlereagh fought duels; Daniel O'Connell killed D'Esterre; Gen. James Shields challenged Abraham Lincoln, and the latter accepted; Barron and Decatur fought; Senator Mason was killed by Colonel McCarty; George McDuffie was crippled for life; and other more or less famous duels could be named. Strung together in close array they appear numerous, but, as a matter of fact, they were fewer and fewer, till there are now none. The last fatal duel between Congressmen was the Graves-Cilley duel, in which the latter was killed. Of course, there have been near-duels since between Congressmen—the Breckenridge-Cutting and the Potter-Pryor quarrels, for instance—but friends intervened and prevented bloodshed, One of Tom Marshall's brightest witticisms was at the expense of the Colonel Graves who killed Cilley. Marshall and Graves were opposing candidates. Graves asserted that Marshall was an aristocrat, born with a silver spoon in his mouth, while he himself was the son of a cooper; therefore he urged that Marshall should not be elected. Marshall grew weary of that. So one day when Colonel Graves had repeated his formula he sat down close to Marshall to rest. Marshall arose and said: "Fellow-citizens, Colonel Graves boasts that he is the son of a cooper and appeals for votes on that account. The elder Graves, no doubt, was a good cooper, but he put a blamed poor head in this whisky-barrel!"—at the same time clapping his hand on the head of the astonished Graves. Folks who knew Marshall's bibulous habits deemed that the finest joke of the season.

We are degenerating, are we? The winter after killing General Hamilton Mr. Vice-President Burr presided over the Senate *nem. con.* Suppose Vice-President Marshall were to kill a man in a duel, does any sane man believe he would ever be permitted to preside another minute over the Senate of the United States? Should Mr. Secretary of State Lansing fight even a bloodless duel, as Henry Clay did, would he be permitted to hold his high office for an hour? Most certainly not; but, nevertheless and notwithstanding, the little Ciceros will go on till the crack of doom shouting, "*O tempora! O mores!*"

It goes without saying that Members of Congress should deport themselves properly, and they do as a rule; but an election to Congress does not in any way, or to any degree, reduce the human quality in men. They bring with them their passions, prejudices, tempers, likes, dislikes, and their ideas as to behavior. Consequently there are ugly scenes, quarrels, and, alas! sometimes, but infrequently in these latter days, fights on the floor of the House.

During my long service in Congress I have seen many near-fights, but only two fights, both of which were stopped by members who were close to the combatants before much damage was done.

The day we declared war against Spain there was much excitement and great tension. Judge Bartlett of Georgia and Judge Brumm of Pennsylvania got into an argument, which grew into a heated quarrel, and which Brumm ended by calling Bartlett a liar. That made the hot-blooded Georgia jurist so furious that he threw a volume of the Revised Statutes of the United States, weighing several pounds, at the head of the Pennsylvanian. Happily for all concerned, Bartlett's aim was bad, otherwise he might have grievously injured, even killed, his antagonist. A great uproar ensued, all members stood up, many shouted loudly, and John Wesley Gaines, of Tennessee, was so anxious to participate in the fray that he ran along on top of the desks for thirty or forty feet; but Col. David B. Henderson, afterward Speaker, hobbled on his crutches across the area in front of the Speaker's stand and, in such stentorian tones as to drown out all the rest, shouted: "Gentlemen, gentlemen, back to your seats! This is the House of Representatives." Thereupon the "shouting and the tumult ceased," Bartlett and Brumm were led away by fellow-members, and thus the fight ended.

The fighters were reconciled to each other through the kind offices of friends, and the House never took official notice of the affair.

That was the only occasion when I ever saw Mr. Speaker Reed really perturbed while in the chair. He was thoroughly mad and white as a sheet. No wonder, for it looked as though we were in for a riot, bloody noses, blackened eyes, cracked skulls, and the usual accompaniments.

One day in the Sixtieth Congress Representative Mondell of Wyoming, now majority floor leader, and Delegate Wickersham of Alaska got into an argument about some aggravating question touching Alaskan affairs—and most questions touching that far-away portion of our widely extended domain are exceedingly aggravating. One word brought on another, growing constantly in rudeness and unparliamentariness until the men came to fisticuffs. They were not injuring each other to any marked extent, but other members interfered, and in an effort to separate them Hon. David J. Foster, of Vermont, nearly choked the breath out of Mondell to quiet him. If Mondell was hurt, it was Foster, and not Wickersham, who did it. The fight settled, debate proceeded placidly as a river through a prairie. One reason why the mill created so little flurry was that there was a very "thin" House at the time.

One of the most serious near-fights in the twenty-five years that I have been in Congress was between George W. Southwick, a Representative from Albany, New York, and Judge Bartlett of Georgia. It was the last night of the session, near midnight, when everybody was weary and nervous. The two statesmen aforementioned were standing in the front row of seats on the Republican side, near the door on the Speaker's left. A dispute developed between them about some question of pending legislation. Southwick said something which Bartlett, who has a very peppery temper, construed as an insult, whereupon he whipped out his pocket-knife quick as a flash and opened it, evidently intending to perform a surgical operation on the New-Yorker, when that famous son of Anak, Ollie M. James, then a Representative from Kentucky, later a Senator, now deceased, reached out his giant arm, took Southwick by the collar, and dragged him out of the House into the Speaker's lobby, thereby preventing bloodshed, mayhap death. That night Ollie James earned the blessing vouchsafed to the peacemakers in the Sermon on the Mount.

One day while I was Speaker, but while I was out of the hall—by reason of the fact that the House was in the Committee of the Whole House on the State of the Union, with Representative Ben Johnson, of Kentucky, in the chair—Messrs. Norton of South Dakota and Heflin of Alabama had a short set-to with their fists, growing out of hot words used in debate, but as there was no blood-letting the House took no official notice of it. That was the only case of physical encounter during my eight years as Speaker. The reason is that I would not permit members to quarrel. As soon as one began edging up to the danger-line in his language I would stop him, and thus preserve not only the peace, but that decorum which is becoming in statesmen legislating for one hundred and ten million people.

One morning two members, who hated each other cordially, had fifty-four minutes each on a question touching which they had grossly insulted each other the day before. I knew the situation was ticklish and I was determined they should not fight. What made it worse, they were not more than twenty feet apart, with no benches or members intervening. While one spoke from the semicircular area in front of the Speaker's stand, the other sat on the rim of it. Before they began I directed Mr. Kettron, deputy sergeant-at-arms, a robust young man, who had been a football player, to keep his hand on the mace, his badge of authority, and at a word or nod from me to arrest the men and to be very quick on trigger. Without waiting for a member to raise a point of order against their language, I must have stopped each of them a dozen times that day when verging on a quarrel, and in that way preserved order.

The day that Captain Hobson and Oscar W. Underwood had their red-hot debate about personal matters they were sitting on the same bench with only one vacant seat between them. Everybody anticipated a fracas. So

I asked ex-Lieut.-Gov. Jerry C. South, chief clerk of the House, who was leaning against my desk, to go quietly up to where they were wrangling and take the empty chair between the angry antagonists, which he did. I knew then that there would not be—indeed, could not be—any fight, for Captain South is nearly as big as the Kentucky giant and strong as Sandow. While Underwood and Hobson are men of good size and of fair strength, they are no match for South in that regard, and so long as he occupied that chair between them their chance of grappling with each other in physical combat was *nil.* So we escaped a fight that day.

In popular estimation the Senate is a more sedate and decorous body than the House, though the facts hardly justify the conclusion. The grave and reverend Senators sometimes let their angry passions rise and indulge in "loud, offensive, and tumultuous language, calculated to provoke a breach of the peace"—to borrow a phrase from the Statutes of Missouri. Once in a long while there is actually an exhibition of physical violence in the Senate.

Several years ago the serenity of our Conscript Fathers was rudely disturbed by Senator Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas, laying violent hands upon Senator Albert Jeremiah Beveridge, of Indiana, and slightly choking the Hoosier statesman. A little later Senators Benjamin R. Tillman and John L. McLaurin, both of South Carolina, illustrated senatorial courtesy by engaging in pugilistic playfulness on the floor of the Senate. That encounter happened on the day on which President Roosevelt was giving a dinner at night to Prince Henry of Germany. Senator Tillman was among the invited guests because he was top Democrat of the Senate Committee on Naval Affairs, and Prince Henry was the ranking admiral in the Imperial German Navy. Colonel Roosevelt heard of the fight, and, strange to relate, withdrew the invitation to Senator Tillman, thereby laying the foundation for a personal feud which endured till both men's death. Why such a belligerent character as Colonel Roosevelt should object to Senator Tillman or anybody else indulging in any sort of fight, at any time or at any place, is an insoluble riddle. Napoleon said that the rules of conduct which were made for ordinary men did not apply to him. Perchance Colonel Roosevelt reasoned in the same way.

About midnight, March 3, 1851, the night which ended the senatorial career of both of them, Senator Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, a pro-slavery Hotspur, and Gen. John Charles Fremont, of California, the Great Pathfinder, Col. Thomas H. Benton's son-in-law, Republican candidate for President in 1856, thumped each other just outside the big door of the Senate Chamber until separated by onlookers. They were bantam statesmen and did each other little physical harm.

The most spectacular row ever witnessed in the Senate, which did not eventuate in a fight, was that between Senator Henry S. Foote, of Mississippi, and Senator Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri. No two men of eminence were more unlike. Physically Foote was a small man with a lifelong limp caused by a bullet planted in his hip by Sargent S. Prentiss in one of their two duels. He possessed a very acute intellect. Benton was a large, strong, robust man, who kept himself in the pink of condition. Intellectually, also, he was a giant. Soon after his advent into Missouri Benton had killed young Charles Lucas, United States district attorney, in the last of two duels which they fought on "Bloody Island." So both Foote and Benton believed in "the code." Foote was a scholarly man of exquisite literary taste; Benton was a man of vast information, gathered by incessant study and long association with learned men. Foote was a dilettante sort of statesman; Benton was an Indian-fighter in his youth and retained the manners of an Indian-fighter till the day of his death. So, immediately upon the entrance of Foote into the Senate, where "the Great Missourian" had already become a notable historic personage, these two able men quite naturally formed a mutual repugnance for each other.

Partly because he did not like Benton, and partly because he deemed Benton unsound on the slavery question, Foote began making verbal thrusts at him—most probably to aggravate him into sending a challenge, knowing that Benton had killed his man, believing that he would not hesitate to fight, and not knowing that the one ever-present regret of Benton's long life was the death of Lucas by his hand. So Foote seems to have been bent on badgering Benton into a duel with him, realizing that he would have two chances to Benton's one by reason of their difference in size. However that may be, he kept on with his opprobrious remarks to or about Benton, until one day he so enraged him that the latter shook his fist at him and peremptorily commanded him never again to mention his name on the peril of his life.

Foote sat near the mouth of the big aisle in the old Senate Chamber, now the room of the Supreme Court, while Benton occupied a seat far away on the outside rim.

One morning shortly after Benton had forbidden Foote ever to mention his name again the latter arose in his place and began a severe attack on Benton. As soon as his name was mentioned Benton started for him in a menacing manner, whereupon Foote hopped out into the big aisle, drew a revolver, cocked it, and leveled it at Benton. A couple of Senators, seeing what was about to happen, grabbed Benton and tried to stop him, which they could not do on account of his great strength. They could only retard his progress. He kept on. As he approached close to Foote, the latter, with his cocked revolver still in hand, began to retreat down the big aisle till he reached the Vice-President's stand, Benton tugging along after him as fast as he could, with two Senators holding on to him. When they came to a standstill Benton tore his shirt open and exclaimed: "Let the assassin shoot! He knows that I am not armed!"

From reading all accounts of that dramatic scene, I am certain that when Foote first drew his pistol he fully intended to kill Benton, for nobody ever doubted his courage, but that while he had a very short time for reflection it was enough for him to realize what a monstrous thing it would be to kill a Senator on the floor of the Senate, especially one of such age and eminence as Colonel Benton.

The Senate appointed a committee to investigate the occurrence, which they had all witnessed. The investigation lasted for days, divers persons testified, and the committee made a long and incomprehensible report, which was never acted on. That's the only case I ever heard of where a pistol was drawn by one Senator on another in open Senate.

CHAPTER XXI

The rules revolution—Parliamentary epochs; Reed's day and Clark's day.

IN the Fifty-first Congress that masterful, great man, Mr. Speaker Thomas Brackett Reed, wrought a far-reaching revolution in parliamentary procedure. His *chef d'œuvre* was the counting of a quorum. He did not originate the quorum-counting rule. It had been practised before his day in certain state legislatures. He was not the first to suggest it in Congress. John Randolph Tucker, a Virginia Democrat, tried to have it adopted years before. Speaker Keifer wanted to count a quorum, but Mr. Reed and others persuaded him not to try it. It was suggested to Mr. Speaker Blaine, but he would have none of it.

Mr. Speaker Reed did much to bring order out of chaos and to expedite the transaction of business, and for this he deserves well.

His course was bitterly opposed, and it brought down upon him much abuse.

Among other evidences of their displeasure the Democrats refused to vote for the customary resolution of thanks to the presiding officer, at the close of his first term in the Speakership.

In that respect, at least, his career parallels that of Mr. Speaker James Knox Polk. It is certain that Mr. Speaker Reed's so-called "high-handed" conduct contributed somewhat to the overwhelming Democratic majority in the House of the Fifty-second Congress, though of course the McKinley Tariff bill was the principal factor in that political upheaval.

Time, however, speedily vindicated Speaker Reed, for in the Fifty-third Congress, in order to do business, the Democrats were compelled to adopt a quorum-counting rule, which has been adopted by all succeeding Congresses as a mere matter of course.

Mr. Reed was justly proud of this vindication at the hands of his political enemies, a vindication to which he contributed mightily by practising with malice prepense every species of filibustering and obstruction possible.

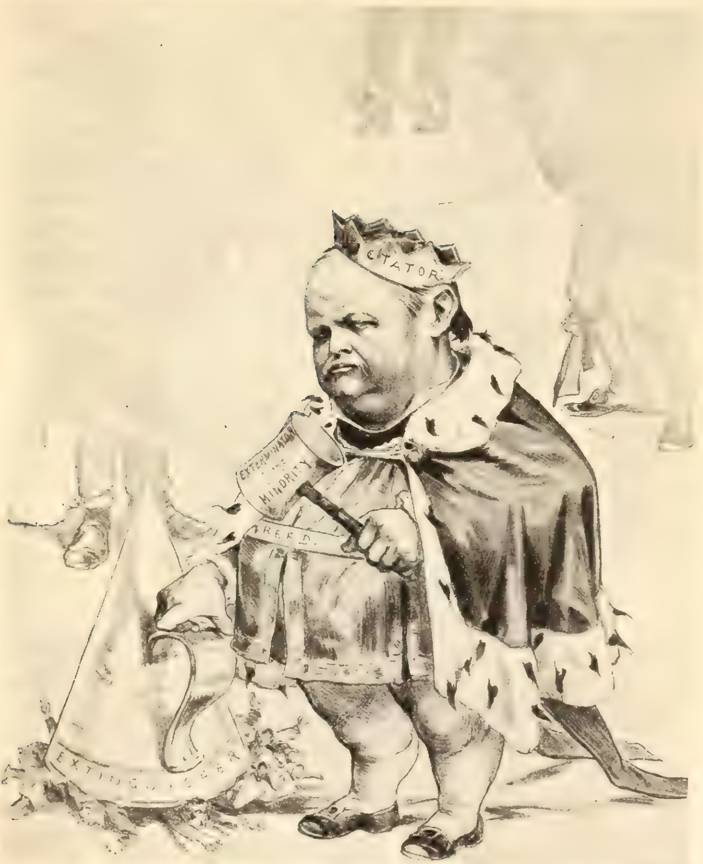
The chances are that he extracted more satisfaction out of his vindication than he did out of his two subsequent elections as Speaker.

When the Democrats adopted a quorum-counting rule he no doubt recalled Byron's lines:

> Time at last sets all things even;
> And if we do but watch the hour,
> There never yet was human power
> Which could evade, if unforgiven,
> The patient search and vigil long
> Of him who treasures up a wrong.

Whatever others thought, down deep in his heart he deemed the abuse heaped upon him as a grievous wrong, which he never forgave until he was vindicated—perhaps not even then.

That by his quorum-counting rule, and some other changes made in the rules at the dictation of Mr. Reed, considerable good was accomplished no candid and intelligent man will deny. But a great evil was also produced—the concentration of abnormal powers in the hands of the Speaker. Finally it became intolerable, and enough Republicans joined hands with the Democratic minority to work another far-reaching revolution in parliamentary procedure.


CTATOR
EXTERMINATOR OF THE MINORITY
REED
EXTINGUISHER

CARTOON OF SPEAKER THOMAS BRACKETT REED

The things which gave the Speaker his vast power were: First, his prerogative of recognizing members for "unanimous consent"; second, his prerogative of appointing all committees; third, the fact that the Committee on Rules—the steering committee—consisted of five members—two Republicans, two Democrats, with the Speaker *ex-officio* chairman—which arrangement made the Speaker practically the whole committee.

The complaint was not so much that the Speaker was a member of the Committee on Rules as that, because of the manner in which the Committee on Rules was constituted, the Speaker was virtually the entire committee. Perhaps to the three things above stated there should be added a fourth, which contributed to the discontent. In the Speaker's hands was the power to order "the call of the committees," which gave every committee in its turn an opportunity to bring up a bill or bills. By systematically neglecting to order "the call of the committees," more power was thrown into the hands of the Committee on Rules—therefore into the hands of the Speaker. So that at last the Speaker practically decided what bills should be considered—except revenue bills and appropriation bills, which are "privileged bills"—which means that they may be called up at any time.

As I was minority leader and led the long, difficult, and successful fight of the "Allies" to liberalize the old rules, I will be pardoned, I hope, for stating that I had no personal grievance against any of the four Speakers under whom I had served—Crisp, Reed, Henderson, and Cannon. So far as I was concerned, the fight was made for two reasons: First, because the rules, in my opinion, needed liberalizing; second, for political advantage.

It is said that "an open confession is good for the soul," and I have made it in the second reason. I honestly believed that it would be better for the government to pass into the hands of the Democrats, and I seized with delight the growing dissatisfaction among the Republicans in the House over the rules, as a wedge with which to weaken and finally split the Republican party wide open.

That great party split began in the House, and it was consummated at the Chicago convention of 1912. If we had not made the rules fight in the House, a Democratic House would not have been elected in 1910, and a Democratic Senate, House, and President would not have been elected in 1912.

Because I led the fight which overthrew the Republican House machine, split the Republican party in twain, and made national Democratic success possible is the reason why the story is entitled to be set forth at length in these pages.

It is also the principal reason why I should have received the Democratic presidential nomination at the Baltimore convention in 1912.

It goes without saying that the bookmakers of New York and of New England will give all of the credit (or discredit, as the case may be) to that extraordinary man, Theodore Roosevelt.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding, the Democrats and the insurgent Republicans of the House in the Sixty-first Congress, by their combined fight on the rules, disrupted the Republican party and rendered the Chicago achievement possible.

Theodore Roosevelt needs no borrowed plumage to make him one of the most conspicuous personages in latter-day American history. I propose to set forth, with perfect candor and accuracy, the parts played by various men in that momentous movement, so far as I know—whether the men are my friends or enemies, personal or political.

The first objection to the old system I ever heard in the House was at the beginning of the extra session of the

Fifty-third Congress in August, 1893—my first Congress—by Col. William Peters Hepburn, a veteran soldier and statesman and an able Republican Representative from Iowa.

When the usual motion was offered to adopt the rules of the preceding Congress Colonel Hepburn made a furious attack upon the system then in vogue. Nobody gave much heed to his onslaught. So far as the old members were concerned it was a twice-told tale. In fact, it has been told oftener than twice—frequently. The new members had sense enough to keep out of the shindy. So far as I was concerned—being in the Congressional kindergarten class—I regarded his strictures only as an ill-natured and ill-timed exhibition of spleen against Democratic supremacy. But, as an act of absolute and even-handed justice, I record the fact here with pleasure that he was expressing his objections as a matter of principle, and that he remained faithful in that regard to the end of his long and honorable career, whether the Speaker and the House were Democratic or Republican. He was a potent factor in the parliamentary revolution which I led, and deserves his full meed of honor and of praise.

From the day of Colonel Hepburn's speech, onward till March 19, 1910, when victory perched on the banners of the "Allies," there were sporadic assaults upon the tyranny of the rules and the despotism of the Speakers, all of whom were personally popular in varying degrees. Until toward the close of the Sixtieth Congress, one of the assailants-in-chief was Judge David A. DeArmond, of Missouri, a man of long service and splendid ability.

In DeArmond the sarcastic faculty was perhaps more largely developed than in any other man that ever sat in either branch of Congress. No doubt the fame of Tristam Burges, John Randolph of Roanoke, John James Ingalls, and Thomas Brackett Reed will survive longer than DeArmond's; but in order to eke out their sarcasm they ransacked all literature, ancient and modern, prose and poetry, sacred and profane. DeArmond's sarcasm was all his own. He quoted nothing, he told no anecdotes, he borrowed from nobody, he spun the vitriolic stuff out of his own inner consciousness, and it burned and scorched his victims like melted lava. His merciless sarcasm made for him mortal enemies, who hated him while alive and some of whom hate him in his grave. One whom he had savagely excoriated actually said he was glad when he heard that DeArmond was burned up in his own home.

Everybody has heard of "the fatal gift of beauty." There is also "the fatal gift of sarcasm."

DeArmond's features were as delicate and as perfectly chiseled as a fine cameo. He looked not at all dangerous, but he was "a fighter from Bitter Creek," and over-fond of a scrap.

Fighting in pairs with DeArmond was Judge Dorsey W. Shackleford, also a Missourian of long service and ample capacity. He is as persistent as the force of gravitation, and is a most skilful organizer. For both personal and political reasons he agitated constantly for the liberalization of the rules and the curtailment of the Speaker's power.

In an elaborate article in *The Taylor-Trotwood Magazine* for June, 1910, on the rules revolution, Hon. Finis J. Garrett, of Tennessee, one of the strongest men in the House, has this to say of Judge Shackleford:

"The contest which reached a partial culmination in the passage of the resolution on March 19th had its beginning several years ago.

"One will find in *The Congressional Record* many strictures upon the system reaching back far behind the date of Mr. Cannon's first election as Speaker. It is believed, however, that the most potent single effort which led to the March revolution was a speech by Mr. Dorsey W. Shackleford on the 24th of January, 1908, during the first session of the Sixtieth Congress.

"Mr. Shackleford is a Democratic Representative from the Eighth District of Missouri. He is restless in temperament, aggressive in disposition, of inquiring and incisive mind, ready in debate, forceful in delivery, and bold in utterance and action. He carefully prepared an exhaustive and adroit attack upon the power of the Speaker under the system of rules, and delivered it one day when the House was in Committee of the Whole, having general debate on an appropriation bill.

"It was couched in plain, blunt language, and put the matter in a concrete manner, easy to be understood by the average man, even though he might know nothing of parliamentary law or House procedure.

"He selected a number of bills, some of merely local interest to his state or district, others of a general public character that had been introduced and for action upon which there was a general demand. He pointed out that these bills had been long before the committees to which they had been referred—committees appointed by the Speaker—and that these committees refused to report them to the House; pointed out that there was no way, under the rules, whereby it was in order to claim the floor as a matter of right, and move to discharge the committees from further consideration and bring them before the House for action by the chosen representatives of a free people in what is supposed to be a representative government.

"'Take your hands off those committees, Mr. Speaker,' he cried, in substance, 'and let them act; or if they will not act, then recognize me or some other member to move to discharge the committees from further consideration, and let the House act.'

"The blow struck home; it created a sensation in the House; thousands of copies were called for and circulated throughout the country; the press took it up; the magazines began to write, and the public began to take notice. A particular bill to which Mr. Shackleford called attention was one which nine-tenths of the newspapers and other journals were especially interested in—the bill to remove the tariff duty from wood pulp and white print paper. Quite naturally they took a lively interest in his utterances, and appreciated the force of his suggestions."

While both DeArmond and Shackleford, on principle, fought the "Cannon rules," so called, which were not "Cannon rules" at all, but were the "Reed rules," they were also moved mightily by personal animosity to John Sharp Williams, now a Senator from Mississippi, then Democratic minority leader in the House.

DeArmond and Williams hated each other so ferociously that they finally came to fisticuffs in the hall of the House, but not while the House was in session. Their mutual dislike began in political rivalry for the minority leadership, with an eye on the Speakership, and grew stronger and stronger till it equaled that betwixt the Guelphs and Ghibellines.

Judge Shackleford's hatred of Williams came about because Williams demoted him. During his minority leadership Mr. Speaker Cannon delegated to Mr. Williams the power of making up the minorities of the committees, reserving to himself a sort of suzerainty in that regard.

William Randolph Hearst, the greatest newspaper publisher the world ever saw, served in the House in the Fifty-eighth and Fifty-ninth Congresses, and he introduced certain stringent bills for the regulation of interstate railroads, which were referred to the Committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce. The Republican members of that great committee reported a very conservative bill. The majority of the Democrats on the committee reported a bill much less conservative than the Republican bill, while Judge Shackleford and Gen. William B. Lamar, of Florida, both Democrats, reported the Hearst bill.

Williams and Hearst were at loggerheads. What about I do not know. Even if I did know it would shed no light on the rules fight.

It is utterly impossible that these two eminent men should pull well together in double harness. The only things they both have in common are ability, of which both possess an abundance, and wealth, of which they have ample portions. In every other way they are naturally antagonistic. Williams is a conservative; Hearst is a liberal, verging on radicalism. No great reform has been accomplished, or even agitated, in this country, in a quarter of a century, without the powerful and aggressive aid of his papers and magazines.

Arthur Brisbane, one of the most brilliant newspaper men in the world, and certainly the highest salaried, recently stated to me that the Hearst publications are read by ten millions of people.

More than any other man living or dead, Hearst precipitated the war with Spain.

Williams is a scholar, having been, so it is said, a classmate of the Kaiser at a German university.

Hearst is also a college-bred man, but not so studious as Williams—being too deeply immersed in business affairs of great pith and moment.

Williams is influenced much by precedents, while Hearst is an iconoclast with the heart of a poet and the spirit of a crusader. Williams acts somewhat on the principle of Senator Marcus Alonzo Hanna's famous saying, "Let well enough alone!" which is only another dressing for Lord Melbourne's favorite dictum, "Why not leave it alone?"

Williams constantly harks back to the Fathers of the

Republic—particularly to the immortal Jefferson, of whom he has written a very interesting *Life*—whereas Hearst is eternally looking out for something new to benefit the people, having no sort of reverence for a thing simply because it is old. Williams was born in Tennessee, his father, a Confederate colonel, dying at the head of his regiment on the red field of Shiloh; and the Congressman has lived the life of a combined lawyer and planter in Mississippi all his days. His maternal grandfather was a captain in the famous "Mississippi Rifles" which at Buena Vista, under Col. Jefferson Davis, turned the tide of battle in favor of the Americans.

Hearst is "a native son" of California, his father and mother having been among the modern Argonauts who in '49 crossed the plains in search of the golden fleece. They were from the Congressional district which I have represented so long. William Randolph Hearst's father, George Hearst, was a Senator of the United States from California, and, being the best judge of precious-metal mines in America in his generation, he amassed a splendid fortune.

Physically Williams is rather a small man, with swarthy complexion; Hearst is a blond, almost in the giant class, and as bashful as a girl. Both are good public speakers; both are happily married, with large families of children, Hearst's two youngest being twin boys. Each is insistent to an extraordinary degree in having his own way.

When these two able and eminent men were brought into juxtaposition they naturally and inevitably disliked each other, thereby laying the foundation for much history.

Hearst has been outrageously maligned by jealous rivals and their supple tools—also by certain men whom he has defended and supported, to his great financial loss. The principal charge brought against him, and asserted with such damnable iteration that many believe it, is that he is as changeable as the wind—true to nobody and to nothing. I know that that charge is a gross slander—baseless as the fabric of a vision. For years, indeed ever since our friendship began, he has been as true as steel to me through evil and through good report—that, too, notwithstanding we have differed widely on more than one important issue of public policy.

So, at the beginning of the next Congress, Williams, to punish Shackleford and Lamar for reporting the Hearst bill, took them off the Interstate and Foreign Commerce Committee and gave them inferior committee assignments, stating as his reason that he wanted a minority on that committee which would act in unison. By so doing he made mortal and lifelong enemies of Shackleford and Lamar. They were in a white heat. Lamar took it out by making a vitriolic speech, going so far in his anger as to denounce Williams as "a shriveled ape" on the floor of the House; while Williams retorted that there was nothing to Lamar except his name, intimating broadly that Lamar was a disgrace to that name.

Shackleford got his revenge by stirring up mutiny and rage through private and incessant agitation—in which he is a past-master. He worked at his self-appointed task day and night. He never let up till he succeeded.

The reader may ask, "What had the animosity of DeArmond and Shackleford to do with the overthrow of Mr. Speaker Cannon and 'Cannonism,' so called?"

The answer is easy. They held him responsible for the committee assignments made by Williams; they believed they would not be fairly treated by Williams so long as he was minority leader, and believed they would be more unfairly treated when he became Speaker, which it was generally assumed he would be some day, for they knew that he was in favor of the Speaker appointing the committees. Therefore they proposed to deprive Mr. Speaker

Cannon, and incidentally Minority-leader Williams *in esse*, Mr. Speaker Williams *in posse*, of that power. They were constant as the northern star to their self-appointed task—Judge Shackleford by his genius for private agitation and Judge DeArmond by his incisive and caustic speeches—some of which burned his victims like *aqua fortis*.

These two men were largely responsible for the revolution in the rules of the House. It is not too much to say that, so far as they were concerned, Mr. Speaker Cannon made vicarious atonement for the acts of Minority-leader Williams.

It was, however, not until after the election of 1908 that the movement to liberalize the rules began to be organized and systematized. About a week after the election I arrived in Washington to participate in the "hearings" on the Payne-Aldrich Tariff bill, being the top Democrat on the Committee on Ways and Means. Albert Sidney Burleson, subsequently Postmaster-General, whose talents run largely to intrigue and who delights in that sort of work, had spent the summer and autumn in Washington, closely observing what was being said and done in the city.

One day he said to me that he desired some time shortly to see me at the Cosmos Club, where he was stopping, as he had an important suggestion to make. So one evening I called on him, when in substance we had the following conversation. He said:

"You will be unanimously elected minority leader to fill out the unexpired term of John Sharp Williams, who will resign when Congress meets, and you will be elected minority leader for the full term in the next Congress. From what I have heard, if you will agree to lead the fight to liberalize the rules in the next Congress, I believe enough Republicans will vote with us to win. If our men stand firm, it will require only twenty-four Republican votes to give us the victory, as they will have a majority of only forty-seven in the next [Sixty-first] Congress, whereas they have fifty-seven majority in this [Sixtieth] Congress."

I replied: "I have no faith in twenty-four Republicans standing fire when the test comes. Men do not like to break with their party. It is a painful operation, disrupting all their relations in life, social as well as political. It is like tearing out their heart-strings. More than once I have negotiated a *modus vivendi* with certain Republicans, but they always flew the track when the pinch came. Moreover, I do not know how our folks will feel about it. But I do know that I am very busy with the tariff hearings, and it is a big undertaking to line up one hundred and seventy-two Democrats on anything, as they have the chronic and incorrigible habit of disagreeing with one another and of fighting among themselves"—which was literally true then, but which, happily, is not true now.

Finally he asked me if he could use my name in "feeling out" the Republican insurgents and assure them that I would lead the fight provided enough Republicans would toe the mark. I agreed to that proposition, but charged him to be cautious. That conversation in the Cosmos Club led to a revolution in the House and to a political revolution throughout the land. I talked to the present Senator Oscar W. Underwood about it. He stood next to me on the Committee on Ways and Means and he advised making the fight if we could find twenty-four Republicans willing to join us. I also spoke to other Democrats from time to time. Burleson reported progress occasionally. He was as busy as a bee in the intrigue with the insurgent Republicans, and as enthusiastic as a lover in courting his first sweetheart. After several weeks spent in his congenial labors, he assured me that thirty Republicans were lined up. I told him that I would fool away no time on them until at least twenty-four signed a paper stating what propositions they would stand for. In a few days he reported that thirty had formulated and signed their propositions, and inquired if I would see a committee of three insurgent Republicans to consult as to the propositions. I said, "Yes."

So in due time the committee—Messrs. Augustus P. Gardner, of Massachusetts, George W. Norris, of Nebraska, now a United States Senator, and E. A. Hayes, of California, came to my office with their propositions in writing, signed by thirty Republican members. I ran a pencil through four names because I did not believe their owners could be trusted in the fight we were preparing to make. That left twenty-six—enough, provided all the Democrats would stand fire. Then I read over their propositions twice. I told the committee that their propositions were too involved and that they must simplify them, for I would not undertake to explain to one hundred and seventy-two Democrats any resolutions that I could not understand at first reading. They brought back the simplified propositions, and then Mr. Underwood and myself went forth to line up the one hundred and seventy-two Democrats in favor of our reform resolutions.

Underwood is one of the most urbane and patient of mortals—clear-headed, resolute, courageous. The old Latin saying, "*Suaviter in modo, fortiter in re,*" fits and describes him exactly.

For about six weeks he and I worked like beavers to induce all the Democrats to collaborate. We made no claim then, and make none now, that we did it all. That would be preposterous, for many others helped, Judge Shackleford being the most active propagandist, with Burleson intriguing by day and by night.

The extraordinary session of the new Congress began on March 15, 1909. Everybody knew that there was to be a pitched battle on the adoption of the rules, and excitement ran high both on the floor and in the galleries.

Mr. Dalzell of Pennsylvania, foremost among the Republican chieftains, moved that the rules of the Sixtieth Congress be adopted as the rules of the Sixty-first Congress, and on that motion he moved the previous question in order to cut off extended debate. We antagonized him, and after a hot debate of forty minutes defeated his motion for the previous question. That threw his motion to adopt the rules open to debate, and gave me, as minority leader, charge of the question. I offered the Democratic-insurgent proposition as a substitute. After two hours of hot debate our substitute was defeated and Dalzell's motion with amendments agreed to, twenty-six Republicans voting with us and twenty-three Democrats voting with the Republicans. Thus ended the first chapter.

The fight on the rules, just described, engendered much bad blood among both Democrats and Republicans. Mr. Speaker Cannon was not only victorious, but vengeful. He used, and used for the last time to any great extent, the abnormal powers centered in the Speaker under the old rules. Among other things he took from me the authority he had given to John Sharp Williams, when he was minority leader, to make the minority appointments on the various committees, an authority which had been exercised in a lesser degree by Minority-leader Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas, under Mr. Speaker Reed, and by Minority-leader James D. Richardson, under Mr. Speaker Henderson.

Mr. Speaker Cannon, in his anger, took that authority away from me as a punishment for having the courage and audacity to fight the tyrannous old rules and practices; but I have always been glad that he did so, thereby relieving me of an unpleasant duty. He did have the grace to reappoint me top Democrat on Rules and on Ways and Means. He possesses his *quantum sufficit* of worldly wisdom, and he knew full well that it would be too raw a performance not to reappoint to those places the minority leader elected twice by the unanimous vote of Democratic caucuses.

He promoted, out of order, certain Democrats who fought for him, and demoted some able and conspicuous Republicans who fought against him. By the demoting process, as subsequent events demonstrated beyond all cavil, he was simply laying up trouble for himself, and lots of it—to use an expression common in the West, whence he and I both come—was "pickling a rod for his own back." He could neither bend their necks nor break their spirit, and they bided their time, "nursing their wrath to keep it warm," or, more exactly, "to keep it hot," "warm" being too feeble a word to express their feeling.

The next morning after our defeat all the papers announced in great, black, flaring head-lines that the rules fight was over, and most of them congratulated Mr. Speaker Cannon and his "regular Republicans" upon their crushing victory. They condemned the insurgent Republicans without mercy, and jeered at the Democrats with ghoulish glee. Henceforth, so they declared, the demoralized and beaten Democrats would be a negligible quantity; and that "Uncle Joe," like Alexander Selkirk on his desert island, was "monarch of all he surveyed." "His right there was none to dispute."

I will never forget how those head-lines looked; but the jubilators reckoned without their host, never dreaming that in precisely one year and four days the men so thoroughly licked, March 15, 1909, would achieve a triumph so sweeping that it would not only work a revolution in the rules of the House, but would work a political revolution throughout the land, the first-fruits of which would be a Democratic majority in the House of the Sixty-second Congress which would rend the Republican party in twain and give the Democrats the President, the House, and the Senate, March 4, 1913.

It cannot be stated too often that our successful rules fight placed the Democrats in power, not only in the House, but in the nation.

The next day, after we were trounced, the "Allies" went about their business as though nothing untoward had happened, pursuing the even tenor of their way, waiting patiently for an opportunity to renew the conflict. It was slow in coming, but it came at last and in a most unexpected manner.

From the fifteenth day of March, 1909, to the seventh day of January, 1910, we worked along, trying, whenever there seemed to be any chance, to break through the Republican lines, but they were wary and constantly on guard. On January 7, 1910, a resolution came up authorizing the Speaker to appoint a committee of six members to investigate Mr. Secretary Ballinger of the Interior Department. I was absent in Missouri, campaigning to elect a successor to Judge DeArmond in the Sixth District, that election being the first by-election after 1908, and being deemed important as a straw showing the direction of the political wind.

The combined Democrats and insurgent Republicans offered a substitute, providing that the House should elect the committee. Mr. Underwood led the "Allies," and after a short fight the "Allies" won a decisive victory.

Peace reigned until the late afternoon of March 16, 1910. We were debating under the five-minute rule, in a drowsy sort of way, the Legislative, Judicial, and Executive Appropriation bill. There was a lump-sum item in it carrying a goodly amount to pay special attorneys to be appointed by the Attorney-General. I asked Mr. James A. Tawney, the able chairman of the committee, if anywhere in that lump sum was concealed any salary or emolument for Wade Hampton Ellis, who had been a Democrat, but had ratted to the Republicans. The reason I asked that was that a few days before a statement appeared in the newspapers that Ellis had resigned the position of Assistant Attorney-General, at seven thousand a year, to accept a position as special attorney, with a roving commission at a higher salary, ostensibly to look after government business, but really to take charge of President Taft's political affairs in Ohio; and I was bent on proving that, if possible. Mr. Chairman Tawney beat about the bush a good deal. Several members participated, carrying on a desultory debate of considerable extent. While it was dragging its slow length along I had the Democratic whip send for our men. When the debate ended, on motion of Doctor Foster of Illinois we recommitted the bill. This was merely a petty skirmish on the eve of a parliamentary battle bitter, long drawn out, and memorable forevermore.

The Republicans were furious and claimed that we had tricked them. Anyway, a man came to me that night and told me that they had ordered in their men. I did likewise, and on the 17th there was a large attendance on both sides of the Chamber, and the atmosphere seemed charged with electricity.

A portion of *The Congressional Record* for March 17th runs in this wise:

MR. NORRIS: Mr. Speaker, I present a resolution made privileged by the Constitution.

THE SPEAKER: If it is a resolution made privileged by the Constitution, the gentleman will present it. The clerk will report the resolution.

House Resolution 502.

Resolved, That the rules of the House be amended as follows: "The committee on rules shall consist of fifteen members, nine of whom shall be members of the majority party, and six of whom shall be members of the minority party, to be selected as follows:

"The states of the Union shall be divided by a committee of three, elected by the House for that purpose, into nine groups, each group containing, as near as may be, an equal number of members of the minority party.

"At 10 A.M. of the day following the adoption of the report of the said committee each of said groups shall meet and select one of its number a member of the Committee on Rules. The place of meeting for each of said groups shall be designated by the said Committee of Three in its report. Each of said groups shall report to the House the name of the member selected for membership on the Committee on Rules.

"The Committee on Rules shall select its own chairman.

"The Speaker shall not be eligible to membership of said committee.

"The rules, or parts thereof, inconsistent with the foregoing resolution are hereby repealed."

The point of order was made that the Norris resolution was not privileged, and on that ostensibly the battle was waged. The real purpose was to overthrow and uproot "Cannonism." We all realized that the decisive battle was on, none more thoroughly so than Mr. Speaker Cannon, who, fearing that he did not have a majority at his back in the House at that particular time, declined to rule, and carried on a filibuster from the chair for three wearisome days and two more wearisome nights.

I take it for granted that that was the only occasion in the entire history of the House when the Speaker led a filibuster. He was waiting for reinforcements enough to outvote us, for everybody knew two things: First, that when he did rule he would sustain the point of order, thereby holding the Norris resolution not to be privileged; second, that we would appeal from his decision. He could not be forced to rule. He was deferring to get a majority. We were holding on grimly to our majority. He wouldn't rule. We would not let the House adjourn.

It was St. Patrick's Day, and many members were absent in near-by cities attending banquets of the Ancient Order of Hibernians and making speeches. By sundown every absent member had been telegraphed for. The Speaker hoped that when the midnight trains arrived his cohorts would muster enough votes to sustain the ruling which he intended to make; but when the midnight trains got in they brought seven of his supporters and six of ours!—not enough to change the *status quo ante*. We scrapped all that night and all of the 18th, until 2 P.M.

The country was aflame. Neither side would yield an inch. At 2 P.M. on the 18th the regular Republicans and the insurgent Republicans, voting together, forced a recess for two hours. We feared that they would patch up a compromise, but they didn't, because they couldn't. At 4 P.M. they voted together and forced an adjournment till noon of the 19th to make a final effort to compromise their differences. The Democrats felt certain that they would get together, and were not in either a hopeful or an amiable frame of mind.

I went to our apartment, ate supper, got shaved, took a bath—all of which I needed—went to bed, telling my wife that the regular Republicans and insurgents would get together, and to let me sleep till I awoke of my own motion. I was dead to the world for twelve hours. Next morning, however, she was up bright and early to read the news, which stated in great black head-lines "that the Republicans were still split."

Notwithstanding my injunction to let me sleep, she poked me in the ribs, bidding me arise, saying that it was my day. So I dressed in my Sunday best and went up to the House, which was packed from the floor to the glass roof.

There was an insistent rumor that when we overruled him—for everybody knew then that that was what we would do—Mr. Speaker Cannon would resign. I never believed that rumor for one moment. I knew the courage and the will-power of the man too well for that.

When the clock struck twelve, at it we went, and a historic "field day" was on in the House. After a heated and brilliant debate of four hours—nearly every member being present—Mr. Norris offered as a substitute for his own resolution one which Mr. Underwood had prepared, and which I had been lugging around in my pocket for three days. Norris demanded that he should offer it, and I yielded to his demand, not intending to lose on a punctilio the great battle after it was virtually won, though several Democrats got hopping mad because I yielded to him, some of them indulging in "loud, tumultuous, profane, and offensive language, calculated to provoke a breach of the peace"—notably Representative Henry D. Clayton, now a Federal judge in Alabama. He swore like our army in Flanders because the insurgent Republicans, as he vociferated, would not play unless they held the center of the stage and monopolized the limelight. To use a phrase more emphatic than elegant, he cursed them through all the colors of the rainbow, and profanely avowed his disgust at "the tail wagging the dog."

The substitute resolution offered by Norris, now Senator from Nebraska, was as follows:

"*Resolved*, That the Rules of the House of Representatives be amended as follows:

"1. In Rule X, Paragraph 1, strike out the words 'on Rules to consist of five members.'

"2. Add new paragraph to Rule X as follows:

"Paragraph 5, there shall be a Committee on Rules, elected by the House, consisting of ten members, six of whom shall be members of the majority party, and four of whom shall be members of the minority party. The Speaker shall not be a member of the Committee, and the Committee shall elect its own chairman from its own members.

"*Resolved*, further, that within ten days after the adoption of this resolution there shall be an election of this committee, and immediately upon its election the present Committee on Rules shall be dissolved."

When the debate closed Mr. Speaker Cannon, in a written opinion, sustained the point of order, holding the Norris substitute to be not privileged, and therefore not in order. I promptly appealed from his decision, and just as promptly Mr. Dalzell moved to table my appeal. The roll was called amid breathless, almost painful, silence. We triumphed by a large majority, every Democrat toeing the mark and thirty-odd insurgent Republicans voting with us.

Immediately, and without consultation with any Democrat so far as I have ever heard, Mr. Burleson popped up like a jack-in-the-box, pulled out of his waistcoat pocket a visiting-card on which was written a resolution declaring the chair vacant, and providing that the House proceed to the election of a Speaker.

Instantly the House was converted into a bedlam. The roll was called. All of the insurgents save nine joined the regular Republicans, and the Burleson resolution was defeated, which gave Speaker Cannon a Pyrrhic victory.

Why Burleson offered his resolution remains to this day a profound mystery. Several explanations were suggested, none flattering to him. But as there was no way of discovering his motive, and as the "Allies" had won on the main issue, nobody consumed much time or wasted much ingenuity or energy in trying to solve the riddle. Men wondered why he did it, but nobody cared much.

That contest is the finest example in our annals of debate under the five-minute rule and of our superb capacity for self-government. For three days and nights the battle raged with utmost fury, yet not one word of unparliamentary language was used except that General Hollingsworth of Ohio was wroth because, under a call of the House, a deputy sergeant-at-arms routed him out of a nice downy bed and brought him to the bar of the House in the wee, small hours of the morning, when and where he expressed a sulphurous and elaborate opinion of all concerned, very much to the amusement of the other weary and sleepy members.

It must, in ordinary justice, be written down here that Mr. Speaker Cannon, throughout that bitter contest, bore himself with the utmost dignity and decorum, never appearing to better advantage in his life.

Technically speaking, under the rules of the House, he ruled correctly on the Norris resolution. The Democrats and insurgents never claimed the contrary, but we boldly and candidly asserted that what we were doing was a revolution in parliamentary procedure for the good of the House and of the country. The only way we could accomplish it was to overrule the Speaker—which we did. Otherwise the Norris resolution would have been referred to the Committee on Rules, where it would have slept the sleep that knows no waking.

Neither Underwood nor myself entertained the least ill-will toward Mr. Cannon. We were and are his personal friends. We were not fighting him. We were fighting a system which he had inherited and which was improperly called "Cannonism." We honestly deemed it a bad system, and we destroyed it forever.

The change as to the Rules Committee, the number of its members, and the method of selecting them was not all that we accomplished, for in the closing days of the Sixtieth Congress and the early days of the Sixty-first "Calendar Wednesday" and "the Unanimous Consent Calendar" were instituted. These two rules were largely the handiwork of Hon. John J. Fitzgerald, of New York, the best parliamentarian in the House.

"The Wednesday Calendar Rule" compels the call of the committees on Wednesdays—when the committees can get their bills up, while "the Unanimous Consent Calendar Rule" deprives the Speaker of the arbitrary power of recognizing members for unanimous consent, and makes it obligatory to have that calendar called on the first and third Mondays of each month.

Mr. Speaker Cannon, after trying out that rule, declared it to be a positive relief to the Speaker—an opinion in which I fully concur. The most important change the Democrats made in the rules is to have the committees elected by the House instead of being appointed by the Speaker. We also adopted a rule for the motions to discharge committees from consideration of bills or resolutions. It has never been invoked, but the fact that it is held *in terrorem* over the heads of committees has spurred them into action. Until that rule was adopted some of the committees had the bad habit of "smothering" bills, thereby preventing their consideration in and by the House. The great Committee on the Judiciary was such an incorrigible sinner in that regard that members nicknamed it "the Morgue."

These changes in the rules and practices of the House have emancipated the House, expedited business, and engendered a better and kindlier feeling among the members.

The aftermath of this great upheaval on the Norris resolution was remarkable.

The night of the 19th there was a meeting of the Washington Illinois Society, and Mr. Speaker Cannon spoke, opening the vials of his wrath, not upon the nine insurgents who voted for the Burleson resolution to unseat him, but upon the insurgents who recanted their insurgency and voted for him. Those who heard it say that his fury made men gasp.

The next day these repentant insurgents began to hear from home by wire. On the second day letters of criticism and objurgation began to pour in upon them. By the fourth day they were scared and sick at heart. Some of them came to me and wanted to do it all over again and oust Mr. Speaker Cannon. I said to them:

"Nay! nay! You had your day in court and did not have the courage to use it. Poor as I am, I would not have him ousted for ten thousand dollars, for he is our most valuable asset in the impending campaign," and he was.

It is worth noting in this connection that the best speeches against the system called "Cannonism" were delivered by Mr. Henry A. Cooper, of Wisconsin, Mr. Augustus P. Gardner, of Massachusetts, Mr. Norris, Mr. Poindexter, and Mr. Underwood; while the strongest speeches for the old system were made by Mr. Samuel W. McCall, since Governor of Massachusetts, and Mr. Frank W. Nye, of Minnesota.

Much more space has been given in newspapers, magazines, and books to Mr. Speaker Reed's revolution in parliamentary procedure than to the revolution wrought by the "Allies" in 1910. The main difference, however, is that his revolution contributed much to the rout of his party at the polls in 1890 and 1892, while our revolution gave to the Democrats the House at the election of 1910; and then the House, Senate, and Presidency in 1912. I am decidedly of the opinion that the one hundred and seventy-two House Democrats who brought about the revolution of 1910, in conjunction with the insurgent Republicans, have the best of it in comparing the two revolutions, and deserve well of the country.

It must be taken and accepted as a fact that sane, self-respecting men desire to be vindicated for their words and deeds. That's only one manifestation of human nature.

In 1909 and 1910, when we made our spectacular fight to overthrow the Cannon system and liberalize the rules, with few exceptions the great metropolitan papers were against us. They criticized, abused, and poked fun at us. They denounced us as a lot of cheap-John demagogues and pestilent disturbers of the Congressional peace. Day in and day out they declared that we were seeking the unattainable and could not accomplish our purpose. When, in spite of their malicious and idiotic chatter, we achieved our great victory, they savagely asserted that we could not keep order, maintain decorum, and transact the public business, and that chaos would come again. All of these wild and preposterous predictions and assertions have been contradicted by the event—by the splendid, the unequaled, record of the House during the last eight years.

Now the Republicans are on deck in the House once more. Are they going to repeal the rules which we adopted? There is not a whisper of so doing. They have adopted them all—notably the Committee on Committees—and made them their own. Wherefore? Because they know full well that the people would not stand for a counter-revolution in parliamentary rules.

In ordinary fairness it should be stated that in our rules revolution we did not originate the idea of a Committee on Committees. That was advocated at least as far back as Blaine's Speakership, when Godlove S. Orth, of Indiana, tried to have it adopted. He couldn't make it go; we did.

They even adopted my plan of having a caucus of the Republican members of the new House in February, before the new House began its life on the 4th of March, to nominate the Speaker and other officers. When I called such a caucus in January, 1911, all the Republican papers, and, truth to tell, several self-styled Democratic papers, ridiculed my plan at a great rate—because it never had been done, therefore it could not be done. They asseverated that the newly elected members would not attend, and that the whole thing would go up in smoke. They gloated over my impending failure. One of my most brilliant Republican newspaper friends wrote an elaborate article which he entitled "Champ Clark's Crazy Scheme." The night for our caucus came, and, lo and behold! all the Democratic members of the new House, except four—two newly elected and two who were members of both the old House and the new, and two not of the old House—attended, and all went as merry as could be.

Now the Republican House has adopted "Champ Clark's Crazy Scheme"—which is surely abundant vindication. The reason I called that unprecedentedly early caucus was that among all hands we had agreed to have the committees nominated by a "Committee on Committees"—the Ways and Means Committee—and we wanted the members of that committee selected by the caucus so that they would have time to select the other committees, in order to be ready to begin work promptly at the opening of the impending extra session.

There is no more chance to revert to the old order of things in the House, which we overthrew after hard fighting and great tribulations, than there is to repeal the Rule of Three.

CHAPTER XXII

Vice-President Sherman.

THERE is an old and familiar Latin saying, *De gustibus non est disputandum,* the philosophy of which may explain why some statesmen desire to be Vice-President—whose title old Ben Franklin suggested should be his superfluous highness. The value of the office depends entirely on the chances of reaching the higher office. Vice-President Marshall, who is a great deal of a wit, has delivered himself of many very amusing quips touching his high position. However that may be, I have served in the House with one Vice-President, Hon. James Schoolcraft Sherman. He wanted the place, and got it. I suppose he wanted it because he felt that he was fit for it, for he was. He got it for the reasons set forth herein.

I have elsewhere stated that a vice-presidential nomination is generally determined by the presidential nomination, being given as a sop or consolation prize to some member of the defeated faction, the most notable case being that of 1880, at the Chicago convention, when, upon being asked to name a vice-presidential running-mate for General Garfield, the lordly Roscoe Conkling contemptuously flung the prize to Chester A. Arthur, who, though he made an acceptable President, was at the time of his nomination rated only as a machine politician—simply a cog in Conkling's machine. Sometimes geography largely determines it, but as a rule it is settled on the principle stated above. That was what gave the nomination to James Schoolcraft Sherman, who at that time was, and for many years had been, a Representative in Congress. He was a prominent member, not so prominent as Mr. Speaker Cannon, and certainly of no greater prominence than James A. Tawney, of Minnesota, John Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, Samuel W. McCall, of Massachusetts, James E. Watson, of Indiana, and some others. He was an industrious, level-headed, capable member, and a capital presiding officer. He rivaled Lord Chesterfield or Senator James Hamilton Lewis in courtesy. These qualities, however, did not secure him the honor which he coveted. It had been foreordained by President Roosevelt that William Howard Taft should have the first place on the ticket as a reform, up-to-date Progressive candidate. Roosevelt's choice was by no means the choice of the Old Guard or Stand-pat Republicans, but they accepted him because they could not help themselves. Colonel Roosevelt, being wise in his day and generation, knew that that seasoned and well-organized faction must be placated, so, in order to insure the election of his then favorite, he graciously permitted them to name Taft's running-mate, believing that by reason of his robustness, barring accidents, Taft would live through the four years next ensuing.

The Stand-patters selected Sherman partly because he wanted it, partly because they could trust him, and partly because he was perhaps the most acceptable of all the Old Guard chieftains in the House to President Roosevelt. When Mr. Speaker Cannon walked out on the platform and, slipping his sleeves up, made a heartfelt and impassioned speech for Sherman, that settled it, for he was *facile princeps* of the Old Guard. The two wings flapped together, and the ticket was elected by an overwhelming majority.

That Vice-President Sherman made an ideal presiding officer of the Senate is confessed of all men; and he was universally respected in life and universally mourned in death. Had President Taft died pending his term, it is commonly believed that Sherman would have made a safe and sane Chief Executive—safe and sane according to the standards of the Old Guard faction to which he belonged, and would have ranked with Millard Fillmore and General Arthur.

Counting the Continental Congresses, the following Vice-Presidents served in the House of Representatives: John Adams, Thomas Jefferson, Elbridge Gerry, Daniel D. Tompkins, John C. Calhoun, Richard M. Johnson, John Tyler, Millard Fillmore, John C. Breckenridge, Hannibal Hamlin, Andrew Johnson, Schuyler Colfax, William A. Wheeler, Thomas A. Hendrix, Adlai E. Stevenson, and James S. Sherman. These Vice-Presidents had been United States Senators: Aaron Burr, Martin Van Buren, John Tyler, George M. Dallas, William R. King, Andrew Johnson, Henry Wilson, Thomas A. Hendrix, and Charles Warren Fairbanks; while John C. Calhoun and John C. Breckenridge were United States Senators after being Vice-Presidents. Andrew Johnson served in the Senate both before and after he was both Vice-President and President.

General Breckenridge was the youngest of the Vice-Presidents, and George Clinton the oldest.

We are now living in the thirty-third presidential term. Five Presidents have died in office, three by violence, and two from natural causes. So that five Vice-Presidents have reached the White House by reason of the death of their chiefs, which shows that their chances of becoming Chief Magistrate of the Republic by that route are five out of thirty-three. It is an interesting fact that for fifty-two years after George Washington was first inaugurated no President died in office; and another interesting fact is that while we have had Democratic Presidents about half the time, no Democratic President has died in office.

Barring Vice-Presidents Sherman and Marshall, the Vice-President with whom I was best acquainted was Charles Warren Fairbanks. He was a splendid gentleman and was the tallest of all Vice-Presidents, standing six feet four, even topping Jefferson, who was six feet two and a half inches. Some malicious newspaper man fastened on Fairbanks the name of the "human icebox," thereby doing him a great and permanent injury. The story was not true, for he was a genial statesman.

CHAPTER XXIII

Repartee and sarcasm.

THE power of repartee is an invaluable equipment for any sort of public speaker—especially for a member of the House of Representatives. Men don't stand on ceremony there. Quarter is neither asked nor given. It is every fellow for himself, and the devil take the hindmost. The fittest survive in that field of fiercest competition. It is an unequaled arena for intellectual slugging-matches.

Twenty Congressmen can make a fairly good set speech if the Speaker keeps others off where one can take care of himself in a running-fire debate.

To succeed in that species of discussion, a man must keep a clear head; must have a nimble tongue; must think rapidly; must strike from the shoulder; must not lose his temper; for it is true, as James G. Blaine states in his *Twenty Years of Congress*, that "usually to lose one's temper in debate is to lose one's cause."

In it every kind of mental weapon is used—the claymore, broadsword, Damascus blade, battle-ax, knife, stiletto, sledge-hammer, club, small arms, rifled cannon, and mortar guns. Attacks are made front, flank, and rear.

If, as Alexander Pope hath it, "order is heaven's first law," then the House of Representatives is not a heavenly place. I have seen a dozen men on the floor at once cross-firing at one another. Then it is that what Cæsar denominated *gaudium certaminis* (pleasure of the conflict) is most in evidence — an idea which good Sir Walter enlarges in his famous couplet:

> The stern joy which warriors feel
> In foemen worthy of their steel.

On such occasions the House is in the utmost confusion —sometimes it puts the Speaker up to all he knows to restore order. It is in these running-fire debates that the power of repartee is of most service. Frequently one sentence of the right sort—one happy retort—floors an opponent completely. In them a man of general information, with wit, humor, and sarcasm, shines to the best advantage.

The poet Cowper says:

> Variety's the very spice of life,
> That gives it all its flavor.

And the varieties of repartee are numberless, ranging from the pleasant to the brutal, from the ridiculous to the sublime. Some are delightful persiflage, while others leave rankling wounds that never heal and lay the foundations for animosities that never die.

Once when a great many members were interrupting Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, "Sunset" Cox, who was a little bit of a man physically, joined in the attack on the grim old warrior. Butler waved him off, and quoted the popular song of that day: "Shoo, fly; don't bodder me! Shoo, fly; don't bodder me!" That was happy, harmless, humorous, and apropos—a sort of love-lick, for Butler and Cox were bosom friends, and Cox speaks of Butler in kindest terms in his book.

But when John A. Bingham quoted against Butler General Grant's famous letter about his being "bottled up" on the James and referred to his highly unpopular career at New Orleans, it so enraged General Butler that he hurled at Bingham the crushing charge that he was one of the judicial murderers of a woman—referring to Bingham's part in the trial of Mrs. Surratt.

That was savage. It is certain that Bingham never forgot or forgave it till his dying day.

Senators have always claimed that the manners of the Senate are far superior to those of the House, but certainly few passages at arms in the latter body have exceeded in ferocity certain choice epithets which some Senators have hurled at one another's heads.

William E. Chandler, of New Hampshire, during his high career in the Senate, often performed the office of a gadfly to perfection. He had as much mischievousness and ingenuity as a monkey, and nothing pleased him so much as to set his sleepy confrères by the ears.

Sometimes, however, he got more than he bargained for. In the closing days of the Fifty-third Congress he took it into his head to read the Democrats a lecture on purity in politics and the sanctity of the ballot-box. Among other soft impeachments, he charged that David Bennett Hill stole the Legislature which elected Murphy, and that John Martin, of Kansas, never was elected to the Senate, whereupon Hill denounced Chandler as a "ghoul" and a "hyena," while the gentle Jayhawker chipped in with the declaration that Chandler would never reach his proper place in society until the doors of the penitentiary closed upon him. That was what Professor Squeers of Dotheboys Hall would have called "richness."

Once upon a time Senator Allen of Nebraska informed the Republican Senators that they had been lying for, lo! these many years, and Senator Teller assured John Sherman that infamy would rest upon his name long after he was in his grave.

These three samples show that the Conscript Fathers are taking on the popular manners of the House.

In the language of the Rev. John Jasper, of Richmond, Virginia, "the world do move."

Senator Hoke Smith, when Secretary of the Interior, was by no means a favorite with the members of the House from the Far West. Many Republicans assailed him bitterly, smote him hip and thigh, treated him with contumely and scorn, and metaphorically danced war jigs upon him. The men from the territories and new states hated him intensely, and charged that he had filled all the land offices and Indian agencies out there with his Georgia friends to help himself into the United States Senate.

One day John L. Wilson, of Washington, subsequently a Senator himself, who could not talk two minutes upon any subject without getting as mad as a bald hornet in his worst estate, was larruping Mr. Secretary Smith to his heart's content. He detailed with increasing anger how many Georgia carpet-baggers Honorable Hoke had sent out to fill the offices in his state, and declared it the worst of outrages to import strangers to hold fat places.

Judge Culberson quietly asked, "Didn't you yourself first go to Washington as a carpet-bagger with a commission as Register of the Land Office in your pocket?"

The shout of derisive laughter that followed that query was too much even for Wilson's effrontery, and he sat down covered with confusion.

While John J. O'Neill, of St. Louis, was making a speech, he was interrupted repeatedly by a member noted far more for his bitterness of tongue than for his *quantum* of brains. At last O'Neill turned on him savagely and exclaimed, "If the gall which you have in your heart could be poured into your stomach, you'd die instantly of the black vomit!"

That hasn't been excelled since the famous tilt between John Randolph of Roanoke and Tristam Burges.

Marriott Brosius, of Pennsylvania, was a soldier and a statesman, a scholar and an elocutionist. He had not in his makeup even a trace of humor. With him "life was real, life was earnest." He was the most solemn of mortals. He would narrate the most trivial occurrence in life with all the pomposity of a tragedian declaiming Mark Antony's celebrated oration over Cæsar's dead body, and yet he accidentally made one of the funniest repartees ever uttered in Congress.

John A. Pickler, of South Dakota, was a splendid man, but one of the most pestiferous of mortals. He interrupted everybody and was eternally talking. On one occasion, never to be forgotten by him, he kept breaking in on Brosius when the latter was trying to soar to the empyrean—as the boys say in their sophomore year at college. Pickler would not let him soar. Every time Brosius spread his oratorical wings Pickler would ask some impertinent question, and drag him down. Finally Brosius got mad. He turned on his tormentor and in the most tragic tones exclaimed:

"You love your automatic mouth;
You love its giddy gurgle;
You love its fluent flow;
You love to wind your mount up;
You love to hear it go!"

For the first and last time in his life Pickler was utterly dumfounded and collapsed into his seat.

The way he acted always reminded me of one stanza of Bret Harte's famous poem entitled, "The Society upon the Stanislaus":

Then Abner, Dean of Angels, raised a point of order—when
A chunk of old red sandstone struck him in the abdomen,
And he smiled a kind of sickly smile and curled up on the floor,
And the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

Time and time again I have seen the House in such an unruly and obstreperous frame of mind that it would listen to nobody with any sort of patience or decorum.

Once when a Democratic leader of twelve years' service undertook to quote the wise but familiar words of Lincoln: "You can fool part of the people all of the time; you can fool all the people part of the time, but you can't fool all the people all the time," divers and sundry members, forgetting their own dignity and what was due the illustrious statesman, unceremoniously and vociferously shouted, "Rats! Rats! Rats!" very much to his vexation and humiliation. The truth is that sometimes they seem to enjoy worrying one another above all things else.

Lemuel Eli Quigg, of New York City, who came into Congress at a special election to succeed that brilliant orator, successful soldier, and scintillating *bon vivant*, Col. John R. Fellows, was a very frequent speaker. He was a young newspaper man of admirable parts and decidedly long on gall.

His special hobby was to skin the Cleveland administration and everybody connected with it. Personally he was a genial gentleman, but politically he was one of the most bitter partizans since Thaddeus Stevens shuffled off this mortal coil.

After he had worn his welcome quite threadbare, he was up one day inveighing against Democrats in general and the Democratic majority in the House in particular. Among many things which he intended to be especially severe, he, unfortunately for himself, said, "This is a day of small things and small men." The reception which these remarks met with must have astounded him beyond measure. Before the words were fairly out of his mouth one quick member yelled, "Yes, that's so!" Another bellowed, "You hit the bull's-eye that crack." The Democrats "caught on" instantly, as the saying goes, and turned Quigg's sarcasm against himself by laughing loud and long and thumping their desks until it seemed that pandemonium had broken loose for keeps, many of the Republicans joining in the merriment.

During a very stormy scene in the House in its closing hours Hon. Leonidas F. Livingston, of Georgia, was pouring hot shot into his opponents in great shape. His words had about as much of soothing quality as vitriol. He was mad through and through, and every sentence made some luckless member squirm like an eel in a hot skillet. There was a wide-spread suspicion that Uncle Leonidas frequently addressed *hoi polloi* under the guise of speaking to the House. In the midst of his remarks he lifted up his voice and shouted with great energy, "Mr. Speaker, I am through with demagoguery on this floor." Quick as lightning a dozen members yelled, "Glad to hear it!" "Thank God for that!" And the roar of laughter nearly cracked the glass roof. As it was dying out Lafe Pence, of Colorado, jumped to his feet and proposed to have Livingston sworn to what he had said. All may call Livingston a demagogue who want to, but no man can charge truthfully that he ever went back on the great body of the people.

Livingston represented the Atlanta district. As he did not live there and was the head of the Granger-Wheel-Alliance Democrats in the state, that city was for a long time not particularly enamoured of its representative, the aforesaid namesake of the hero of Thermopylæ. In the early summer of 1894, Atlanta, as usual, declared war on Livingston when he was up for renomination. He made a flying trip home, and in a few days was back, like Tam o'Shanter, "o'er all the ills of life victorious." I asked a Georgian how Livingston managed always to secure the nomination, with Atlanta against him. "Oh," he replied, "easy enough. Each county sends a delegation to the Congressional convention in proportion to the number of representatives it has in the Legislature —that's our plan." "But doesn't that give the county in which Atlanta is situated a great advantage, by reason of its greater population?" "No," answered my Georgia friend, "we have a constitutional provision that every county must have one representative, and no county, no matter how great its population, shall have more than two. We don't propose to have the rural roosters bossed by the city dudes in the Empire State of the South."

I wonder, though, when we still had conventions in Missouri, what certain solar-walk statesmen in St. Louis would say if, when they reach a state convention, they should find that that city is entitled to only twice as many delegates as Carter County or Ozark? There would be some of the tallest cussing done that has been heard "since the stars fell." No wonder Hon. Leonidas Livingston had easy sailing in his district for twenty years.

I shall believe to my dying day that Hon. Joseph H. Walker, of Massachusetts, was the worst-tempered man I ever served with in the House, which is saying a great deal. He was a man of wealth, learning, and capacity, and in private circles was quite companionable; but a buzz-saw revolving under a full head of steam was not a circumstance to him when he had his war-paint on—his normal condition. Evidently he had never read Solomon's saying, "A soft answer turneth away wrath," for he never gave one. All his answers were hard as flint, sharp as a razor, and hot as Cayenne pepper. His self-confidence was unbounded, and he would have had no hesitancy in contradicting the seven wise men of Greece all at once. His ideas of politeness were *nil.* Manifestly he had taken few lessons out of the famous book of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield.

One day, after I had served about three months, he was making a furious tariff speech. I had not learned how he performed, otherwise I would have let him severely alone. Among other fallacies he argued that the farmers ought to thank God fervently three times a day for the high protective tariff as Heaven's greatest boon to them, because it had so stimulated New England ingenuity that the reaper, mower, self-binder, and other labor-saving farm machinery had been invented and had made agriculture merely a pleasant recreation. Without any qualification, he gave the high protective tariff and Yankee ingenuity all the glory.

In the full tide of his oratory I interrupted him to ask, "Is it not true that the first reaper was invented during the Walker free-trade tariff by Cyrus McCormick, a Virginian?" Not being able to answer it truthfully without knocking the speech he was delivering into smithereens, he got mad, reared back on his pastern joints, and bawled at the top of his voice, "Well, isn't that richness? What do you know about it, anyway?"

Of course everybody roared at my expense. I resolved then and there to even up with him—which I finally did in four or five years. Then we became great friends by reason of my asking him privately for some information on the financial question, about which he had a vast stock of information. He presented me with a copy of his book on "money," which he considered as high an honor as Englishmen regard knighthood. Ever after he took a sort of paternal interest in me. He was a handsome old man with a pink complexion, with a fine head of hair and elegant mutton-chop whiskers, white as the driven snow. He rejoiced in the sobriquet of "the Gray Eagle of Quinsigamond."

William J. Bryan, of Nebraska, was one of the readiest talkers that ever served in the Congress of the United States, and yet I saw this same Joseph H. Walker come near knocking Bryan clear out by an ill-natured but ingenious question. It happened in this wise: Along in February, 1895, Bryan was delivering his tearful speech against the Carlisle Bond bill. Few stronger or more impassioned speeches have ever been delivered in that historic hall. During its progress Bryan sent to the clerk's desk, to be read, the stock quotation from Shylock, about the pound of flesh. As soon as the reading concluded, Walker sang out in his most rasping voice, "Who wrote that, anyhow?" The question was so ridiculous that the House roared for five minutes. Two or three times Bryan tried to start on, but he couldn't be heard for the laughter. At last, when the members had exhausted themselves in cachinnation he proceeded to conclude his speech.

Hon. George D. Wise, of Virginia, was the most irascible of men, but he was a splendid gentleman, with a heart tender as a little child's. He was one of my best friends. He had in charge the famous Revenue Cutter bill. One day I had to kill time for fifty-four minutes to keep it from being voted on. I had the right to talk about anything I pleased, and I talked about several. Among other things I discussed civil-service reform for a few minutes. I gave samples of the questions which they had in their examinations. In addition to other things, I said the commission asked a class of applicants for positions in the railway mail service how far it was from the earth to the sun, and that one man answered, "I don't know, but it is not far enough to keep me from drawing my salary." Wise saw his opportunity, and broke in with, "I would like to ask the gentleman from Missouri how far he has got from the question?" It struck the House all of a heap, and it roared for two or three minutes, but as I was trying to kill time, the longer they disturbed the proceedings the better I liked it. They were playing directly into my hand.

Ben Perley Poore, in his delightful book of reminiscences, gives the following account of a tilt between Senator Clingman of North Carolina and Senator Hale of New Hampshire which is a fine illustration of how statesmen sometimes use Bible quotations:

"Senator Clingman of North Carolina, who was one of the last to leave, compared the seceders to representatives of the 'ten tribes of Israel'! Senator Hale, the genial hard-hitter, replied. 'Ten tribes,' said he, 'did go out from the kingdom of Israel, but the ark of the living God remained with the tribe of Judah!' This was loudly applauded by the Republicans in the Senate galleries, and the presiding officer had to pound lustily with his mallet to secure order. Then Mr. Hale proceeded:

"'I think the galleries ought to be excused for applauding a reference made to the Scriptures. I say, there is where the ark of the covenant remained. What became of the ten tribes? They have gone God only knows where, and nobody else. It is a matter of speculation what became of them—whether they constitute the Pottawatomies or some other tribe of savages. But the suggestion of the Senator from North Carolina is full of meaning. There were ten tribes that went out, and, remember, they went out wandering. They left the ark and the empire behind them. They went, as I said before, God only knows where. But, sir, I do hope and pray that this comparison, so eloquent and instructive, suggested by the honorable Senator, may not be illustrated in the fate of these other tribes that are going out from the household of Israel.'"

Speaking of repartee, *Judge* says:

"Repartee is the promiscuous ricochetting of verbal fireworks. It is a rocket which has been touched off by an ingenious remark; and this rocket is very apt to touch off another, which in turn may touch off still another, and so on until all bolts have been shot.

"Scintillating repartee is a source of keen enjoyment to all, but no one enjoys it quite so much as does its own manufacturer. This one fact insures the sempiternal survival of repartee, even though at times it seems smothering under the blanket of dullness. The man who is utterly impervious to the distending effects of flattery usually puffs up visibly with the self-infatuation which is caused by his own glowing repartee.

"The repartee handed out by another is a brain message in its effect.

"The very best examples of repartee are the thoughts which come to us a few hours or perhaps a few days after we have listened to remarks which seemed to plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, for us to rise to the occasion."

Macaulay gives this sample of the power of repartee or sarcasm of the elder Pitt, Earl of Chatham. The George Grenville referred to in it was Pitt's brother-in-law. He is the man who got the Stamp Act enacted which led to the independence of the United States:

"Dashwood's financial statement had been confused and absurd beyond belief, and had been received by the House with roars of laughter. He had sense enough to be conscious of his unfitness for the high situation which he held, and exclaimed, in a comical fit of despair: 'What shall I do? The boys will point at me in the street and cry, "There goes the worst Chancellor of the Exchequer that ever was."' George Grenville came to the rescue, and spoke strongly on his favorite theme—the profusion with which the late war had been carried on. That profusion, he said, had made taxes necessary. He called on the gentleman opposite to him to say where they would have a tax laid, and dwelt on this topic with his usual prolixity. 'Let them tell me where,' he repeated, in a monotonous and somewhat fretful tone. 'I say, sir, let them tell me where. I repeat it, sir; I am entitled to say to them, tell me where.' Unluckily for him, Pitt had come down to the House that night, and had been bitterly provoked by the reflections thrown on the war. He revenged himself by murmuring, in a whine resembling Grenville's, a line of a well-known song, 'Gentle Shepherd, tell me where.' 'If,' cried Grenville, 'gentlemen are to be treated in this way—' Pitt, as was his fashion when he meant to mark extreme contempt, rose deliberately, made his bow, and walked out of the House, leaving his brother-in-law in convulsions of rage and everybody else in convulsions of laughter. It was long before Grenville lost the nickname of the Gentle Shepherd."

In his essay on the younger Pitt he gives this fine sample of Sheridan's power in that regard. Of course, to understand it thoroughly, it must be remembered that Pitt was only twenty-four years of age, though he had long been famous. Compared with this peevish performance it is not inapropos to give a sample of Pitt's imperial declaration when somebody said to him that, with his notorious character for immorality, it was strange that Charles James Fox had such a hold on the hearts of the British people. Pitt replied, "You have never been under the wand of the enchanter," and it may be interesting to state that when the younger Pitt made his first speech in the House of Commons, Burke, moved even to tears, exclaimed, "It is not a chip of the old block; it is the old block itself." "Pitt will be one of the first men in Parliament," said a member of the Opposition to Fox. "He is so already," answered Fox—which shows his nobility of character.

Macaulay says: "There had been, during some days, floating rumors that Fox and North had coalesced, and the debate indicated but too clearly that those rumors were not unfounded. Pitt was suffering from indisposition—he did not rise till his own strength and that of his hearers was exhausted; and he was consequently less successful than on any former occasion. His admirers owned that his speech was feeble and petulant. He so far forgot himself as to advise Sheridan to confine himself to amusing theatrical audiences. This ignoble sarcasm gave Sheridan an opportunity of retorting with great felicity. 'After what I have seen and heard to-night,' he said, 'I really feel strongly tempted to venture on a competition with so great an artist as Ben Jonson and to bring on the stage a second Angry Boy.'"

Judge Henry W. Gibson, of Tennessee, is a small man physically, but a decidedly big man vocally. His style of oratory in the House was peculiar. He would plant himself in the semicircle about the Speaker's stand, throw his head back as far as he could without dislocating his neck, and with eyes fixed on the coats of arms in the glass ceiling, pour forth a torrent of words in tones which could be heard in the Senate Chamber. One day while the judge was thus engaged, some wag yelled: "Louder! Louder! We can't hear you, Judge!" Gibson, solemn as an owl, looked his tormentor in the face and exclaimed, "Good Lord! Mr. Speaker, if the gentleman can't hear me, he should be granted a pension for total deafness!" After that witty and pertinent rejoinder the Tennesseean was interrupted no more on that occasion.

Judge Gibson is the author of a work on chancery practice universally used in the Southwest.

Amos J. Cummings was fond of telling a tale about a bashful and obscure member from Pennsylvania who at a night session was laboriously reading a campaign speech in a low tone, only a few members being present. A joker said: "Mr. Speaker, we would like to hear the gentleman. Wish he would speak louder," whereupon the Pennsylvanian would lift up his voice for a few sentences and then let it fall into low tones. Several times the joker and he went through that performance. At last the Pennsylvanian grew weary of it and shouted: "I don't care a red copper whether you hear or not. I am not speaking to you, anyway. I am speaking to the people of the Cumberland Valley and they will hear!"—which was another rendering of "Speaking for Buncombe" and another evidence supporting Lord Byron's theory that there had never been but seven original anecdotes and that all others were mere variations.

The following somewhat amusing paragraph from *The Literary Digest*, while giving not precisely an example of repartee, comes so close to it as not to be inapropos:

> Edward Everett once concluded a stately speech in Congress with a long, sonorous, and superbly modulated citation of a passage from Tacitus, and then took his seat. No sooner was he through than up sprang a burly member from the West. He had once been an Indian agent, and he began to pour out a vehement harangue in Choctaw. After a while the Speaker called him to order. "I don't see why my freedom of speech should be abridged," he cried; "you let the gentleman from Massachusetts run on, and I didn't understand the first word of his lingo any better than he does mine." The scene was very comical, but it struck the death-knell of further classical quotations in Congress.

An incident similar to the foregoing is related by Col. John W. Forney in his delightful *Anecdotes of Public Men*, as follows:

"A good story is told of the celebrated George Kremer, who figured conspicuously during the 'bargain and sale' excitement forty-five years ago, about the time Henry Clay was appointed Secretary of State by President John Quincy Adams. Mr. Kremer represented the old Union and Northumberland Congressional district in Pennsylvania, and was a fine type of the primitive manners and rugged Democracy of that period. He was firmly convinced that Mr. Clay threw his influence against General Jackson, by which the electoral vote of Kentucky was given to Mr. Adams for a consideration; and when the first place in the Cabinet was tendered to and accepted by the Kentucky statesman, honest George 'cried aloud and spared not.' The sensation he created disturbed the politics of the whole country and led to many differences between public men. John Randolph of Roanoke dilated upon the accusation against Clay to such an extent that the new Secretary of State was compelled to challenge him to mortal combat. But I do not propose a chapter on the 'bargain and sale.' That episode is happily ignored by the retiring generation, and is no longer recalled as a reproach on the memory of Henry Clay. I write simply to revive an incident between Randolph and Kremer, characteristic of both. After one of the peculiar speeches of the eccentric Virginian, which he interlarded with copious quotations in Latin and Greek, Kremer rose and in a strain of well-acted indignation poured forth a torrent of Pennsylvania German upon the head of the amazed and startled Randolph. His violent gesticulations, his loud and boisterous tones, his defiant manner, were not more annoying to the imperious Southerner than the fact that he could not understand a word that was spoken. And when honest George took his seat, covered with perspiration, Randolph rose and begged the honorable gentleman from Pennsylvania to enlighten the House and the country by translating what he had just uttered. Kremer retorted as follows: 'I have only to say in reply to my friend from Virginia that when he translates the dead languages, which he is constantly using for the benefit of us country members, into something like English, I will be equally liberal in translating my living Pennsylvania Dutch into something that the House can understand.' The laugh was completely against Randolph."

That brilliant orator, Senator Matthew Hale Carpenter, once characterized the House of Representatives as "the Great American Bear Garden," by reason of its turbulent manners. Some years thereafter a prominent statesman temporarily in the chair when the House was in a very obstreperous mood, making a slip of the tongue in quoting Carpenter's mot, admonished members that "This is not the Great American Beer Garden," which funny *lapsus linguæ* only added to the unseemly uproar.

But, however rudely the House may act sometimes, it cannot exceed in bad form an incident in the British House of Commons on Tuesday, August 6, 1918. Premier Lloyd George was delivering a long and exceedingly strong speech. Along in the middle of his speech he said:

"Our losses were great. We took a step which only the emergency could have justified—that is, the sending of lads of eighteen and twenty, who had received five or six months' training, into the line."

MR. HOGGE: And giving their mothers nothing. (Cries of "Order!")

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: That is not true.

MR. HOGGE: It is true.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE: It is a monstrous lie!

MR. HOGGE: It is true; it's a lie to say it is not true! (Cries of "Order!")

There is a popular delusion to the effect that all the bitter, rough, and cutting remarks uttered in Congress are made in a "Pickwickian sense," for the benefit of the galleries and the country. Nothing could be wider of the mark. They are generally spoken in dead earnest—often with murderous intent.

Those who think that all the members are cheek by jowl with one another, and live happily together as sucking doves, are woefully mistaken. Rivalry breeds dislike, success creates jealousy, competition engenders friction, opposition fosters bitterness, ambition—that sin by which the angels fell, and which wrecks so many lives—excites detraction and sets all the mills of slander grinding out their disgusting grists.

Things are said there "wilfully, deliberately, premeditatedly, on purpose, and of malice aforethought," as the indictments run, whose sole purpose is to produce political death. Even political assassination is not unknown and unpractised in Washington City.

Poison for the mind, if not for the body, is resorted to among some aspiring statesmen who in public preserve all the conventional forms of ceremonial etiquette toward one another. The tomahawk and the scalping-knife have long since been barred as weapons of assault among civilized people in all sorts of warfare except political.

Even men who are not inimical to one another will give awful blows when engaged in "a scrapping-match" in the House. The explanation is that the desire to excel or to come out on top takes complete mastery of them. Another reason why so many exasperating things are said is that when a man is standing on his feet, thinking and speaking at the same time, and interrupted from every side, his nervous system is keyed up to the highest tension and he is more irritable and combative than at other times.

Frequently the language used in Congress is not such as is found in any "polite letter-writer," but is rather adapted for making "each particular hair to stand on end, like quills on a fretful porcupine." What it lacks in elegance, however, it fully makes up in emphasis.

Once I heard George W. Fithian, of Illinois, in a debate give the lie direct, without any circumlocution whatever, to Hon. Elijah Adams Morse, of Massachusetts, who was by the ungodly nicknamed "Rising Sun Stove Polish Morse." Fithian, like Mark Antony, is a plain, blunt man, who speaks right out in meeting. I also heard Col. William Peters Hepburn, of Iowa, give the lie direct to Uncle Joe Cannon, of Illinois. Subsequently Col. "Mont" Cockran, of Missouri, did the same to Colonel Hepburn.

Sometimes a pertinent inquiry or a profound suggestion is answered in words flippant, if not profane. John Allen, of Mississippi, says that during the acrimonious and long-drawn-out debates of the Fitz-John Porter case, Representative Andrew G. Curtin, the great war Governor of Pennsylvania, was billed to speak at two o'clock, and, to use John's precise lingo, "had liquored up" for the occasion. The time of the orator who immediately preceded the ex-Governor was extended indefinitely, and the great Pennsylvanian kept on "liquoring up." Finally he took the floor and began his speech. In reply to one of his statements concerning the position of the troops at the second battle of Manassas, some member said, "Governor, the maps show precisely the contrary." "Then I say, damn the maps!" shouted the venerable statesman from the Keystone State—which, though not a very logical, was an entirely effective retort.

Usually the temper of Hon. Leonidas Livingston, of Georgia, was as placid as a duck-pond on the equator during a calm. It was merely sleeping, however, and could be excited to sudden and violent explosion. Asher Caruth, of Kentucky, was a genial humorist and one of the most amiable of men, but he sometimes delighted to worry his friends with an impertinent question. One day Livingston, in a speech of more earnestness than accuracy, said something about "the war claims office" —a thing which had no existence except in his imagination—whereupon Asher innocently inquired, "Where is that war claims office that the gentleman had to go to?" This aroused the great Georgia tribune's ire, and he exclaimed, "If the gentleman is so ignorant, after having served ten years, that he does not know the location of the government offices, I have no time now to instruct him. It is his fault, if ignorant, not mine!" which greatly amused the House and disturbed the cheerful Kentuckian not a particle.

Once in a while it happens that a well-directed shot in Congress not only places the victim *hors de combat* temporarily, but knocks him out politically for all time.

Lemuel Eli Quigg, of New York, and Col. James Hamilton Lewis, then a Representative from the new state of Washington—since a famous United States Senator from Illinois—were two of the brightest and most picturesque men in the House of the Fifty-third Congress. Quigg, having retired from public life several years ago to practise law, has not been in the limelight so much of late as has Colonel Lewis. One day they had a cut-and-thrust debate on the subject of the trusts, Lewis assailing and Quigg defending. It was hot, sure enough. In answer to some severe thrust made by Quigg, Colonel Lewis, the politest of men, backed off eight or ten feet, made five or six bows, and said: "Mr. Speaker, I do not wonder that the gentleman from New York defends the trusts, for it is written in a very old Book that 'the ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib.'" Which ended that debate.

In passing it is not inapropos to state, out of a wide experience and a wider observation, that the best book ever put between covers to quote from in court addresses, speeches to juries, on the stump, in Congress, on the lecture platform, or in any other species of speechmaking, is the Bible. A fitting quotation from the Bible goes like a rifle bullet to its mark.

Many men know many things in a dim, hazy sort of way. Few know anything accurately. I had this fact imprinted on my mind by the following experience. In the heat of debate on the River and Harbor bill I undertook to make a quotation from the Bible, and said, "It is written in a very old Book, 'He who careth not for his own household is worse than a heathen!'" When I had concluded my remarks, my friend John Sharp Williams, of Mississippi, one of the finest scholars and most brilliant men in the House, having been graduated from the universities of Virginia and Heidelberg, came along and said, "Champ, you've got your Scriptural quotation wrong." I asked him to write it out for me, which he did as follows, "He that provideth not for those of his own household is worse than an infidel." Supposing that he knew what he was talking about, when the reporters gave me the notes of my speech for revision, and having no Bible at hand to verify the quotation, I wrote it as Williams had it. Next morning, when *The Record* appeared, I was greatly surprised to discover that he did not know any more about it than I did, and that we each had made a bad stagger at quoting the Book of Books, for the argus-eyed proofreader had changed it so as to read, "If any provide not for his own, and especially for those of his own house, he hath denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel."

The most savage passage at arms in the entire history of stump speeches was between Col. Thomas Hart Benton, "the Great Missourian," and Senator James S. Green, also a Missourian, involving two biblical quotations.

A more honest man than Colonel Benton never lived—his whole career proves it—but when he was a student at Chapple Hill University, now the University of North Carolina, a story was circulated that he had stolen some money and hidden it in an old-fashioned stock, and, notwithstanding his long and high public career, the canard was resurrected for campaign purposes when Benton broke with the Democratic party of Missouri on slavery and nullification. He utterly despised his Democratic enemies, treating them with contumely and scorn. As it turned out, he held them too lightly. Among other evidences of his contempt he would refuse to debate with any of them.

He drew enormous crowds, and there was always on hand one or more of his avowed enemies to address the audiences he drew when he had concluded, though he always departed as soon as he had finished, thereby giving them the "absent treatment." One day, however, he was slower than usual in getting out of the hall. Green opened upon him in such bitter manner, making all sorts of charges, that Benton shook his fist at him, shouting, "It is written, 'Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbor.'" Quick as a flash Green retorted, "In the same document it is written, 'Thou shalt not steal!'"

harking back to the story originated at Chapple Hill University sixty years before.

We think politics have been bitter in late years, but they are mild compared with the proceedings in the "good old days" of which we hear so much praise. For illustration, in the bitter Democratic factional fights from 1849 to 1856, the "anti-Bentons," as they were called, carried around as a campaign document a life-sized oil painting of Colonel Benton with the end of a twenty-dollar bill sticking out of his "stock." Nothing quite so bad as that has happened in our day and generation.

The best anecdote-teller, but not the greatest humorist in the Fifty-third Congress, was that fiery son of the old Palmetto State, Hon. Jasper Talbert—the man who, by his declarations touching "the late unpleasantness," stirred to the very depths the patriotism of certain Republican members who, like Col. Mulberry Sellers, are always "for the old flag and an appropriation."

I hereby acknowledge my indebtedness to Talbert for some of the best campaign yarns ever told on the stump, but it must be confessed, even by his most ardent admirers, that certain of the South-Carolinian's jokes were hoary with age and badly shelf-worn.

The most fetching campaign story ever spun since Momus began his merry reign is the one about the preacher reading his text from the Bible, two of the leaves of which had been glued together by some mischievous boy. On the first leaf the parson read a description of Cain's wife, and on the second ran into the measurements of the ark, very much to the amazement of his hearers. The world knows it by heart. It was what H. Martin Williams would call "a corker." Henry Grady told it at that celebrated New England dinner in New York City in the speech which made him famous wherever the English language is spoken. Grady himself, Col. Christopher Ellerbe, and Gov. David A. Ball, of Missouri, all have some claims to the paternity of that joke. One day Talbert was telling it in a speech in the House. When he was about half through Mr. Reed came ambling down the aisle and said, "Mr. Speaker, I would like to inquire, for the sake of information, if the statute of limitation never runs against an anecdote?" Richardson of Tennessee, who loved a joke himself, was in the chair, and promptly ruled that it never did; so Talbert, utterly oblivious of Reed's sarcasm, proceeded to the end of his story and followed it up with a dozen new ones, which convulsed his auditors.

A sparkling repartee is liable unexpectedly to enliven debate on the dullest subjects. It would occur to any man that if there is any theme under heaven which is calculated to make people drowsy it is the tariff on wool. But when that matter was up, perhaps for the millionth time, Hutcheson of Texas—one of the brightest of that delegation from the land of old Sam Houston—uttered a few sentences which did both him and his state great honor.

Mr. Wilson of Ohio had made some invidious remarks about Texas mutton, to which Hutcheson replied as follows: "The gentleman from Ohio said that the sheep of Ohio were better than the sheep of Texas, and he presumed that it was because they were better civilized. Mr. Chairman, I thank the gentleman for the compliment which followed it. He then said that the delegation from Texas —I appropriate none of it to myself—was one of the best in this body. It explains, Mr. Chairman, the difference between Ohio and Texas. While Ohio has cultivated the civilization of her sheep Texas has cultivated the manhood and the civilization of her citizens under free institutions."

Hutcheson could always be depended on to sound the praises of the great Southwest. He was the pleasantest of men—but brave as a lion. He added largely to his fame by proposing on one occasion to perform gratis a surgical operation on Col. Dick Bright's jugular with a bowie-knife.

Somebody coined the phrase, "the fatal gift of beauty." I am not certain but there would be as much truth in the phrase, "the fatal gift of sarcasm," for certainly it has undone more than one man of shining talents. Sarcasm comes from the Greek *sarx*, and means flesh-tearing. It is a dangerous weapon—dangerous for the man who uses it, and doubly dangerous for the one against whom it is directed. It rankles in the victim's heart forever, and he is always devising ways and means of getting even. "Sweet is revenge," says Byron, and certainly he ought to be considered a competent witness on that point, for by his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers" he so enraged his contemporaries that they made England too hot to hold him. A duel between him and Tom Moore was narrowly averted. Subsequently they became fast friends and Moore lived to write a very kindly biography of Byron.

Pope overdid the sarcastic act in "The Dunciad," and immortalized some of his most contemptible enemies and detractors—men whom this generation would never have heard of had it not been for Pope himself. He did for them what Macaulay boasted he had done for Barère—placed him on a pinnacle of infamy from which no succeeding historian would be able to take him down.

Frederick the Great is certainly one of the foremost soldiers and statesmen of all time. But his tongue was as keen, if not as dangerous, as his sword. He came near ruining himself by talking too much. His penchant for making bitter epigrams about his royal neighbors was as much a part of his character as his habit of winning victories. Macaulay and Thomas Carlyle—the most partial of his biographers—agree on the proposition that some sarcastic remarks which he made about the Czarina Elizabeth and Madame de Pompadour were the causes which impelled Russia and France to join in that coalition for the Seven Years' War which almost sent Frederick into exile, but from which he emerged victorious, to take his place in history with Alexander, Hannibal, and Cæsar.

It rarely happens that a piece of sarcastic oratory, only thirty-one lines long, prevents two men from reaching the Presidency of the United States, and turns one political party out of the possession of the national government by putting another in. In all human probability that performance will never be duplicated in all the years that are to come. When Roscoe Conkling and James G. Blaine were young men they served in the House together. They got into an altercation, in which the New-Yorker said exceedingly bitter things about "the man from Maine."

Blaine replied in some scorching rhetoric, which to him was the cause of woes unnumbered, including his defeat by Grover Cleveland.

After ridiculing Conkling's sarcasm and referring to what he termed his "turkey-gobbler strut," he stated that Conkling's swagger had grown of late because of a jocose article written by Theodore Tilton saying that the mantle of Henry Winter Davis, of Maryland, had fallen on the shoulders of Conkling. Commenting on this fancied similarity between Davis and Conkling, Blaine exclaimed: "The resemblance is great. It is striking. Hyperion to a satyr, Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dunghill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a roaring lion. Shade of the mighty Davis! Forgive the almost profanation of that jocose satire."

That passage created a gulf between them which neither time nor friends could bridge over. Blaine would have gladly made up, but Conkling was too proud to forgive, and lived to take fearful vengeance on his foe.

Old Dr. Samuel Johnson said that he loved a good hater. It's a pity he did not live long enough to form the acquaintance of Roscoe Conkling. He certainly would have come up to Johnson's standard in that regard.

Of all the bitter epigrams ever made by one public man at the expense of another, Conkling made the bitterest. When applied to in 1884 to deliver some speeches in favor of Blaine, with superb scorn he made the laconic reply, "I am not in the criminal practice." Those seven words lost Blaine New York and the Presidency.

At first blush it would appear impossible to kill completely the effect of a pertinent speech by a single sentence of brilliant repartee, and yet that is precisely what Adam Bede of Minnesota did on one memorable occasion. The day the House passed the Enabling Act for Oklahoma nearly every member was in his seat, and the galleries were full to overflowing. It was what we call a "field day." The orators were out in full force, speaking under the five-minute rule. Hon. Sereno E. Payne, who was a very large, handsome, and serious statesman, fulminated against the situation where each state has two, and only two, United States Senators. He contrasted Nevada with her sixty thousand people and two Senators with New York, the Empire State, with her nine millions of people and her two Senators. The contrast he drew was bitterly expressed, and the way he lambasted what he called the "Sage-brush States" was terrible to hear. Any one unacquainted with history would have thought, from the Honorable Sereno's savage onslaught, that the end of the Republic and chaos were at hand.

When he, out of breath and mad as a she-bear deprived of her cubs, sat down, Adam Bede arose, slight of stature, short on avoirdupois, and meek as Moses. Amid breathless silence he began in this wise, "Mr. Speaker, the gentleman from New York [Mr. Payne] has just referred to the two New York Senators, when everybody else on earth is trying to forget them!" The members and galleries broke into a roar; Mr. Speaker Cannon's anger made his face as red as the stripes on the great flag over his head; he nearly had the apoplexy. He hammered his desk until his left arm must have been sore for a week, and read Adam an awe-inspiring lecture for violating the rule against referring to the Senators. But Bede's words had been spoken and could not be recalled. To quote J. Pierpont Morgan's famous dictum, "Nobody could unscramble the eggs."

One day in the Sixty-third Congress Hon. Henry A. Cooper, of Wisconsin, by making a quotation perpetrated a near-repartee against the Democrats. He announced some proposition, which set them laughing uproariously, which he stopped suddenly by a line from Goldsmith: "The loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind."

Jonathan Prentiss Dolliver, of Iowa, was a man of shining talents and a scintillating orator. One day he and Joseph Weldon Bailey, of Texas, had a passage at arms on the Porto Rican situation. Bailey made a quotation from Lincoln. Dolliver retorted, "I congratulate the Democrats on having attained at the end of the century the position occupied by the Republicans in the middle of the century"—a bit of repartee which Bailey pronounced most excellent.

Dolliver was a born orator. He was not much of a debater until the last years of his life. He was forced into being a debater in this peculiar way. Having been on the Ways and Means Committee in the House, he naturally desired to be on the Finance Committee in the Senate, which, in addition to other functions, discharges duties similar to those devolved on the Committee on Ways and Means. But Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island would not have it so. Instead, he bestowed the coveted honor upon Senator McCumber of North Dakota, which aroused Dolliver's anger. He concluded to even up things with Senator Aldrich. So he hired a tariff expert and together, day after day, night after night, week after week, he and his expert picked the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot Tariff bill to pieces and put it together again in the light of all other tariff bills ever passed. Having made himself master of details, Dolliver waded into the debate, and made the best speeches and arguments delivered in criticism of the bill. In one of them he denominated handsome Senator Warren of Wyoming as "the greatest shepherd since Abraham," a characterization which was universally published and which will abide with Senator Warren until he reclines on Abraham's bosom.

A fine sample of his sarcasm was his pronouncing Doctor Cook's discovery of the North Pole and the Payne-Aldrich-Smoot Tariff bill the two most stupendous hoaxes of modern times.

It is safe to say that the Hawkeye Senator worried Senator Aldrich more than any other member of the Senate. While Dolliver was chopping the tariff bill into mincemeat, I often wondered if the great Rhode-Islander repented having promoted Senator McCumber over him.

Of course, the stand-pat newspapers were in high dudgeon, and vowed they would have his scalp. He died shortly after; but I have no doubt that had he lived the scalping of Dolliver would have eventuated, as did that of Senator Knute Nelson. It will be remembered that while in the House Nelson bolted the McKinley Tariff bill. The Minnesota stand-patters swore they would decapitate him; but to their humiliation and chagrin they discovered that the people of Minnesota were with Nelson to such an extent that they were compelled to nominate him for Governor to prevent the state from going Democratic! He has served as Governor and Senator ever since, and has just been elected for another full senatorial term. I do not think that I am violating the proprieties when I state that Dolliver once told me with much glee that his wife secured his appointment on Ways and Means. He said that the Reeds and Dollivers were on very friendly footing; that he and his wife were anxious that Reed place him on Ways and Means. Dolliver learned that his name was not on Reed's list, which fact he sorrowfully communicated to his wife, who immediately proceeded to Reed's office, and when she returned her husband was on the Ways and Means Committee.

Just one speech sent Dolliver to the House, starting him on his long and brilliant career. He was a young lawyer at Fort Dodge, with a penchant for politics. A prominent statesman, who thought he saw a promising future for Dolliver, had him named as temporary chairman of the Republican state convention at Cedar Rapids, of which assignment Dolliver had sufficient notice, it being explained to him that his principal function would be to make a speech. Having few law cases to bother him, and realizing that a golden opportunity had come to him, he bestowed much labor on that speech. In due time he delivered it in capital style, standing the convention on its head and setting the prairies ablaze. The papers took it up and declared that Iowa had a youthful Patrick Henry in her midst of whom she was vastly proud. From that day to the hour of his untimely death, while in his prime, the road to high political preferment was open to him. Once he told me that all the pins were set for him to be nominated for Vice-President at Philadelphia in 1900—all that prevented that consummation being Col. Theodore Roosevelt's military cocked hat! Had he been nominated for Vice-President he would have become President when McKinley was assassinated. Mr. Madden, a very able Republican Representative from Illinois, told me not long ago that he was a delegate to Philadelphia in 1900 and that Dolliver was certain of the nomination until Colonel Roosevelt impinged on the scene.

Dolliver secured that first nomination for Congress nearly as easily as a more distinguished man, Gen. James A. Garfield, got his political start. Garfield was first elected to Congress while he was serving as a major-general in the army in 1862, partly because of his personal prominence and partly because the old Joshua R. Giddings guard in the Western Reserve wanted to even up things with the opposing faction, which had knocked out their chief at the election of 1860, and they took up General Garfield as the most available man in sight whom they could use for purposes of revenge. Thus he entered upon that long and brilliant Congressional career which landed him in the White House and filled the world with his acclaim.

His first entrance into political life, however, was purely accidental. In 1859 he was President of Hiram College, then a small institution, now a large one, and on Sundays preached in the neighboring churches. He seemed fated to spend his life in the pulpit and the classroom, but "there's a divinity that shapes our ends." It so happened that there was a vacancy in the state senatorship from that district. Young Garfield attended the Republican senatorial convention as a delegate. A deadlock ensued. One day, in preparing to go to dinner, another delegate by accident got hold of Garfield's hat and clapped it on his own head. It was so big that it slipped over his ears and rested on his shoulders. The astonished delegate shouted, gleefully: "Eureka! I have found the man for state Senator! Any man who has as large a head as Garfield carries around is fit to be state Senator!" The other delegates agreed with him, and that afternoon Garfield was nominated in a jiffy.

The day on which Senate eulogies were pronounced on Gov. John Henry Gear, late a Senator from Iowa, Senator Dolliver, who succeeded to Gear's senatorial shoes by appointment from Gov. Leslie M. Shaw, was one of the orators. Mr. Rodenberg of Illinois met Col. William Peters Hepburn, of Iowa, in the Republican cloak-room that morning and said, "Colonel, are you going over to hear Dolliver deliver his maiden speech in the Senate this afternoon?" "What's he going to talk about?" asked Hepburn. "He is going to deliver an oration on the life and character of Senator Gear," replied Rodenberg. "Oh! Dolliver has no cause to mourn his death!" quoth Hepburn, who was himself of senatorial stature.

It may appear strange, but it is nevertheless true, that members who are personally friendly take more liberties with one another in debate than do those who are unfriendly. When enemies clash it is a fight to the death. When friends lock horns they lash one another in a good-natured sort of way.

Colonel Hepburn of Iowa and I were the best of friends. One day we had a good-natured clash. When the River and Harbor bill was under discussion Colonel Hepburn propounded the astounding theory that boating on the Missouri River had dwindled to the vanishing point by reason of what he denominated the great and unusual "slope" of that stream. To that theory I responded as follows:

"Does the gentleman from Iowa [Colonel Hepburn] believe that there has been any notable change in the conformation of the earth's crust in that part of the continent within the last fifty years? Is the source of the Missouri River any farther above the level of the Mississippi now than it was when Robert Fulton invented the steamboat? Have the mountains of Montana lifted their lofty heads any nearer to heaven, or has the bed of the Father of Waters sunk any closer to the center of the earth within his recollection or even within human memory? Does he think that the 'slope' of that river is any greater now than when steamboating was in its palmy days and when hundreds of thousands of passengers and countless tons of freight went up and down from St. Louis to Fort Benton in those gorgeous 'floating palaces' which were the pride and glory of the Western country?

"Does he believe that the Missouri River 'slopes' both ways? While I listened to his annual speech—pleasant because an old acquaintance, familiar to the ears as household words by reason of its frequent iteration—I concluded that he must harbor that wild hallucination; otherwise his theory of 'slopes' sinks into repulsive nothingness, as Rider Haggard's She, for it stands to reason and to nature that if the 'slope' of the Missouri River forbids boating up-stream it expedites it down-stream, *ex necessitate*, and in that way exactly evens up the whole thing.

"The learned gentleman's theory as to 'slopes' is about on a par with Mark Twain's mathematical demonstration that if the Mississippi River continues to shorten itself for a given number of years at the rate it has been proceeding on that line for the last one hundred and fifty years, Cairo and New Orleans will be jammed together as one city and the Mississippi River will stick out several hundred miles over the Gulf of Mexico."

Colonel Hepburn came back at me in this pleasant fashion:

"Mr. Chairman, I venture a suggestion or two to the gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Clark] with a great deal of diffidence. I see that he has studied the question of navigation and hydraulics and understands it thoroughly. He has overcome a difficulty that engineers have never yet been able to overcome to their satisfaction. He has discovered that the slope of a river and the extraordinary currents that may result from an excessive slope do not interfere with navigation, because while it may be difficult to get up, yet you can slide down so much easier that the thing is balanced, and you have a complete equipoise.

"As boys we used to think there was a great deal of delight in sliding downhill. We would even draw a sled back for the pleasure of the swift motion downward. But that plan has never yet been adapted by men to transportation, as I understand. According to the gentleman's theory, Niagara Falls are not an impediment to the navigation of the Niagara River. It might be very difficult to get up, but you would come down so fast that the thing would be equalized."

As elsewhere stated, Gen. Charles Henry Grosvenor, of Ohio, was a capital debater, quick at repartee—sometimes as savage as a meat-ax, sometimes as bitter as gall. He had a magnificent head of snow-white hair and snowy whiskers reaching clear down to his waist—his wealth of hirsute adornment giving point to this story.

Hon. Willard D. Vandiver, of Missouri, has a splendid education and fine intellect. His speeches were sometimes full of *aqua fortis*. He is tall, slender, and exceedingly lean. His chief facial adornment is a long, brown mustache.

One day he came to me and told me that he was about to make a speech, and in it would refer to "the gentleman from Ohio" without naming him, whereupon I was to ask him, "Which gentleman from Ohio?" I did not know what he was going to say and did not care, but to please him at the right time I asked the question that he suggested—"which gentleman from Ohio?"—to which he replied, "The one who looks like Santa Claus and talks like Satan," which everybody recognized as a *descriptio personæ* of General Grosvenor and which amused the members very much. When Vandiver concluded his speech the General, boiling with wrath, arose and said, "Mr. Speaker, I have never prided myself on my personal appearance, but I am not ashamed of it. The gentleman from Missouri [Mr. Vandiver] violated the proprieties of debate by referring to it. I may be permitted to say that I thank God that when people see me they do not think of the death's head and cross-bones on a bottle of prussic acid in a druggist's window, and when they hear my voice they do not instinctively recall the old song 'Hark! from the tombs a doleful sound!'"

That's what the general said when he supposed that my question and Vandiver's reply were impromptu. Had he known that Vandiver had arranged the performance, what the old general would have said would have been amazing.

Jack Brownlow gave me two notable samples of Tennessee repartee in stump oratory: First, in the great gubernatorial race between Andrew Johnson and Gustavus A. Henry, closing his speech in their last debate, Johnson said, "I have met the greatly exploited White Eagle of Tennessee from the Mississippi to North Carolina, and there is no blood on his beak or flesh upon his talons." Whereupon Henry replied, "The White Eagle of Tennessee is a clean bird—a noble bird, and does not feed on carrion"—but Andrew Johnson was elected Governor.

Second, most readers of this will be surprised to know that James K. Polk was defeated for re-election to the governorship of the Old Volunteer State not long before he was elected to the Presidency, by James C. Jones, nicknamed "Lean Jimmie" by his enthusiastic followers. In one of their debates Governor Polk made a strong and profound speech on the tariff. When Jones's turn came he said: "Governor Polk has delivered a long speech on the tariff. I don't know much about it. My position on that subject is that where it is too high it ought to be lowered, and where it is too low it ought to be raised." So say we all.

Sometimes the repartees are made by persons in the audience, as the following instances will show:

DOUBLE-BARRELED REPARTEE

One of the men who was bigger than his reputation was Hon. Henry G. Turner, of Georgia. For some reason the newspapers rarely ever mentioned him. When they did they always spoke of him in terms of admiration and praise, but they did not mention him often enough. He deserved all the good that could be said of him.

Judge Turner was the most incisive speaker in Congress. His words cut like a knife. His style of oratory may be truly denominated as "the severe." He ranked with Judge Culberson as a jurist. He occupied the bench a long time. His mind was analytical to a high degree. His stock of information was large. He grasped the strong points of a case with unerring certainty and pressed them home with resistless force. His speeches were luminous, logical, learned, with very little of rhetorical flourish and not too much adornment. His sarcasm sometimes bit. His ridicule penetrated even the thickest epidermis. His humor was perennial and contagious. Barring Amos Cummings alone, Judge Turner was the only man in the House of the Fifty-third Congress whom Mr. Reed dreaded to tackle.

Here is a perfect gem of sarcasm from his tariff speech:

"The gentleman from South Dakota [Mr. Pickler], who has just taken his seat, following the pace of his predecessor in this debate, has singled out an item upon which he has expended his wrath and indignation. He has indicted this bill as a measure of hostility against the farmer, because he assumes that we have assailed the duty on the Dakota mule. [Laughter.] That gentleman is aware that the McKinley bill, the measure of his own party, put on that animal a duty of thirty dollars per head. The Committee on Ways and Means proposes to change that duty from thirty dollars per head to twenty per cent. *ad valorem*, which still leaves a duty equivalent to thirty dollars on a mule worth one hundred and fifty dollars; and at this rate, under the operation of the *ad valorem* principle, the duty rises as the value of the animal increases. On the other hand, the specific duty of thirty dollars per head now existing looks grotesque when applied to a Mexican mule worth less than ten dollars. With unsparing hand we have degraded the Texas mule to the vulgar level of his Dakota kindred. Such is the unsectional and impartial effect of taxation fixed according to value."

But before he finished he went gunning for larger game than Pickler.

Julius Cæsar Burrows had charged that the Wilson Tariff bill was bottomed on the Confederate Constitution and, therefore, dangerous and to be condemned. Here is Judge Turner's reply to that suggestion, and the records of parliamentary oratory will be searched in vain to find a retort more classic and with more banter, raillery, wit, sarcasm, and logic:

"The Confederate Constitution! Why, the gentleman's invocation of this Confederate bit of history-making, to do duty in the cause of protection, is as remarkable as that speech of his made some years ago, in which he quoted and perverted to the use of the tariff Mackay's ode to free trade!

"Why, sir, if I may profit by the poetic license in which he indulges, I might well say that he ought to be thankful to those who made that Constitution. It was because of the four years of that Constitution that the Republican party has had an existence in this country. It was because of the vigor with which the principles of that Constitution were sustained that the policy of protection has raged in this country from one ocean to the other.

"It is on account of the consequences of our mistake, if you please, that the Republican party has had an existence in this country. It is on account of it that his party has had an almost uninterrupted reign for thirty years. On account of it protection has done its perfect work. I respectfully submit that it was that historic incident which has furnished to the gentleman and his party not only the justification, but the opportunity of this system of extortion.

"Among the bitterest and deepest regrets which I have on account of the late war is the consciousness that it afforded to the enemies of freedom, the enemies of commerce, the enemies of the best interests of this country, the pretext to put upon the people the oppressions of protective tariff. For many years I have been trying to rectify that great indiscretion, and the gentleman himself has devoted his best efforts to the maintenance of its bad consequences. Let the gentleman hereafter speak reverently of the Confederacy. I have long forgiven George III for his mistakes, because they gave to history and to the world George Washington and his compatriots.

"If the gentleman could only think of the great names of the saints of protection, from Morrill to McKinley, who rose out of the deluge, he ought to walk lightly over the grave of the Southern Confederacy. When he next essays to sing Mackay's ode to a new tune I commend to him the inspiring strains of 'Dixie.'" [Great laughter and applause.]

SENATOR MORGAN OF ALABAMA

All in all, it may be safely asserted that Senator John Tyler Morgan, of Alabama, knew as much as any other man in public life of his day. His scholarship may not have been as accurate as that of some others in particular lines, but he appeared to know a great deal about everything. In this respect he closely resembled England's "Grand Old Man," William Ewart Gladstone. He also much resembled him in the grace with which he carried his age. No man looking at Senator Morgan's handsome face, massive head, tall and sinewy frame, noting his elastic step or listening to his eloquence, which flowed onward like the resistless current of a mighty river, would have pronounced him past sixty.

One of my teachers was wont to say: "Some people have memories like a tar-bucket. Everything that touches sticks. Others have memories like a duck's back. Everything that touches scoots off."

Most assuredly Senator Morgan's memory was of the tar-bucket variety. Evidently he had been an omnivorous reader, and he was like the Bourbons in one regard at least—he forgot nothing.

If Shakespeare's dictum, "Brevity's the soul of wit," be true, then Senator Morgan was the least witty of the Conscript Fathers, always excepting William Vincent Allen, who broke all records for long-distance oratory by speaking fifteen hours at one stretch; Matthew Stanley Quay, who consumed fourteen entire legislative days on the Wilson Tariff bill, and John P. Jones, whose masterful discussion of silver makes a large book.

But these historic performances were only unusual episodes in the senatorial careers of these eminent publicists. Senator Allen rarely spoke at great length, Senator Jones was not a frequent or prolix orator, and Senator Quay hardly ever spoke at all "in public or on the stage." Generally he took it out in thinking and scheming. Until the speech above referred to, he had been regarded as a sphinx of the Senate.

Senator Morgan always spoke at length. On any subject in which he was interested he had so much to say that it required a long time to say it. He was never tedious. In splendor of diction, in wealth of metaphor, in masterful marshaling of facts, in abundance of information, in lofty eloquence, in intrepidity of spirit as well as in length of his speeches, he recalled Edmund Burke, who, taken up one side and down the other, was perhaps the greatest transatlantic orator that ever spoke the English tongue. Macaulay laments the fact that Burke delivered some of his grandest orations to empty benches, and some wag declared that Burke's rising to speak emptied the House of Commons as suddenly as a dinner-gong would empty the public room of a crowded hotel.

On the contrary, the announcement that Senator Morgan was speaking at once filled all the seats and standing-room in the Senate chamber and packed the galleries to suffocation.

In the frequency of his speeches he resembled, though hardly rivals, that illustrious orator, Charles James Fox—for that immortal Whig declared that he had spoken every night except two during his long parliamentary career, and his only regret was that he neglected to speak then.

Senator Morgan was utterly fearless and perfectly loyal in his conceptions of duty to the people. These qualities brought him into antagonism to the administration. It was in the long-drawn-out debate on the Silver question that he fixed upon the single Gold Standard Democrats the ludicrous nickname of "Cuckoos," which is apt to stick to them as long as "Hunkers" and "Barnburners" stuck to the warring factions of the New York Democracy in ante-bellum days, or as "Snappers" and "Anti-Snappers" will adhere to their descendants of a more recent period, or as the names "Stalwarts" and "Half-breeds" clung to the two wings of the Republican party. In longevity it may equal the name "Know-nothings," which has survived these many years.

It may be said in passing that the amusement the Silver Democrats derived from Senator Morgan's happy characterization of his Democratic opponents was about all they secured in the debate on the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman Act. "He laughs best who laughs last," and the Gold cohorts had the last laugh on that occasion, and it was decidedly loud and hilarious.

Lord Bacon hath it that "Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man." The first two qualities Senator Morgan possessed in a phenomenal degree. Considering what a busy life he led it is incomprehensible how he found time to learn so much, or, having learned it, how he managed to digest and assimilate it. His capacious head in no way resembled a storehouse into which a vast mass of things has been thrust indiscriminately, but rather a well-arranged armory, in which was found every species of weapon, bright and shining, in its proper place, and ready for instant use—or an intricate machine in which every wheel, cog, spring, and pulley does with utmost precision its predestined work; for

> On every point, in earnest or in jest,
> His judgment, his prudence, and his wit
> Are deemed the very touchstone and the test
> Of what is proper, just, and fit.

He was an academic scholar and a profound lawyer—one of the best in the South. He had never held any civil office except that of presidential elector at large on the Breckenridge and Lane ticket, prior to his election to the Senate.

He not only stood in the front rank of those Senators who deliver long speeches of a high order of merit and sustained force, but he was equally at home in a cut-and-thrust debate. He used the rapier with as much skill as the broadsword. He was merciless in repartee, as the following will show. It is well known that Senator David Bennett Hill was by no means choice in use of weapons, and was restrained by no sense of delicacy from striking an antagonist below the belt if opportunity served. General Morgan fought Hill's proposal for cloture with characteristic vigor, and denounced it as unconstitutional. Hill went after him in this fashion: "The Senator from Alabama spoke—yea, boasted—of his lifelong devotion to the Constitution of the United States. It may be so. I supposed that for a very brief period my friend was supporting another Constitution, but I may be mistaken. [Laughter and applause in the gallery.]

"The Senator spoke of the wrongs that were about to be perpetrated by this body in the passing of the pending bill. If his contention about these rules is correct, then there is no possible danger of any wrong being perpetrated, because if the view taken by him is correct there seems to be no method provided by which we can reach a result. Therefore, if that is true, he can with the utmost safety repeat the statement in imitation of another distinguished Senator from that state, that if we pass the pending bill in the manner suggested by me and under a construction of the rules, we must walk over his dead body. I do not believe it. It is an idle threat. I have heard of statesmen before who were going to die in the last ditch, but there are some of them alive now."

Thereupon the galleries roared. A Mephistophelian smile spread over the pallid face of the wily Hill, and he evidently thought he had struck a blow from which he would get none in return. But he was mistaken, for Morgan gave him a Roland for his Oliver in this savage manner, which neither Senator Hill nor some other high and mighty personages are apt to forget soon. After expressing the highest admiration and kindliest feelings for Union soldiers, he said: "But, Mr. President, I do not have so much respect for those men who are constantly quoting that difficulty whenever they have an opportunity to make a point on a brother Senator or anybody about it, but who did not have the pluck to shoulder a gun to go out to fight. My respect does not extend to that class in that cordial way that it does to men like Morrison, Randall, Palmer, and Sickles, and hundreds of others whose names I might call in the Northern States, who came out and took their muskets in their hands and said:

"'We will try the question with you upon the issue of battle.' I am not alarmed lest one of these gentlemen should quote upon me my attitude in 1860 to 1865, for an honest soldier who fought me in the war never does it; only those who hired substitutes and stayed home and pleaded the baby act, or something like that, for an excuse for patriotic delinquency, are in the habit here and elsewhere of quoting upon me the fact that I belonged at one time to the secession and rebel government of the South. I did belong to it, and when a blush of shame comes over my cheek to condemn me for the part I took in that struggle, I shall still be more ashamed of the poor, craven creature who can undertake to impose that as a disgrace upon me; for if there is a man in the world who is entitled to any consideration from the human family, it is one like old John Knox, or John Wesley, or Martin Luther, and men of that kind, who fought the battles of Christianity and who fought for freedom of conscience against the strength of the greatest combination of political and civil and religious power which ever existed in the world. These are the men whom I revere in history, not those petty politicians whose figures rise suddenly to the surface like bubbles on a stagnant pond, and explode and leave nothing behind them but mephitic odors."

He had served in the Confederate Army during the entire war, rising from private to brigadier-general.

The best of lawyers must in the very nature of things occasionally lose a case. It is stated by his biographers that Aaron Burr always won. If that be true, and I don't think it is, he either had very few cases or was the luckiest of lawyers. However that may be, Judge Elijah Robinson, of Kansas City, has a good deal of caustic wit.

He was one of the most successful lawyers that ever practised at the Pike County bar. Shortly after he retired from the bench he assisted in defending a man named Sevenoaks for criminally assaulting a young girl. Popular opinion was strong against his client and the jury gave him thirty years in the penitentiary. A few days later an outrageous murder was committed in Pike. Some of Robinson's friends were telling him that the defendant ought to be hanged and that he ought to prosecute him as a duty to the public. Recollecting his late bad luck, Robinson replied, grimly, "Perhaps the best way to get him hanged would be for me to defend him."

An interesting member of the House of the Fifty-third Congress was Jehu Baker, of the East St. Louis District of Illinois. He was in the sere, the yellow leaf, and had three nominations, Democratic, Prohibition, and Labor Union. At first I had a prejudice against the old man because while he was still a Republican he had defeated that great Democrat, Col. William R. Morrison, some years before. Morrison was one of my prime favorites, and I believed he had been boodled out. So for a good while I would have nothing to do with Mr. Baker. Finally he went stone-blind. He sat right behind me. From scraps of conversation which I could not help overhearing, I concluded that he was a good deal of a philosopher—a *rara avis* among public men. Sympathizing with him by reason of his sore affliction, I gradually fell into the habit of sitting beside him occasionally and chatting with him off and on.

One day, incited by something said on the floor, he put his hand on my knee and said, "Who was the greatest soldier that ever lived?" "Napoleon," I replied. "Who was the greatest statesman?" "Jefferson." "The greatest poet?" "Lord Byron." "The greatest orator?" "Daniel Webster." "The greatest historian?" "Lord Macaulay." "The greatest dramatist?" "Lord Bacon." He shook my knee vigorously and said: "Tut, tut! You do not believe that Bacon wrote the Shakespeare plays," and then proceeded to expound a theory I had never heard broached before—the composite theory. He said that no one man wrote those plays—that they were the output of many minds. He asserted that writing plays was a fad among the wits of that day, and that most men of parts tried their 'prentice hands in such work. They would turn their manuscripts over to Shakespeare, who conducted a theater. If he thought them worth while he would try them out and such as proved to be successes he clapped into his book, finally claiming them as his own. He quoted innumerable passages which he stoutly maintained could not have been written by one man. His theory was interesting at least. Whether he originated it I do not know. I submit it for what it is worth—advising all who read this to also read the most interesting book ever written about those plays—Mark Twain's little book entitled *Is Shakespeare Dead?*

Surely the funniest thing that ever happened touching the unending Shakespeare-Bacon controversy occurred in Washington. It will be remembered that some years ago Ignatius Donnelly, of Minnesota, claimed that he had discovered a cipher story running through the Shakespeare plays which proved conclusively that Bacon was the author thereof. Whether that elected him to Congress or whether he was elected in spite of his Cryptogram theory will never be known. However that may be, he was elected, and bored everybody dreadfully about his hobby. A certain humorist gave him a dinner so he could talk it out and be done with it. Among the guests were Proctor Knott, Jim McKenzie, Senator Joseph C. S. Blackburn, of Kentucky, then at the zenith of his fame and popularity, and Col. Dick Wintersmith, also of Kentucky, the most incorrigible joker in America, and other kindred spirits. Donnelly began on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy with the soup, and whooped it up through all the courses. Between the walnuts and the wine when they were all properly primed, Colonel Wintersmith could stand it no longer—his patience was utterly exhausted. He said, "Mr. Donnelly, you have been trying for five or six hours to prove that Lord Bacon wrote those plays, but I know positively that Shakespeare wrote every word of them." Donnelly, aghast, asked, "How do you know it?" Colonel Wintersmith with preternatural solemnity replied, "Because I was there and saw him write them with his own hand." The astounded Donnelly exclaimed, "Why, Colonel Wintersmith, Shakespeare has been dead for three hundred years!" Colonel Wintersmith turned to Blackburn and remarked, "Joe, how time flies!"

The most learned and argumentative book ever written on the Baconian side is by Judge Holmes of the Supreme Court of Missouri, who died a professor in the Harvard Law-school. He entertained no wild and puzzling theories about ciphers and cryptograms, but went at it lawyer fashion, and proved to his own satisfaction that Lord Bacon was the author of the Shakespeare plays.

CHAPTER XXIV

Tiptoppers—Leaders among leaders of men—The Speaker of the House—Resolutions, *pro forma*, thanking presiding officer—Several bitter enmities resulting from rulings of Speakers—The leaders of the majority—The leaders of the minority—Their masterful positions—Useful workers called "whips"—Deserved tributes to Fitzgerald, Kitchin, Mann, and "Uncle Joe"—Kindly mention of others, giving "honor to whom honor is due."

THE three men most in evidence in conducting the affairs of the House are the Speaker, the majority leader, and the minority leader.

In any country whose institutions are based on suffrage the government is inevitably a government by party, or, as Mr. Speaker Cannon would express it, "a government by majorities"—political majorities, of course. That is true whether we want it that way or wish it otherwise. Many good people do not like it. For instance, George Washington, who, taken up one side and down the other, was the greatest of uninspired mortals, disliked political parties.

Washington knew that men differ about governmental theories as about everything else; but he hoped to tide over his administration without politics. Man proposes, but God disposes. Washington, to avoid a political complexion being given to his Cabinet, tried this queer experiment. He made Thomas Jefferson, the Father of Democracy, Secretary of State and Alexander Hamilton, the head of the Federalists, Secretary of the Treasury. These two immortal statesmen were the antipodes of each other in political thought. Jefferson says that at first he and Hamilton differed mildly and politely, but they got worse and worse, until finally they "were pitted against each other like game-cocks," and both left Washington's Cabinet in disgust to form antagonistic political parties. Presidents Hayes, Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Taft also experimented with Cabinet members not of their own parties. Somebody may claim that in appointing Edwin M. Stanton Secretary of War Abraham Lincoln broke up the political solidarity of his administration; but the fact remains that after his appointment Stanton never pretended to be a Democrat. The chances are that he had already gone over to the Republicans prior to his appointment, as many other Democrats were then doing. His old-time friend, Judge Jeremiah S. Black, of Pennsylvania, who had served a few months with him in Buchanan's Cabinet, assailed him savagely for "ratting" to the Republicans in order to secure an office.

However that may be, our own history, as well as the histories of other countries whose institutions are bottomed on suffrage, proves that the government is a government by party. As a matter of fact, the political complexion of the British administration during Queen Victoria's long reign changed oftener than did ours in the same period. In France the changes are so kaleidoscopic as to confuse and puzzle the average person. The same is measurably true as to Belgium, Italy, and other constitutional monarchies. They think no more of changing Cabinets than of changing their style of apparel. So the Speaker, the majority leader, and the minority leader are part and parcel of our government by party.

The Speaker has general supervision of the House and has many things to do besides presiding—which I sometimes think is the easiest part of his work. In the chair the functions of the Speaker are more judicial than anything else, and to be *persona grata* to the membership he must be absolutely fair in his administration of that great office. No Speaker can afford to render a decision in any particular case for party advantage or for any other reason that he is not willing to apply to all cases of a similar character. Members are prone—and rightfully so—to resent unfairness on the part of the Speaker. Sometimes they resent it instanter by evidences easily understood, but generally they postpone their efforts for revenge until at the end of the session a resolution is offered to thank the Speaker, which is their harvest-time.

As a rule, the resolution thanking the Speaker is passed *nem. con.*, but on several occasions it has been passed by a bare party vote and sometimes, as in the cases of Polk, Blaine, Keifer, and a few others, only by invoking the previous question in order to cut off debate. Generally the minority leader offers the resolution and it is voted with apparent enthusiasm, the disgruntled members, if such there be, remaining mute.

The fiercest fight perhaps ever made on a resolution thanking a Speaker was at the close of James K. Polk's occupancy of the chair. The Whigs, in battle array, were led by Sargent S. Prentiss, the remarkable Mississippi orator. In addition to being an enthusiastic Whig, and therefore opposed to Mr. Speaker Polk on political grounds, he hated the Tennesseean because, as he alleged, Polk had ruled outrageously in Prentiss's contested election case—a hatred which even the lapse of years could neither cure nor mollify. So, as late as the time when Polk was a candidate for President, Prentiss lashed him with sarcasm and vituperation. He described him as "a cockle-burr from the tail of the grim old Lion of the Hermitage," and other similarly preposterous sobriquets. According to the testimony of all the people that ever heard him, Prentiss had a tongue of flame. So when the House was endeavoring to thank Speaker Polk, he was in his glory and made as tradition hath it, a wonderful speech. He denounced the Speaker as "the despair of his party" and "the tool of the Executive." He declared that to say he was "impartial" was to state a "lie," and much more of the same sort. When Polk's followers moved the previous question to put an end to the bitter Whig speeches, Prentiss declared that "the demand was as humiliating as to move it on a resolution of respect to a deceased member."

Others fought the Polk resolution of thanks because, as they asserted, he wanted to use it as a certificate of good character in his impending contest for the governorship of Tennessee. Notwithstanding the bitterness of the fight, however, Polk got his resolution of thanks by a strict party vote, and lived to be President of the United States. Another illustration of the fact that he laughs best who laughs last.

Resolute opposition was made to thanking Mr. Speaker Stephenson, for the reasons that he was unfair, subservient to the administration, and "a peddler of patronage." In the diary of John Quincy Adams, which contains more venom than any other set of books printed in this world since Gutenberg invented movable types, it is gleefully and maliciously recorded for the eye of posterity that when, in reading the Stevenson "Thanks Resolution," the clerk pronounced the words "fair dealing," "a burst of laughter filled the House." No doubt "the Old Man Eloquent" cachinnated along with the others. Again in his diary John Quincy writes: "I voted against the thanks to Jones. The testimony to his impartiality was too broad a lie for me to swallow."

In passing, it should be stated in ordinary justice to the venerable sage of Braintree and for the guidance of young persons desirous of understanding the workings of our government, that while his pen was dipped in vitriol, and while allowance must be made for his incorrigible prejudices, his diary is an invaluable part of our history.

So far as I know only one other President kept a diary —James K. Polk, whom Adams hated most cordially, and whom he woefully underrates; but for the shorter period covered Polk's diary is as valuable as Adams's and should be printed and generally read, as it treats comprehensively of certain exceedingly important events in our annals.

James Gillespie Blaine is counted among the small group of great Speakers, and enjoyed vast popularity, yet at the close of his first term in the chair his friends forced the previous question to prevent discussion of his record. There might be cited other cases of a similar nature, but these must suffice.

The chief function of the majority leader is to keep the business of the House well in hand, to look after details, to see to it, especially on important occasions, that his party fellows are present, and generally to supervise and lead in debate. He must necessarily keep in close touch with the chairmen of committees.

The duties of the minority leader are much the same as those of the majority leader. In order to succeed, both leaders must possess tact, patience, firmness, ability, courage, quickness of thought, and knowledge of the rules and practices of the House.

The whips are the right hands of the two leaders. To be efficient they must know the membership by sight; be on as friendly a footing with them as possible; know where they reside, both in Washington and at home; know their habits, their recreations, their loafing-places, the condition of their health, and that of their families; the numbers of their telephones; when they are out of the city; when they will return; how they would probably vote on a pending measure; what churches they attend; what theaters they frequent—in short, all about them. The ideal whip should be able to furnish a fairly good skeleton biography of his flock on short notice. His principal duty is to have his fellow political members in the House when needed. On critical occasions, when great questions are to be decided, especially when a close vote is expected, much energy is expended by the whips in order to muster the full party strength.

It may seem strange that men who are over twenty-five years of age holding the great office of Representative in Congress—a place to secure which they undergo all sorts of labor and wear and tear of brawn and brain—will, having attained it, play hooky like a lot of school-boys when fishing is good and enticing; but there are some such—not a great number, however. Still, there are enough of them to sometimes decide the fate of important measures. These render the whips necessary. The right sort of whip soon becomes a great force in the House. He keeps the Speaker and the leader informed as to the probable vote on particular measures and the inclinations and predilection of members. His duties are multifarious and onerous, but he has his ample reward in the good opinion of the House and his enhanced prospects of promotion. An active and capable new member cannot secure an assignment more for his own benefit than that of whip, particularly when the House is in a situation approximating political equilibrium. In a House with a big majority one way or the other he is not of such great importance.

A vast majority of measures are non-political; but on many non-political questions the fight is as hot and the excitement is as tense as on political questions.

Once when I was acting as a volunteer whip—being at the time minority leader—I was straining every nerve to have every Democrat present, and had a surprising and aggravating experience. In the retrospect it is somewhat amusing. It was while we were preparing for the first pitched battle on the Cannon machine, March 15, 1909, the opening day of the extraordinary session of the Sixty-first Congress. I telegraphed every Democrat that he was needed at his post that day. One Democrat wired that he was crippled in one leg and in the hospital in a distant city, but would be on deck. On the momentous day he was in Washington, but declared that he was so lame he could not walk to the hall of the House. I sorely needed his vote, having not even the shadow of doubt that he would stand with us. For that reason and for the further reason that I felt compassion for him, I expended two hard-earned dollars of the realm to subsidize a colored brother to trundle him into the hall of the House in a roller-chair. To my utter disgust and amazement, when the roll was called he voted with Uncle Joe, thereby swelling the majority against us on that fateful day! How he returned to his hotel I know not. One thing cocksure—he did not travel at my expense.

During my twenty-five years in Congress the majority leaders have been William L. Wilson, Gov. Nelson Dingley, Sereno Elisha Payne, Oscar W. Underwood, Claude Kitchin, and Frank W. Mondell—a notable sextet of able men. The oldest of these was Governor Dingley; the youngest, Mr. Kitchin. He is one of the most brilliant debaters this generation has known—fluent, intelligent, witty, sarcastic, affable, courageous, and at times eloquent. He is a magnificent specimen of a man mentally, morally, physically. He is in the very prime of his splendid powers. One of the finest scenes to be witnessed in the great hall of the House, which has echoed to the voices of so many distinguished men, is to see Kitchin in the full tide of debate. His clarion voice rings out like a silver bugle, his well-chosen words flow on like the current of a mighty river, and woe to the adventurous person who interrupts him. His commanding presence is a most valuable accessory to his speechmaking. He comes of a family of statesmen, both his father and his elder brother, William W., having been Representatives in Congress, the latter also having been Governor of North Carolina. He and his brother sat side by side for years in the House—one of the few instances of that sort. The most remarkable case was where the three Washburn brothers, Israel of Maine, Elihu B. of Illinois, and C. C. of Wisconsin, were all in the House together. Everybody that knows Claude Kitchin well loves and admires him and predicts a splendid career for him.

The metropolitan papers are fond of sneering at Kitchin because he lives in Scotland Neck, North Carolina, a small town of a few thousand people. They think it is crushing sarcasm. As a matter of fact, it is an amazing exhibition of asininity and simply exposes their stolid ignorance and mental poverty—as if a man living in a small town, or even in a village or on a farm, cannot have brains and information. Call the roll of great statesmen in America and it will be discovered that most of them came from small towns or from the farm. Washington, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, and Jackson all lived on farms "far from the madding crowd." The two Adamses lived in the little village of Braintree, now a part of Boston. Van Buren was a citizen of a village, and from it took the title of the "Sage of Kinderhook." Gen. Zachary Taylor was a planter; Fillmore hailed from Buffalo, then a comparatively small town; Pierce from the then small town of Concord; Buchanan from Lancaster, and Lincoln from the small, sprawling prairie town of Springfield, where, during the February thaw, wagons stalled in the mud of the principal streets. Andrew Johnson was a resident of a small mountain town; Hayes came from Fostoria; and Garfield resided on a small farm near the inconsequential village of Mentor. Webster enjoyed national fame while practising law at Portsmouth before his removal to Boston. Calhoun made known to the world the name of Abbeville. John Randolph lived on his farm at Roanoke; the elder Harrison in the small town of Great Bend; Clay on a farm; Seward and Payne at Auburn; Dingley at Lewiston; William L. Wilson at

Martinsburg; McKinley at Canton; John Sherman at Mansfield.

A large majority of Speakers of the House, Cabinet Ministers, judges of the Supreme Court, and Senators have entered public life from small towns and villages.

Both Gladstone and Disraeli—the two most famous English statesmen of the last century, lived on their landed estates, while Lloyd George is sneered at by his imbecile enemies as "The little Welsh lawyer," and not one out of every thousand who read this can give the name of the town he lives in.

So Claude Kitchin, lately floor leader of the majority, is not disturbed by the brainless nincompoops who endeavor to be humorous by making mean flings at Scotland Neck.

It is true that St. Paul, the great apostle to the Gentiles, boasted that he was a citizen of "no mean city"; but that was not what made him famous. It was his magnificent brain and lion heart. It is not Kitchin's town that made him majority leader, but his brain and his heart.

Since I first came to Congress the minority leaders have been Thomas Brackett Reed, Charles Frederick Crisp, Joseph Weldon Bailey, James D. Richardson, John Sharp Williams, James R. Mann, and myself.

Richardson, who resigned from Congress after twenty years of continuous service, to be for the remainder of his life Sovereign Grand Commander of the Scottish Rite Masons for the southern jurisdiction, was one of the three ablest parliamentarians in the House in the last quarter of a century. The two others are Asher C. Hinds, of Maine, now dead, and John J. Fitzgerald, of Brooklyn, the able, vigilant, and efficient chairman of the great Committee on Appropriations in the last four Congresses. He has made a profound study of the rules of the House and the decisions of the Speakers—which, taken all in all, constitute an elaborate, intricate, and delicate machine.

If all the parliamentary rules on earth and all the decisions of all Speakers here and abroad were burned, Fitzgerald could soon replace them from his own inner consciousness. In addition to being an expert parliamentarian, Fitzgerald is a fine debater, dowered with wit, humor, sarcasm, and abundant Irish blarney.

When discussing questions pertaining to our national finances, he spoke with the vast advantage of fullness of knowledge and has come to be regarded universally as the highest authority on that extremely difficult and highly important subject.

If Hinds's health had not broken down, he would have been the highest parliamentary authority in the House. He is author of Hinds's *Precedents*—a voluminous and most valuable work.

In one branch of our financial system—income taxes—Judge Cordell Hull, of Tennessee, is considered the fountain-head of information. He is thorough master of that subject and is relied on implicitly as an authority by both the House and the executive departments.

In one respect at least—industry—James R. Mann overtops all other minority leaders I have known. I once supposed, quite erroneously, that I am the most industrious of mortals. After coming to know Col. Theodore Roosevelt, I yielded the palm to him in that regard; but when I became thoroughly acquainted with Mann I concluded that the blue ribbon was rightfully his. He is master of parliamentary law and practice, ranking with Fitzgerald in that field. He is vigilance incarnate. To use a very luminous and effective sentence, he never falls asleep at the switch. He is a ready and forceful debater; but his crowning quality is his astounding industry. *The Congressional Record* for the last half-dozen Congresses will show that he has discussed more bills and amended more bills than any half-dozen members of the House. He is a veritable marvel of efficiency. For example, on the first and third Mondays, on which days the "unanimous consent calendar" is called, there are anywhere from a dozen to a hundred bills on the calendar. Mann walks in with a copy of every bill under his arm. He not only has the bills, but attached to each bill is a brief, concise statement of legislation on that subject, together with certain amendments which he proposes to insist on, on penalty of objecting to the consideration thereof.

For the benefit of the uninitiated it is apropos to state that, when under the rule a bill is on the "unanimous consent calendar" it does not mean that it will be passed unanimously, but that unanimous consent is required in order to consider it at all. One objection defeats its consideration for that day. Mann objects peremptorily to about one out of five. He "reserves the right to object" to most of the others, which means that he is about to catechize the member having it in charge until the harassed member accepts Mann's amendments—which are generally improvements—to prevent his objecting. I once characterized Brother Mann as "the senior wrangler" of the House—of course using the term in a widely different sense from the English meaning, which is "the best mathematician in a graduating class."

While I am neither the spiritual, legal, nor political adviser of our Republican friends, I make bold to suggest to them that they might go farther and fare worse than to nominate Mann for President.

It is very desirable for the promotion of orderly proceedings in the House that the Speaker, majority leader, and minority leader be on a friendly footing personally. This is the case almost without exception as to the Speaker and the Majority floor leader, and usually as to the Speaker and the minority leader—not always, however. For some years Speaker Reed and Joseph W. Bailey were close personal friends, but the day we declared war on Spain they suddenly came to the parting of the ways in a most violent and unseemly manner, and were mortal enemies ever after. So bitter was their quarrel that the whisper went round that the hot-blooded young Texan challenged "the Big One" to fight a duel, and many persons believe it to this day. While I was a good friend to both men, I confess that I was glad when they fell out, because Bailey's Democratic enemies were constantly twitting his Democratic friends with what they were pleased to denominate the undue intimacy betwixt him and Reed—which was pure moonshine.

Crisp and Reed fought so many battles that they ended by hating each other most cordially.

The incident which put an end to all friendly intercourse between them came about in this wise: Mr. Reed, while minority leader during Crisp's two terms in the chair, filibustered to force the Democrats to adopt a quorum-counting rule which he thought would vindicate his own conduct in that regard. In the House of the Fifty-second Congress, the Democrats had such a towering majority that he failed of his purpose; but in the Fifty-third Congress, when the Democrats had only thirty-eight majority and were woefully factionalized, he accomplished his heart's desire.

On one occasion Mr. Speaker Crisp said, "The chair desires to state that no member has a right, after the chair has decided a point of order, to ask upon what ground he bases his decision"—and he courageously stuck to that declaration ever after. Indeed, Mr. Speaker Reed in his first term had held the same doctrine. Much depends, however, on whose ox is gored. So one day Speaker Crisp declined to entertain an attempted appeal from one of his decisions. Here is an excerpt from *The Congressional Record* showing what happened then and there:

"On what ground?" asked Reed.

SPEAKER: The chair declines to make any further statement.

Reed: I think I can satisfy the chair—

Speaker: The chair declines to hear the gentleman further.

Reed: The chair will permit me to explain.

Speaker: The chair will not.

Reed: The chair will permit me—

Speaker: The gentleman from Maine will be seated. The sergeant-at-arms will see that the gentleman takes his seat.

Of course Mr. Reed sat down. There was nothing else to do. It was on that exciting occasion that, as the ex-Speaker and future Speaker was ponderously wending his way to his seat, Judge Culberson of Texas remarked, *sotto voce*, "See Jumbo go back to his stake!" Reed never forgave Crisp, and when the latter's last term was ending he not only refused point-blank to offer the usual resolution of thanks, but sullenly sat in his seat, declining to vote for it when offered by another.

Mr. Speaker Cannon and Minority-leader John Sharp Williams were bosom friends—even cronies—being such familiars as to call each other by their first names; but one day Williams was all "het up" by what he vowed was an unfair, partizan ruling—so much "het up," indeed, that when the House adjourned and Uncle Joe, meeting him, held out both hands in friendly greeting, the fiery Mississippian declined to take his hands. Later on, however, they kissed and made up, and at the close of that Congress Williams offered the usual vote of thanks, making a beautiful and enthusiastic speech.

In my capacity as minority leader I served under only one Speaker—Cannon—and while I led the successful fight of the allies to overthrow Cannonism, he and I were always on friendly personal terms.

After eight years in the Speaker's chair I am minority leader again and am on very friendly terms with Mr. Speaker Gillett.

CHAPTER XXV

Who was the first orator?—Silence of the ages—Demosthenes and Cicero—Dean and the broomstick—Difference between orator and debater—High-water mark debate of Lincoln and Douglas—King Solomon's prophecy of Lincoln's Gettysburg inspiration—"Oratory is a divine gift."

EDMUND BURKE, the masterful, great Irishman, in a famous burst of eloquence at the beginning of the Reign of Terror in France, exclaimed, "The age of chivalry is gone!" It might not be wide of the mark to say, "The age of oratory is gone!" If not actually gone, it is in the situation described by the auctioneer's cry of "going, going," just before he pauses and utters the impressive last word of his formula, "gone!"

Who was the first orator? We know that Nimrod was the first soldier; Langley the first flying-machine man; Morse the first telegrapher; Gutenberg the first user of movable types; Fulton the first steamboat man; Bell the first telephoner; Franklin the first captor of the lightning—but who was the first orator? The silence of the ages is the only answer. Yet the orators of the world are for multitude as the stars of heaven or the sands on the seashore. Most of them—all except a lucky few—had their little day of triumph, and passed into oblivion. Those who have survived the storms of time are as scarce as hen's teeth—"like angels' visits, few and far between."

Almost every one in making a list of orators would head it with Demosthenes and Cicero. After that the rosters would vary according to individual tastes. Mirabeau would undoubtedly be selected by the majority as the greatest of French orators—at least he should be—for he achieved more fame as statesman and orator in eighteen months—the entire span of his official career—than any other man ever made in the same length of time; Daniel O'Connell would undoubtedly be chosen for Ireland, the land of orators, though O'Connell never delivered an oration comparable to Philips's rhapsody on Napoleon, but O'Connell's oratory was in advocacy of a great cause which millions of people had at heart; in England the choice would lie betwixt the Earl of Chatham and Edmund Burke—who, while one of the most eminent of British statesmen and orators, was not an Englishman, but an Irishman; in Spain the honors go to Castelar without dissent; in America opinion would be divided between Patrick Henry, yclept "the forest-born Demosthenes," and Webster, whose best-remembered sobriquet is "Daniel the Godlike," though it is questionable whether Webster ever made so eloquent a speech as Tom Corwin's against the Mexican War.

Much depends on the theme treated as to whether a speech will live. Webster was exceedingly fortunate in the subjects on which he exercised his magnificent oratorical powers in those wonders of eloquence which will be read as long as our vernacular is spoken by the children of men—Bunker Hill monument, the one dedicating the cornerstone, the other many years later at its completion, the Dartmouth College case, the reply to Hayne, the Girard will case, the debate with Calhoun, the seventh of March speech—which was his political death-warrant—these speeches on which is bottomed the towering fabric of his fame were on subjects of intense and abiding interest. Perhaps other orations—for all his speeches named herein were orations—as good as his have been made by other men, but on themes of small and fleeting interest, and have perished from human memory. The truth is that except the seventh of March speech in favor of living up to the compromises of the Constitution, particularly the Fugitive Slave law, he voiced the public sentiment of his day and of succeeding generations; and Thomas Brackett Reed once declared sarcastically that "The wisdom of this world consists of shouting with the majority!"

There have been thousands of interesting speakers. Poor Stella declared that "the Dean could write interestingly about a broomstick," but even the most interesting talk about a broomstick does not—cannot—rise to the dignity of oratory. The theme is too insignificant and cannot be made to stir the blood, no matter how skilfully treated.

There is a vast difference betwixt an orator and a debater. A man may be both, but he is lucky if he is either. Charles James Fox was perhaps the greatest debater that ever lived, and if it be true, as the old adage hath it, that practice makes perfect, he most assuredly should have been. Toward the close of his illustrious career he said that during his long service in the House of Commons he spoke every night but two, and in the retrospect regretted that he did not speak on those two nights. There have been many great debaters in the British Parliament, such as Peel, Disraeli, and Gladstone. In this country they have always abounded—Clay, Webster, Benton, Calhoun, Douglas, Lincoln, Seward, Benjamin, Ben Hill, Blaine, Vest, Bailey, Spooner, Reed, Borah, Williams, Jerry Simpson, Judge Turner, and a multitude of others. Perhaps debating on this continent reached the high-water mark in the series of joint discussions betwixt Lincoln and Douglas.

While I believe that if Wendell Phillips were to return to earth in a very few years, he would properly include oratory in his lecture on "The Lost Arts," I do not mean to say that there are not a great many notable speech-makers in the two Houses of Congress and many others in the country, outside of Congress.

Among the former are a dozen Senators and some two dozen Representatives. These men make clear, forceful arguments and luminous statements of fact. The world is too busy now to listen to skyscraping orations.

One of the most highly polished American orators was Edward Everett. He never spoke without the amplest and most painstaking preparation—not only as to ideas and verbiage, but even as to gestures. He is said to have rehearsed his orations, gestures and all, before a mirror, after the fashion of actors and actresses. He delivered a magnificent oration more than an hour long, dedicating the red field of Gettysburg, not one word of which anybody now remembers, while two generations have learned by heart Lincoln's brief, heart-melting words, and they will be repeated by unborn millions until the earth is gathered up as a scroll. King Solomon said, "Words fitly spoken are like apples of gold in pictures of silver." If the departed spirits of the mighty dead take cognizance of happenings here below, the great king must have been happy by reason of the wonderful manner in which the great President illustrated the truth of his proverb.

What is oratory or eloquence, anyway? Most readers will easily recall Daniel Webster's analysis of oratory or eloquence, which runs in this wise:

"True eloquence does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labor and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshaled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire to it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous original native force."

If I were required to define oratory or eloquence I would say, "Oratory is the divine gift of moving men's minds and hearts by the power of spoken words."

Somebody declared, "When people heard Cicero they said, 'How well Cicero speaks'; but when they heard Demosthenes they shouted, 'Let us go against Philip!'"

The severest test of oratory is to compel applause from a hostile audience. I have myself nearly blistered my hands applauding William Bourke Cockran when I dissented from everything he said. It was an unwilling tribute to the astounding skill of the player upon that strange musical instrument—the human heart.

A person hoping to please the younger Pitt by disparaging his great rival, Fox, expressed wonder at the effect of Fox's parliamentary speeches. Whereupon the worthy son of a noble father replied, "You have never been under the magician's wand."

When people get angry at Congress—which they frequently do, sometimes with reason and frequently without—and can think of no other criticism, they say that Congress talks too much. Perhaps that is true as to the Senate. In that body there is no limit to talk except human endurance—the endurance of the man doing the talking; but in the House speechmaking is reduced to a minimum, constitutes only a comparatively small portion of a Representative's labor, and consumes only an insignificant portion of his time. In fact, many of the most useful members rarely speak—some not at all. They are valuable in committee and in counsel. Envious John Adams declared that Washington built up a great reputation for wisdom by the simple process of keeping his mouth shut.

The longest speech possible in the House without unanimous consent is one hour. In the early days of the Republic, when the House was small, if a member could catch the Speaker's eye and could secure recognition, he could speak *ad libitum*, sometimes *ad nauseam*, on all sorts of subjects. The first step ever taken to limit speech in the House was made in the following way: Of all the distinguished statesmen this country has produced, John C. Calhoun possessed the most logical mind, and John Randolph the least logical. Indeed, during much of his life his mind was like "sweet bells jangled out of tune." He was brilliant, thoroughly familiar with the best literature, with astounding verbal resources. He would speak three or four hours at a time about anything and everything that popped into his head—exceedingly interesting, but without metes or bounds. It so happened one day that he started in on one of his long orations at a time when Calhoun wanted to bring up a bill preparatory to the War of 1812. Calhoun raised the point of order that there must be some motion, bill or resolution, point or proposition, pending for any member to address the House. Mr. Bibb of Georgia, temporarily in the chair, probably afraid of Randolph's tongue, overruled Calhoun, and the brilliant Virginian proceeded on his scintillating way. How long he would have continued is not known, but after a while Mr. Speaker Clay returned and resumed the chair. Calhoun promptly raised his point again, and Clay, who feared neither man nor devil, as promptly sustained it.

Even after that, however, if a member could secure recognition on any motion, resolution, point, proposition, or bill pending, he could speak as long as he pleased; but in 1841, when Henry Clay—then in the Senate—broke with President Tyler, he would get his bills through the Senate and send them over to the House, where Henry A. Wise, who possessed the most remarkable vocabulary of all the sons of Adam, aided and abetted by a baker's dozen of Tylerites, would talk all his bills to death. In a fury, the imperious Kentuckian went over to the House and induced it to pass the hour rule to put a curb in the mouth of Henry A. Wise. Then he returned to the Senate and tried to induce it to adopt the hour rule. The Senate, however, turned up its august nose at his proposition, and has kept it turned up ever since.

Some time ago there were loud cacklings of joy among certain classes because, forsooth, the Senate had at last been forced to adopt a cloture rule. There would not have been more jubilation in some quarters had the dawn of the millennium been announced, but analysis of that much-vaunted Senate cloture rule will demonstrate even to the dullest mind that it is only what the late lamented Gov. "Rise Up" William Allen, of Ohio, would have denominated "a damned barren ideality." Here it is:

Whenever two-thirds of the Senators sign a petition to the Vice-President or President *pro tempore* for cloture, he shall submit the question. If it carries, they have cloture. After they get it each Senator is entitled to one hour. If all the Senators avail themselves of the privilege, ninety-six hours will be consumed! If that celebrated victory for cloture is not a water-haul, the English language has no significance whatever. It reminds me of Lincoln's comical catechism of Seward as to the personal appearance of Alexander H. Stephens, who was a small, wizened-face man. Lincoln said, "Seward, did you see Alec Stephens?" "Yes." "See him with his overcoat on?" "Yes." "See him with it off?" "Yes." "Did you ever see so little a nubbin come out of so big a shuck?"

The best rule for speechmaking ever made in this world is the House five-minute rule on amendments—five for and five against. It may properly be defined as "a condenser of language."

CHAPTER XXVI

Ruth's reap-hook, McCormick's reaper—Senator McCormick's opportunity—Submerged news concerning Jefferson—Past and present political methods—Changed methods of voting—Joint debates described—Stump speeches have power—Roster of famous stumpers—"Tippecanoe and Tyler, too."

A FAMOUS caliph had engraved upon his signet ring these words, "Even this shall pass away," as a perpetual reminder of the evanescence of all things earthly. There have been more changes in the world, generally in the nature of progress, in the last half-century than in all the preceding years. For example, while I am by no means old, I can remember when farmers still cut wheat, rye, oats, etc., with a reap-hook. As a matter of fact, I have done that myself, and am perhaps the youngest man living who bears the scar of a reap-hook. I have no doubt that that was the sort of instrument used for harvesting purposes when Ruth gleaned with such pleasant results in the field of Boaz. In our days the scythe and cradle crowded out the reap-hook. Then Cyrus McCormick, of Virginia, came along with his horse-power reaper, crowding out the scythe and cradle. Finally came the combined reaper, header, thresher, and sacker, drawn by twenty-four horses and mules, the greatest curiosity I ever saw, in California—the perfection of that sort of agricultural machinery.

By the way, Senator Medill McCormick told me an interesting fact, which at least my agricultural readers will value, about the McCormick reaper. He said that while it cut the grain fairly well it left too much standing, so that there was much waste and much complaint among the farmers. All sorts of remedies were suggested and all sorts of experiments made to cure that defect without avail. One day a team of mules hitched to a reaper ran off as fast as their legs could carry them, right through the standing wheat, cutting it smooth and leaving none standing in the swath. The secret was revealed that the motion of the blade must be made swifter. So that problem was solved, not by men, but by mules.

I hope it will not be a violation of the canons of good taste to state that incidentally and accidentally I contributed a little to McCormick's publicity campaign. When Marshal Joffre and M. Viviani appeared before the two Houses of Congress, one of the House reporters told me that, as they were to speak in French, they would like to have somebody familiar with that language help them report their remarks. So I inquired as to who understood French. Nicholas Longworth told me that McCormick was familiar with that language. So I asked him to aid the stenographers—which he did. Consequently he was head-lined next morning in the papers, and lauded to the skies as a linguist.

Men are still living who plowed with a plow with wooden mold-board. The Agricultural Society of the Seine presented Thomas Jefferson with a gold medal for inventing a plow with mold-board of least resistance, worked out on an algebraic formula—an achievement for which every plowman, horse, mule, and steer has been his debtor from that day to this. How his blue eyes would snap and sparkle could he rise from the grave and see a 1919 steam or electric tractor tearing up the soil! Not only have old things passed away in things physical, but in every field of human endeavor—even in politics. When I first remember, this was the *modus operandi* of voting: The voter appeared at the window of the voting-place in face of the community, was asked for whom he voted for various offices, and his answers were written down. That method, while presenting certain disadvantages, cultivated at least two virtues—honesty and courage. Now we have the secret ballot—the Australian ballot, so called—which I secured for the people of Missouri when I was in the Legislature.

For more than a century the joint discussion was the approved and universal method by which candidates reached the people. It flourished most where newspapers were the scarcest. Now, since every city has its daily, and every hamlet its weekly, it is written, "This, too, shall pass away"—in fact, is fast passing away—going, going —almost gone. In former times voters wanted not only to see the candidates, but to hear them, to measure them, to judge between them. Next to a horse-race, when I was a boy, a Kentuckian loved a joint discussion as the most thrilling of all possible contests. Even before steam was applied to locomotive purposes, Kentuckians and Tennesseeans and their lineal descendants, the Missourians, would travel great distances to see the one or hear the other. Lincoln and Douglas brought the joint discussion to its highest perfection in their seven stump debates in 1858, when the immediate and ostensible stake was a United States Senatorship, but the ultimate prize was the White House.

Before railroads made travel easy, candidates on their stumping tours traveled on horseback or in buggies—competitors for sake of economy frequently riding in the same vehicle. When I was a child I naturally supposed that men running against each other for office were mortal enemies, and should I live to rival Methuselah in length of days I will never forget how completely surprised I was when, in 1859, my father told me that he had seen Beriah Magoffin, Democrat, and Joshua Bell, Whig, opposing candidates for Governor, riding in the same buggy and as chummy as could be.

The joint discussion has about played out, but its cousin-german, the stump speech, remains. The former possessed this vast advantage over the latter: In the joint discussion the speaker addressed political foes and friends, both having thereby a chance to convert foes into friends, but the audience of a stump speaker without the joint-discussion feature is usually composed almost exclusively of his political friends with only the minimum opportunity for proselyting. Under such circumstances the most the modern stumper can hope to accomplish is to stir up enthusiasm among those of his political persuasion —either for himself or for his party or for both himself and his party, as the case may be. A mere list of our great stumpers would fill a volume of respectable size—including Presidents and candidates for the Presidency. One of the most dramatic scenes in American history was when Patrick Henry—whose political sun was setting—and John Randolph of Roanoke—whose political sun was just peeping above the eastern horizon—met at Charlotte Court-house.

A roster of famous stumpers would contain a majority of great American statesmen or politicians, if you will—Henry Clay, Webster, Benton, Douglas, Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, McDuffie, Parson Brownlow, Davis, Menifee, Hayne, Tombs, Stephens, Prentiss, Crittenden, Corwin, Choate, Sumner, Chase, Schurz, Cassius M. Clay, Blair, Harlan, Knott, Blaine, Bryan, Bailey, Stone, Reed of Missouri, John Van Buren, Vest, Everett, Cockran, Ingersoll, Seward, Tom Marshall, Ed Marshall, the Breckenridges, the Taylor Brothers, Bob and Alf, Wigfall, Yancy, Henry A. Wise, and a shining host.

Those who do not succeed on the stump affect to look down on stumpers, disposing of them with a wave of the hand or a shake of the head, with the assumedly caustic remark, "Oh, he is a rather bright fellow, but he is only a stump speaker!"—which by the owlish ones is supposed to put an effectual quietus on the most successful stumpers. These little Solomons, jealous of their betters, don't know enough to know that every species of knowledge and every art and excellence of a public speaker go to make up the ideal stumper—looks, manners, gestures, intonation, wit, humor, learning, sarcasm, pathos, eloquence, character, courage, histrionic talent—everything calculated to move men's hearts or to convince their judgments.

As far as I know, Gen. William Henry Harrison, "Old Tippecanoe," was the first presidential candidate to take the stump. That was in the log-cabin, hard-cider, coonskin hysteria of American politics. He had enormous crowds to hear him. When the presidential nominee in 1844, Henry Clay addressed a monster open-air meeting of his delirious followers at Nashville, Tennessee. His references to General Jackson in that speech, though in courtly language, brought forth a ferocious roar from the grim old Lion of the Hermitage—the last political and personal growl issued from that source. Douglas and Breckinridge and Bell all mounted the stump in 1860, making extended canvasses, but, strange to relate, Lincoln did not. The next presidential nominee to do much stumping was Horace Greeley, who made a wonderful campaign. Then came James G. Blaine, who excelled in that line of oratory. Grover Cleveland made one or two short speeches. Gen. Benjamin Harrison and Major McKinley made many stump speeches, but their "stumps" were their front porches, from which they read carefully prepared speeches. Colonel Roosevelt, Alton B. Parker, President Wilson, and President Taft also delivered stump speeches; Judge Charles Evans Hughes stumped the country from sea to sea; but in his three races as a presidential nominee William J. Bryan made more stump speeches than all other presidential candidates combined. He demonstrated one thing beyond a peradventure—that while one opportune speech may achieve a presidential nomination, speeches alone will not land a man in the White House.

CHAPTER XXVII

"The Apotheosis of Uncle Joe."

I HAVE stated elsewhere that while the members of the House maul one another in debate, sometimes in most savage manner—wrangle, and occasionally quarrel—the House is really a very generous body, and when in the proper mood can and does act most handsomely.

Such an occasion was its celebration of the eightieth anniversary of the birthday of former Speaker Cannon—"The Apotheosis of Uncle Joe," as I have always termed it.

As a most unusual occurrence in Congressional history, I reproduce the official report of the entire proceedings:

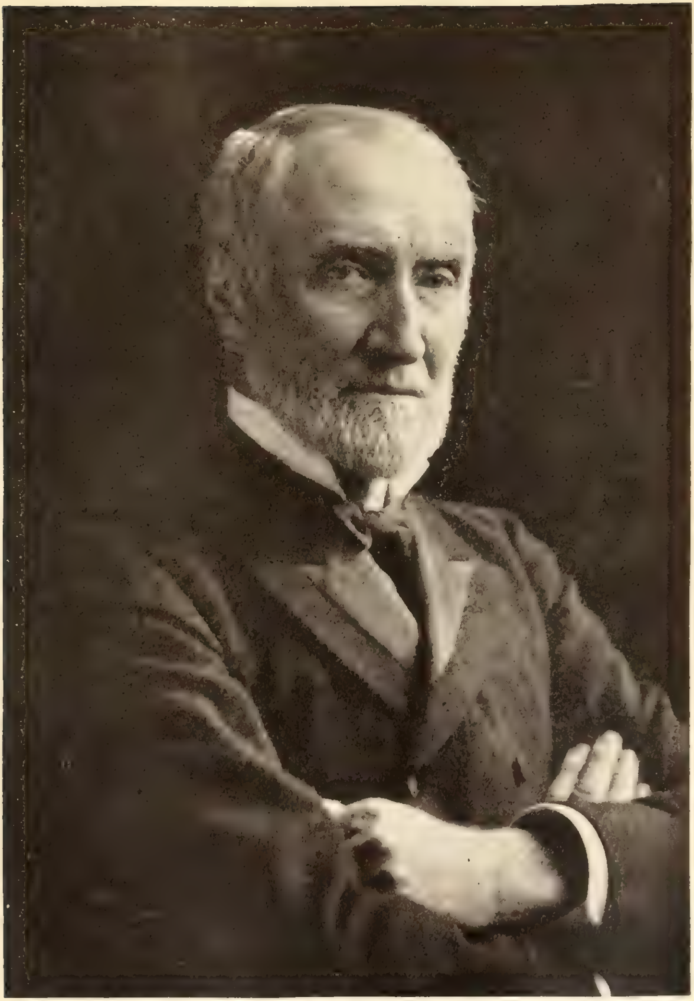
HON. JOSEPH GURNEY CANNON

Hon. Champ Clark, Speaker of the House

Under a special order of the House made some time ago, the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Rodenberg] is to control one hour. and he is now recognized. [Applause.]

Hon. William A. Rodenberg, of Illinois

Mr. Speaker, if all sentiment were taken out of life, to live would not be worth while. Sentiment rules the world and controls the action of all mankind. Love of country, devotion to home and family, friendship for our fellow-man, all are based on sentiment. It is one of the divine attributes of every true and manly heart; without it the world would be dreary and desolate, forever lost to



HON. JOSEPH GURNEY CANNON, EX-SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

love and laughter. It fills the soul with hope and joy and lifts the clouds of doubt and gloom. It is humanity's greatest boon, for it brings to all the cheer that makes life worth the living. It is in response to a sentiment that has its foundation in genuine affection that we meet to-day to do honor to the best-beloved member of this great legislative body. [Applause.]

Mr. Speaker, many stirring and exciting scenes have been staged in this hall. Here in days gone by many of the nation's greatest men have engaged in intellectual combat, and the world has been enriched by their wit and their wisdom. To-day there rise before us again the towering forms of Garfield and Blaine, of Randall and Cox, of McKinley and Reed, of Crisp and Carlisle, and, as memory reverts to some of the great historic scenes enacted here, and in which they played their parts so well, our blood tingles and throbs, and we thank God that it has been our good fortune to have had service in this House. [Applause.]

I am now concluding my seventh term as a Member of Congress, and during my service here I have often been profoundly impressed by the fact that nowhere is the doctrine of the "survival of the fittest" better exemplified than in this chamber. Here every man is measured at his real worth, and the measurement is always true and accurate. The House has no difficulty in separating the wheat from the chaff, and is as quick to applaud merit and industry as it is to condemn sham and pretense. The prestige of the man of intellectual integrity is as lasting as that of the demagogue is fleeting.

Leadership in this House is never accidental. On the contrary, it is always natural and entirely logical. Length of service may place a member at the head of one of the great committees of the House, but the chairmanship of a committee, no matter how important, does not carry leadership with it. It requires something else to be a leader and a man of genuine influence. The real leaders in a legislative body such as this are the men who do not adjust their sails to catch every passing breeze, but who, when the storms of criticism beat and the waves of opposition roll, "stand four-square to all the winds that blow," let come what may. [Applause.]

If there be one such man among us, if there be one man who has steadfastly pursued the path of public duty, and who, at all times and under all circumstances, in good and ill report, has had the superb courage to give expression to honest conviction, that man is he whom we delight to honor to-day, the grand old hero of a thousand legislative battles, Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois. [Prolonged applause.]

For almost forty years the calcium light of publicity has been turned full and fair upon him; and the stronger and the brighter the light the more it has served to reveal to all the world those sterling qualities of head and heart that have given him an enduring place among the ablest and most courageous statesmen of his day and generation. He has made mistakes—of course he has. To err is human, and Uncle Joe has at all times been intensely human; but no man, living or dead, ever saw him lower his colors or hoist the white flag of surrender. No matter how fast or furious the contest, he was never known to ask for quarter, but, throwing his warlike shield before him, he bade defiance to the enemy, shouting:

Lay on, Macduff,
And damn'd be him that first cries, "Hold, enough!"

[Applause.]

Mr. Speaker, including the Continental Congresses, 7,865 men have served in the various Congresses of the United States, and of all this number our distinguished friend enjoys the unique distinction of having had the longest service in the House of Representatives. The record shows that in all the years of our national existence only three men have excelled him in length of legislative service. At the head of the list stands Justin Smith Morrill, of Vermont, whose service in House and Senate covers a period of 43 years 9 months and 24 days. Next comes William Boyd Allison, of Iowa, whose combined service in the two bodies totals 43 years and 5 months. The third on the list is William Pierce Frye, of Maine, who served in both chambers for 40 years 5 months and 4 days. And then comes Joseph Gurney Cannon, of Illinois, who, upon the completion of his present term, will have been a member of the House of Representatives for 40 years; and I know that I voice the sentiments of every man in this hall when I express the hope that he will continue as a member of this body until he has established a record for length of service that will never be equaled in all the future history of the Republic. [Applause.]

Uncle Joe, to-morrow will be the eightieth anniversary of your birth. Entertaining for you, as I do, the deep and abiding affection that a son feels for his father, I deem it an honor indeed to have been selected to extend to you on this happy occasion the felicitations and good wishes of the entire membership of this House. We wish you full measure of life's pleasure to the end of your days, and we unite in the fervent hope that it will be many, many years before the shades of night begin to fall; and when they do, we know their gloom will be mellowed and softened by the golden glow that radiates from the halo that crowns and glorifies the patriotic life of a great American. [Prolonged applause.]

The Speaker

The gentleman from Ohio [Mr. Sherwood] is recognized. [Applause.]

Hon. Isaac R. Sherwood, of Ohio

Mr. Speaker, forty-three years ago, when I was on earth for the first time [laughter], I drifted into this Congress, that being the first term of the distinguished American whose birthday we celebrate to-day. It has already been said, better and more eloquently than I am capable of saying it, that he is the most remarkable man this country has ever produced, counting his service in public life. He has had a public service of 47 years—40 years in Congress—and has been four times Speaker of the House of Representatives. I understand that Uncle Joe and the modest member who is now addressing you are the only surviving members of the Forty-third Congress now in public life, and it has appeared to me to be fitting to refer to some of the incidents of that Congress, because we were called upon to deal with great questions growing out of the Civil War, questions that appealed to the hearts and the emotions of public men. General Grant, the foremost man of all the world, was starting on his second term as President. I want to call your attention to some of the developments in science and social ethics that have occurred since that time. I remember that the appropriation for the President in that Congress, for salary and for upkeep of the White House, was $42,000. President Grant had no bodyguard, no military aid. We members were serving at $5,000 a year. We had to furnish our own quarters. We were not allowed any secretaries. The Speaker had no parliamentary expert. We had no Hinds's *Precedents*. The country had no automobiles. We had no wireless; we had no flying-machine; we had no canned music. Edison, the wizard of the scientific world to-day, had not yet appeared. We had no electric cars; we had no moving pictures; no typewriting machines. We had no preparedness talk on this floor [laughter]; we had no Calendar Wednesday [laughter]; we had no Army and Navy League. [Laughter.]

We had no twilight tango.

We are here to-day with a living and knock-down argument against the theory of Doctor Osler. [Applause and laughter.] It is a mistake to suppose that a man who has reached the age of eighty years has reached the acme of his intellectual development. [Applause and laughter.] Pope Leo XIII and John Adams were in the full possession of their intellectual powers at ninety. John Wesley was at the height of his eloquence and at his best at eighty-eight. Michelangelo painted his greatest single picture that was ever painted since the world began at eighty. He made the sky and sunshine glorious with his brush at eighty-three. General von Moltke was still wearing the uniform at eighty-eight, and he commanded the victorious German army that entered the gates of Paris at seventy. George Bancroft was writing deathless history after eighty. Thomas Jefferson, Herbert Spencer, Talleyrand, and Voltaire were giving out great ideas at eighty. Tennyson wrote his greatest poem, "Crossing the Bar," at eighty-three. Gladstone made his greatest campaign at eighty, and was the master of Great Britain at eighty-three. Humboldt, the naturalist, scientist—the greatest that Germany ever produced—issued his immortal *Kosmos* at ninety.

I saw Joe Jefferson play Rip Van Winkle at his best at seventy-five. Goethe wrote "Faust," the greatest literary achievement in all literature—the masterpiece of literature—the last section—at eighty. The Irish actor, Macklin, was still on the stage at ninety-nine. Robert Browning was as subtle and mysterious as ever at seventy-seven, and Victor Hugo was at his best from seventy-five to eighty.

We will concede that Uncle Joe has passed the period of adolescence [laughter] and that he has reached the age of discretion. You will all concede with me that the best effort of his life was undoubtedly his oration on Abraham Lincoln, which was delivered in this Congress. He has not reached the acme of his intellectual development; that will come later. [Laughter and applause.] When he delivers his masterpiece in this chamber or in a larger forum, I hope I may be present with ears erect to hear or eyes alert to read. [Laughter and continued applause.]

THE SPEAKER

The gentleman from Wisconsin [Mr. Cooper] will take the chair. [Applause.]

Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin took the chair as Speaker *pro tempore.*

THE SPEAKER *pro tempore*

The chair will recognize the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Gillett]. [Applause.]

HON. FREDERICK H. GILLETT, OF MASSACHUSETTS

Mr. Speaker, I am the only person in the House who ever served on the Appropriations Committee when Mr. Cannon was its chairman. To my mind that was the most glorious and useful part of his career. Perhaps my opinion is biased by the fact that as we grow older we are less impressionable, and that when I was younger I was more of a hero-worshiper; but to me, even when he sat omnipotent in the Speaker's chair and tried to be dignified and judicial and non-partizan, and to regulate this disorderly and sometimes turbulent assembly, he was not so imposing as when he was on the floor, sure to be in the center of any conflict, contributing in no small measure to the heat and violence and interest of the debate, ready always to "ride the tempest and direct the storm." [Applause.]

To see him in his glory you should have seen him as chairman of Appropriations, in the thick of the fray, without manuscript or notes, but all ablaze with energy, now entertaining the House with his quaint conceits and now convincing them with his powerful and ingenious arguments.

That, to my mind, was the sphere where his abilities shone to the best advantage. He is by nature a floor leader. He has the courage, the fearlessness, and that quickness of mind and of tongue accelerating under fire which make a man effective on this floor.

Those of you who have come here this session can have little appreciation, it seems to me, of what the American Congress has sometimes been and what it may be again. Everything this year has run so smoothly and amiably —there has been so little bitterness and belligerency— that it is difficult to realize the contests of the past. Our Speaker is so genial and so popular with both sides [applause], the minority leader co-operates so heartily with his kindly spirit, and the issues which thus far have arisen have contained so little to excite passion that we seem to be sailing on an eternal summer sea. I hope it may always continue so serene. [Applause.]

But it was in a very different atmosphere that Mr. Cannon was trained. It was different when I first came here. I can remember when the air of this chamber seemed surcharged with animosity, and there were occasions when it seemed as if the two sides of the House were so hostile and furious that they might at any moment rise against each other in forcible collision.

And yet I suppose during my service it has been calm compared with what preceded it. I suppose in the Fifty-first Congress party heat reached its extreme. It needed then dauntless courage and unfaltering poise to be a successful leader. And it was in that Congress I have always understood that Mr. Cannon really won his indisputable right to be at the front. In that historic contest over the rules it was on him that Speaker Reed, the most powerful and formidable figure I have ever seen within these walls, leaned for his most reliable and effective support.

I came here twenty-three years ago. I suppose many of you think, as I know some ambitious men in my district have long thought, that twelve terms are an unconscionable time for any one to serve. [Laughter.] But when I arrived here Mr. Cannon could look back nearly as far as that to the commencement of his service. He was in his prime. In debate his directness, his shrewdness, his brightness of illustration, and his gymnastics always attracted universal attention. I remember being told that once when he was making a speech with his customary vigor, rising on his toes and prancing up and down the aisle, Mr. Reed called out to him, *sotto voce*, "Joe, are you making this speech on mileage?" [Laughter.]

But while his peculiarities of manner attracted attention, they were but the publicity agents for the real power and originality of his arguments. No one knew better than he how to appeal to both the judgment and the prejudices of the House. His quick and fertile mind not only grasped and developed all the intrinsic force of the argument, but also took advantage of the foibles and self-interest of his audience. He did not simply argue the merits of the proposition, but he fought strenuously to make his side prevail. He made speeches, not to circulate in his district or to win applause, but to win votes, and if he could not succeed the cause was hopeless.

The chairman of the Appropriations Committee generally has the unpopular side, for he is generally fighting for economy. I do not believe it is simply the natural prejudice of my own membership which makes me feel that a spirit of economy always permeates that committee far more than any other committee of the House. Now is not the time to discuss the reason for it, which would be interesting.

But ever since I have been here the chairman of that committee has been the watch-dog of the treasury and the champion of retrenchment. Mr. Cannon filled that rôle pre-eminently, but with a good nature, a practical common sense, a sagacious judgment of the temper of the House, and a prudent mitigation of abstract justice by personal necessities, which won him extraordinary success. He was ready to compromise when he thought it wise and reasonable, but he never shunned a fight, and he never surrendered till every resource was exhausted. The adversary who anticipated an easy victory just because he had the popular side had little appreciation of the persistence, the knowledge, and the resourcefulness of Mr. Cannon. He was, of course, sometimes beaten, but he often won where another would not have dared to fight.

When I first came to Congress I had a strong prejudice against him. But, as I watched his leadership, the time came when, if I suddenly had to vote on a question of which I knew nothing, there was no man in the House whom I would follow so confidently as him.

In committee he was alert, wise, time-saving, and he had that charming quality so appreciated by ambitious younger men, of giving them plenty of opportunity to show their powers. He never tried to monopolize the chances of distinction, but shared them generously with his lieutenants.

I trust he will not think it disparaging if I say that he is a debater rather than an orator. You will recall that in the golden days of English eloquence Edmund Burke, who, in my opinion, wrote the finest orations ever produced, said of his rival, Charles James Fox, that he was "the most brilliant and accomplished debater the world ever saw."

Some of Fox's friends took umbrage at the phrase and thought the word "debater" did not do him justice. But I am not sure it is not quite as complimentary as "orator." A debater like Mr. Cannon measures his strength squarely with his opponent, asks no time for preparation, but is always ready, and must rely on his native powers to repel assaults, grapple with his antagonist, and from a hand-to-hand contest win his laurels. The orator at leisure ponders and develops and elaborates his material. In the one case you see the engine at work and can measure its actual force; in the other you see only the result

It always seemed to me Mr. Cannon had not the taste, if he had the capacity, for elaborate preparation. He seemed to need the stimulus of a fight to arouse his faculties. Then he could summon his resources with unfailing facility, and showed a readiness, an astuteness, a variety, and a vigor which were marvelous.

Of course he was prepared, in the sense that he knew all about his subject, for he was a most thorough and thoughtful student of the questions which came before him. But he never seemed to make any special preparation for his speeches, but to trust to the inspiration of the moment, which has brought the downfall of so many would-be orators, but which never failed him. Indeed, I think his example was a bad influence on young men by discouraging preparation. I, like other New England boys, was brought up to believe that the price of success was industry. I always had dinned into my ears the verse—

> The heights by great men reached and kept
>   Were not attained by sudden flight,
> But they while their companions slept
>   Were toiling upward in the night.

Since I have known him, Mr. Cannon's "toiling in the night" has not been exclusively over his Congressional duties [laughter], and yet his mind always seems saturated with knowledge of the varied subjects which come before us.

As he moves among us now, kindly, sedate, respected, beloved—a sort of perpetual statesman emeritus, bearing his eighty years more lightly than any one I ever saw—he is an honor and a blessing to the American Congress; but I shall always cherish most the memory of the dauntless, resourceful, militant head of the Appropriations Committee, defending the national treasury against all-comers, fearlessly, tenaciously, judiciously, and with a success I have never seen paralleled. [Applause.]

The Speaker *pro tempore*

The gentleman from North Carolina [Mr. Kitchin] is recognized. [Applause.]

Hon. Claude Kitchin, of North Carolina

Mr. Speaker, I count it a real privilege and pleasure to participate in these ceremonies to-day. I believe the House honors itself more than it honors the distinguished gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Cannon] in taking, amid its busy labors, this hour to celebrate the eightieth birthday of a man who, in my judgment, is the most marked and unique character that has sat in either end of the nation's Capitol for the last half-century. [Applause.] I am going to say in public here now what I have a hundred times said in private, that of all the public men whom I have ever met the gentleman from Illinois is the most remarkable and possesses the strongest, most practical commonsense intellect.

I remember when I first came here, fifteen years ago, he impressed me more particularly as being a big man than any other man in the House. I sat here in my seat for three years without ever opening my mouth on the floor of this House, and that is somewhat remarkable, it seems to me now [laughter], but I had an idea that it was wiser for me at first to hear and see rather than be heard and seen. During that time I was an intent observer, sizing up the men in this body. Outside of partizan politics the gentleman from Illinois impressed me as being the wisest legislator in the House. I have said that, too, a hundred times, and I have really not seen much since then to change my opinion. [Laughter and applause.] But when it came down to partizan questions and partizan politics, and especially when his blood was up—good Lord, deliver us! [Laughter.] And, Mr. Speaker, his partizanship was not confined to men on the Democratic side of the House, either. One of the most interesting and remarkable debates I ever witnessed in this House was between the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Cannon] and a gentleman on that side of the chamber who is now deceased, Col. Pete Hepburn, which occurred some twelve or thirteen years ago, when the bill for the construction of the inter-oceanic canal was under consideration. The question then was whether we should build a canal across the Isthmus of Panama or along what was known as the Nicaraguan route. The committee had reported unanimously in favor of the Nicaraguan route. Mr. Hepburn was chairman of the committee, and, of course, strongly advocated the Nicaraguan route. Only a few, led by the gentleman from Illinois,favored the Panama route. I had seen many heated court-house contests between lawyers, but I never witnessed anything more interesting and exciting than that debate between these two gentlemen. Mr. Hepburn was right-handed and Mr. Cannon was left-handed, both on their feet most of the time, within a step or two of each other, their arms waving about as if in a pugilistic contest. It was a fur-flying debate, but a great debate. I will never forget it. Two giants were wrestling with each other in intellectual combat. The House has had few men equal as a debater to Colonel Hepburn. He was a strong, forceful, resourceful man.

Mr. Speaker, I have heard Mr. Cannon in several debates; I have seen him in action in the House for a number of years; I have seen him confront serious and critical situations often; but, in my opinion, the time when he loomed up bigger and stronger and braver than ever was during those two nights' and two days' fight over what we called Cannonism—on the Norris resolution—in the Sixty-first Congress. I never saw a man in my life who stood forth such a complete master of the situation. He rode the very whirlwinds and directed the storms for his party. While many harsh things on this side and many on that side were spoken during those two days and nights of the hottest and most exciting contest the House has witnessed in a quarter of a century, I never saw the gentleman from Illinois lose his temper or his head for one moment. He was courteous, cool, courageous, and determined to the last to do what he started out to do the very first moment the fight began. He was going to hold the House here and not make a decision upon the question of order pending until the Republican whip had gathered in from all quarters of the United States every single Republican member of this House, and he knew exactly how each would vote. Just as soon as he ascertained that every Republican who would vote on his side was here in the House, without sleep for two days and nights, he rapped the House to order and calmly said, "The chair is ready to rule." [Applause.] And he ruled against us, of course. [Laughter and applause.] In all the conflicts in his long and eventful career as a member of the House, some of them bitter and severe, he stood out always before the eyes of friend and foe the embodiment of courage, of directness, of integrity. [Applause.]

Mr. Speaker, I think this occasion illustrates the truth of what I heard the minority leader say some time ago, that while that aisle separated the Democrats from the Republicans, it did not divide the hearts of the men in this House. [Applause.] It does not divide our respect, confidence, esteem, and affection for one another. There are men on that side of the House whom I regard with as much esteem, admiration, respect, and affection as on this side, and no doubt that is the case with most of us on either side of the aisle. We differ on questions of policy for the country, on what we call political principles, but we do not differ in our loyalty and love and devotion to our country and our flag, and in our respect, esteem, and affection for one another. When I was a great deal younger than I am now I used to think that the good folks were all in the Democratic party and the bad folks all in the Republican party. I used to think that the big Republicans in Washington had horns and that they were all reaching out with both hands toward somebody else's pocket. But, gentlemen, since I have served in this House I have found so many good and splendid fellows in the Republican party that, individually, I am willing to admit that it is a pretty good party. Collectively—well, I am not profane and will not be unparliamentary; but, anyway, since my association with these splendid Republicans here I have come to the conclusion that a Republican is never dangerous to a good Democrat—except in an election [laughter and applause], and never harmful to the public—except in office. [Laughter.]

In the Sixty-first Congress we had a lot of talk about "Cannonism." I believe the best speech I ever made in the House was on "Cannonism." That was not a fight against Mr. Cannon; it was a fight against a system which the rules created and which he inherited from former Congresses, and, perhaps, from Democratic Congresses, too, as well as Republican Congresses. I said at the time that we were making a fight against the rules and the power which the rules gave the Speaker, called then "Cannonism," not against Mr. Cannon; that the rules then in force had been in force in both Republican and Democratic Congresses, and only a weak man, without courage, would have done less than the distinguished gentleman from Illinois if exigencies demanded. When the rules of the House put into the hands of one man the life and death of all legislation and all procedure, and made him more powerful than even the President of the United States, any strong, intellectual, courageous man would have exercised that power, whether he was a Democrat or a Republican, under the conditions that then confronted the party in control. Since then, as the gentleman from Massachusetts [Mr. Gillett] says, we have come to smooth and better-tempered times, when most of us vote alike and think alike on many questions. When the people made a change in the House, why, we, with the approval of many gentlemen on that side, changed the rules, and we never hear of "Cannonism" now, but we are proud and glad to hear to-day of "Cannon." [Applause.] We are glad to know, too, that every heart that beats within these walls is hoping and praying that we shall have the happiness on many and many another birthday of the gentleman from Illinois to meet here in his presence and do him honor. [Loud applause.]

THE SPEAKER *pro tempore*

The chair recognizes the Speaker of the House of Representatives. [Loud applause.]

HON. CHAMP CLARK, OF MISSOURI, SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House, this performance here to-day reminds me of one in which Mr.

Speaker Cannon and myself participated five or six years ago in the city of New York. About six months after Mark Twain died they memorialized him in Carnegie Hall before an immense audience. The chairman was Dr. William Dean Howells. The speakers were Joseph H. Choate, Henry van Dyke, "Marse" Henry Watterson, Mr. Speaker Cannon, George W. Cable, and myself. I believe if Mark Twain knew what was happening that that was exactly the kind of a crowd he would have elected to have participated in his funeral exercises. We did not do anything for four mortal hours except crack jokes and tell anecdotes. I think this hour and a half is well spent. [Applause.] It shows the House in its most pleasing phase.

Mr. Speaker, this government has existed one hundred and twenty-seven years under the Constitution—a brief, fleeting period in the existence of a nation, but longer than the span of life vouchsafed to any of the latter-day sons of Adam. We are engaged in celebrating the birthday of the only man in our history who has been elected to the House of Representatives twenty times—a unique achievement, which may be duplicated in the next one hundred and twenty-seven years, but probably will not. Such a record can be made only under a rare and peculiar set of circumstances: First, the constituency must remain in the same political faith during twoscore years. Second, the man himself must be as constant as the northern star and be possessed of unusual endowments, mentally and physically. Third, his constituency must have such faith in him as would remove mountains.

Mr. Speaker Cannon is now well into his fortieth year in the House, and is in fine fettle in both body and mind—at which we all rejoice. [Loud applause.]

Only three men have exceeded him in length of service in Congress, and they only by adding their House and Senate service together. Justin Smith Morrill, of Vermont, sat 12 years in the House and 31 years 9 months and 24 days in the Senate—a total of 43 years 9 months and 24 days—while William Boyd Allison, of Iowa, served 8 years in the House and 35 years and 5 months in the Senate—a total of 43 years and 5 months, and William P. Frye, of Maine, who served 10 years and 13 days in the House and 30 years 4 months and 20 days in the Senate—a total of 40 years 5 months and 3 days. Thus it will be seen that Morrill tops them all by 4 months and 24 days.

William Ewart Gladstone served fifty-three years in the British House of Commons. I am by no means certain that his service was the longest in that body. Over there, however, they begin younger than we do. Charles James Fox, perhaps the greatest parliamentary orator that ever lived, entered the House of Commons at nineteen, and the younger William Pitt at about the same age. Another thing that tended for length of service there was the old and condemned borough system, whereby a duke or earl or viscount would take a fancy to some bright youngster and practically appoint him to a seat in the Commons—an agreeable custom, but not promotive of the public welfare, and now happily fallen into "innocuous desuetude."

Henry Clay, the most renowned of all Speakers, served the longest time in the Speaker's chair, being elected for six full terms, resigning twice, with a total actual service of ten years and two hundred and forty-five days, although the Capitol guides will have it that he served twelve years—a historic fable.

Mr. Speaker Cannon comes next with four full terms—eight years—and if the political complexion of the House had not changed he would in all probability be in his fourteenth year in the chair, thereby exceeding the record of "the Great Kentuckian." [Applause.]

Mr. Speaker Stephenson of Virginia was elected for four full terms, but in the middle of his fourth term he resigned both as Speaker and as member of the House, having been nominated as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to the Court of St. James's by President Jackson; but alack! and also alas! a refractory Senate refused to confirm his nomination for more than a year, during which time he was, like Mohammed's coffin, suspended betwixt heaven and earth. At last the Jackson men became strong enough in the Senate to confirm him, and he went on his way rejoicing, having learned a lesson about premature resignations which he probably never forgot and which added somewhat to his stock of wisdom.

Mr. Speaker Cannon and General Sherwood were both first elected to Congress at the November election in 1872, when under the lead of Horace Greeley the Democrats met with a crushing disaster, from which they recovered in 1874, only two years later, and swept the country from sea to sea. Speaker Cannon has served under ten Presidents—Grant, Hayes, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, the younger Harrison, McKinley, Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson. Presidents come and Presidents go, but he, like Tennyson's brook, goes on forever.

James Gillespie Blaine, one of the most brilliant of all the Speakers [applause], administered the oath to him upon his entrance here. While the Speaker's term is two years and the presidential term is four, he has seen the same number of Presidents in the White House and Speakers in the chair—ten—Blaine, Kerr, Randall, Keifer, Carlisle, Reed, Crisp, Henderson, Cannon, and Clark.

When he was first elected only about a dozen of the present members could vote. Many were in their swaddling-clothes, trying to achieve the first acrobatic feat any of us and all of us ever essayed—to get our big toe into our mouth. [Laughter.] A majority of the members were then unborn. What an astounding amount of history has been made in this country in the forty-four intervening years, all of which he saw and part of which he was!

I am glad that Mr. Speaker Cannon made his great speech on the Immigration bill recently—for it was a great speech—glad on his account, glad on my own account, glad most especially on account of you newer members who have come into the House in the last thirteen years; glad that you had the opportunity of not only hearing but seeing him as James Steerforth wished to be remembered, "at his best." We are all James Steerforths in that regard. J. B. McCullough, long-time editor of *The St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, once said that he had often thought that had there been present a man who could see but could not hear, and one who could hear but could not see, when Roscoe Conkling delivered his superb speech nominating General Grant in the famous Chicago convention of 1880, he believed that the deaf man who could see would have derived as much pleasure from Conkling's performance as the blind man who could hear. I confess that seeing Mr. Speaker Cannon in action has always interested me quite as much as what he said. [Laughter and applause.] He has always appeared to me to be made up chiefly of spiral springs. [Laughter.] I saw him once do, while speaking, a thing that I doubt if any other speaker ever duplicated since the confusion of tongues at Babel. In the heat of debate I saw him make a complete circle on his heel. [Laughter.]

He is one of the strongest rough-and-tumble debaters I ever heard or tackled. He belongs to the top-notcher class of mental pugilists. He hits and hits hard, but never below the belt. I remember with pleasure now—though not so pleasant then—that in the first real debate in which I ever participated in the House he catechized me *in extenso*. It was a red-hot political debate—a cut-and-thrust affair—on the repeal of the Federal election law. I had not been here more than two months, and was ambitious to break into the limelight, or, as the Kaiser would say, to achieve "a place in the sun." [Laughter.] I did it on that occasion, largely by aid of Mr. Speaker Cannon, though I entertain serious doubt whether he intended assisting a rampant, greenhorn Democratic Congressman, for the billows of politics ran mountain high at that time.

Fight in those brave days of old? Of course we did—many of us, tooth and nail, hammer and tongs. Scars? All who participated in those fierce conflicts bear them—honorable scars, all in front; none of us escaped unscathed. Sometimes we fought over political principles, sometimes about governmental business, and sometimes by reason of what Cæsar denominates *gaudium certaminis*—the sheer joy of combat. Once Speaker Cannon was in the full tide of speech when I interrupted him, and he waved or shoved me off by saying, "Oh, not now. I will attend to the Missouri Cyclone presently"—which he did, and I came near having fastened onto me the sobriquet borne now and for many years by the gentleman from Texas [Mr. Davis]. [Laughter and applause.]

MR. DAVIS OF TEXAS

Amen! [Laughter.]

MR. CLARK OF MISSOURI

On another occasion I had the floor, and when Speaker Cannon interrupted me I conferred upon him the alliterative title of "the Dancing Dervish of Danville"; but out of it all we came forth good, warm personal friends, and will, in the language of the wedding ceremony, so remain "till death do us two part."

> Fame is the scentless sunflower with gaudy crown of gold,
> But friendship is the treasure rose, with sweets in every fold.

In 1894 there was the worst slaughter of the innocents since the reign of King Herod. I was one of the victims of that awful landslide. I remember with gratitude that Speaker Cannon was the first person who suggested to me that I might come back. He spoke and predicted from experience.

On the day a few weeks ago when the bill authorizing the government to take over the title-deeds to the land in Kentucky on which stands the splendid memorial building covering and protecting the humble log cabin in which Abraham Lincoln was born, we witnessed a pleasing and amazing spectacle—Mr. Speaker Cannon, eighty to-morrow, and General Sherwood, some months his senior, straight as arrows, lithe as men of fifty, delivering speeches which thrilled our hearts; and the strangest feature of that remarkable scene was that these two well-beloved octogenarians read whatever they wanted to read without glasses! Verily, like Moses, the master lawgiver of all the centuries, their eyes are not dimmed nor their natural force abated. [Applause.]

For a long time people poked fun at the Scotch theory of "second sight"; but on the occasion to which I refer we had the best sort of evidence that these two veterans have received their "second sight"—"the ocular proof" which Othello demanded. In passing, it may be apropos to state that one of the finest couplets in our vernacular grew out of the Scotch theory of "second sight" conferring the gift of prophecy:

> 'Tis the sunset of life gives me mystical lore,
> And coming events cast their shadows before.

When I first read those splendid lines as a college student they appeared to me so fine that I wanted to read the context. Somehow I got it into my head that Alexander Pope was the author, and read all his works to find them, which I did not do, for the all-sufficient reason that he never wrote them. They are in Thomas Campbell's poem "Lochiel's Warning"; but my time spent in reading Pope was profitably spent. He polished his poems till they glitter as a gem, and he excelled all poets in making couplets or quatrains, each conveying an idea complete within itself. I committed hundreds of them to memory, greatly to my advantage.

While Speaker Cannon was delivering his Lincoln speech I noted what a remarkable profile resemblance there is in his face and Lincoln's, just as there is a striking resemblance in the face of my good, dear friend, Major Stedman of North Carolina and the face of Gen. Robert E. Lee.

Mr. Speaker Cannon owes it to himself and to his countrymen to write a book of reminiscences, Job's vengeful declaration, "Oh, that mine adversary had written a book," to the contrary notwithstanding. Evidently the Man of Uz did not have in his mind's eye Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson when he gave voice to that far-resounding and malicious desire.

There are two other distinguished Americans who owe it to themselves and the country to write books of reminiscences—Senator Chauncey Mitchell Depew, the incorrigible optimist, and "Marse" Henry Watterson, the last of that marvelous school of editors of whom Horace Greeley, George D. Prentice, James Gordon Bennett the elder, Henry J. Raymond, Shadrack Penn, Thurlow Weed, and Samuel Bowles were the founders. What books these three men could write for our instruction and delight! They would be eagerly read by untold and unborn thousands as long as this Republic endures, which we all fondly pray will be—

> Forever and forever,
> As long as the river flows,
> As long as the heart hath passions,
> As long as life hath woes.

[Applause.]

We, one and all, most cordially and affectionately congratulate Mr. Speaker Cannon on attaining the Psalmist's extreme allotment of fourscore years, and upon having that which should accompany old age, "As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends"; and we hope from the bottom of our hearts that he will live many years full of usefulness, happiness, and prosperity. [Prolonged applause.]

MR. MANN

Mr. Speaker, I ask unanimous consent that the Speaker may recognize my colleague, Mr. Cannon. [Applause.]

THE SPEAKER *pro tempore* (Mr. Cooper of Wisconsin)

The chair feels, as he was about to say when the gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Mann] arose, that he voices the earnest wish of every member—Republican, Democrat, Progressive, Socialist, Catholic, Protestant, Jew, and Gentile—in expressing the hope that the distinguished gentleman from Illinois [Mr. Cannon] will now address the House. [Applause.]

HON. JOSEPH G. CANNON, OF ILLINOIS

Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen of the House of Representatives: It is pleasant for an old man to meet his fellows in the public service, to look in their faces, and feel that they accord to him the same honesty of purpose that they claim for themselves.

And yet, upon this occasion, if you will bear with me for a few moments, I recollect a story that John O'Neill told me many years ago. He was an Irishman who represented a St. Louis district, and he had all the brightness, wit, and humor that Irishmen generally have. One day, sitting in the cloak-room, when the conversation was running, he said: "When I was at home last week, having leave of absence for a few days, an Irish client of mine was about to die. He had no relatives in this country, and all his relatives in Ireland had crossed over, and he sent for me to write his will. I had been his attorney. He gave so much for the repose of his soul, so much to this hospital, and so much to that hospital, and so much for various charities. He knew exactly what he had, and I wrote the will and read it over to him, and he discovered when he came to make the addition that there was ten dollars left over that had not been disposed of."

O'Neill said the dying Irishman realized that his time was short, and asked if there was time to write the will over. O'Neill said to him: "Oh, I can fix it all right. I will just put in what we call a 'codicil.' What do you want to do with the ten dollars?" He thought a minute and said, "I'll not be knowin' what I want to do with the ten dollars exactly—but, yes; it can be invested in whisky, to be drank at my funeral." "Going or returning?" asked O'Neill. "Going, of course. I'll be wid 'em, then." [Laughter.]

Brother Sherwood, you and I came into this House together, elected in 1872. I have been here more of the time than you have, but I think you have been doing as good service, and probably better than I have. You are my senior in years, and, looking in your eye, I appreciate your friendship. We were political friends when we served in the Forty-third Congress. We are political opponents now, but really I think I respect and love you as much as it is lawful for one man to love another. [Applause and laughter.]

These doctors have made great progress in medicine and surgery. Why, with the blood-letting that there was, with the thrust of a lancet that obtained in the West while the West was being settled, and the ten grains of calomel and ten grains of jalap—you know it would kill people if it was administered now—and the great doses of quinine, and so on. That was heroic treatment. [Laughter.] In medicine and surgery the world has progressed more in your time and mine than it did in the whole history of the race, from Eden down to your time and mine. They talk now about being on the eve of discovering a medicine, or elixir, or something, that will make us all live to be at least one hundred and fifty years old. I want them to hurry up, Brother Sherwood. [Laughter.]

Always there have been during my service here, Mr. Speaker—and I believe there always will be in the House of Representatives—fierce contests touching policies, and no truer thing was said by those who have preceded me than when they said, quoting the minority leader [Mr. Mann], that while this side of the aisle contested with that side of the aisle, after the partizanship passed, and even while it was on, we had as many friends on your side, and you as many friends on our side that would go as far outside of the partizanship or the policies to serve one another, as we have upon our respective sides. [Applause.]

The scene here to-day is a sample of the partizanship of the House. I can say with the Psalmist, "The lines have fallen unto me in pleasant places"; and as I look into the faces of friends on both sides of the House I am more inclined to accept the plain evidence of fact than the popular and picturesque fiction which divides this body into partizan groups on all questions, shuts out personal relations and the co-operation of Representatives, regardless of party, to work out in legislation the greatest good to the greatest number.

We should not be human if we did not disagree at many points, and there would be no work for Congress if there were not many men of many minds in the country. We are sent here as the representatives of those people, who have different ideas as to government activities, and we must here thrash out these differences, whether pleasant or unpleasant, for harmony cannot always be produced out of the conflicts of the people, even by the best of friends. My own experience here inclines me to the view expressed by Charles Lamb, that he could not hate the man he knew, rather than to the old proverb that "Biting and scratching is the Scots' wooing."

One of my earliest friends on this floor was Alexander H. Stephens, who returned to the House when I came as a new member. I had heard of the man who, as vice-president of the Confederacy, was the ablest adversary of Lincoln, and I had opinions; but here on the floor and in the hotel where we both lived I came to know him as a man as different from my opinions, formed by reading the war news, as are my opinions of the archangel and the archdemon of the universe.

So it has been through the years; and to me partizanship means the necessary contests over policies by which the Republic must be governed. There are no personalities in partizanship, and men who meet face to face and discuss different political views are less arbitrary in their views than are those who read head-lines and fear that the House has fallen to a low estate, where party advantage is the one aim and effort.

I have seen some changes in partizan politics. When I came here, believing in nationalism, I was impressed with the state-rights doctrine of some of the men on that side, and I remember a speech by Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, in opposition to Randall's bill to loan fifteen hundred thousand dollars to the Philadelphia Centennial Exposition.

Mr. Tucker warned the House against stretching the welfare clause of the Constitution. He said it would be an advertisement, inviting any clever man who had an idea about spending government money for the general welfare to come to Congress, and it would not be long before we were crowded off our stools by the lobbyists who wanted to get their hands into the treasury. Mr. Tucker then, turning to Randall, shouted a final warning that, should that appropriation be made, Chicago and even Yorktown would some day come for aid to an exposition. Well, they both came, and many others, and Mr. Tucker's son was president of the Jamestown Exposition. That is only an example of some of the changes that have come about the use of government money to promote the general welfare. We have had quite a spell of it in the consideration of the Agriculture Appropriation bill.

In our partizanship we have not been as keen for party advantage as is often represented. There was Gen. Benjamin F. Butler, who was a stormy petrel of American politics, if we have had one, and he is remembered as the author of the Civil Rights bill, which caused such a storm of indignation throughout the South. But General Butler was also the chairman of the Judiciary Committee which reported and put through the House the Amnesty bill, which removed the political disabilities from many thousands of Southern men.

And this leads me to suggest that it was not party advantage which inspired this side of the House when in control to pass amnesty bills which in a large measure gave control to that side; nor was it party advantage which led that side, when in the majority, to propose an electoral commission to find a judicial method for settling the great controversy over the Presidency. You lost by that machinery; but it was your own creation, and its creation was inspired by patriotic motives to save the country from another civil strife.

May I here cast a doubt on another popular fiction in which a former member was the hero? I refer to the story which has even got into some political histories, that Colonel Watterson organized an army of one hundred thousand stalwart Democrats to march on Washington and by force place Mr. Tilden in the White House. I have always doubted the correctness of that story, because Colonel Watterson was a member of the House at that time and was here using his influence and his diplomacy to work out a peaceful solution of that controversy. He was one of the best losers I ever saw. When the report of the commission on the Oregon vote was adopted, Colonel Watterson made a short speech in which he expressed his disappointment over the impending decision and described the blue-grass region in springtime, where the flowers were the signals of God's love and bounty, giving assurance that the heavens should not be robbed of their sunshine, the earth of its fruition, nor the future of hope.

That was at the end of February and the beginning of March, 1877. The Democrats thought Tilden was elected, and we Republicans thought Hayes was elected. There was a real contest at the polls and a real contest as to which was elected. You were in good faith, and we were in good faith. You carried the country and had a Democratic House, which you elected in 1874—strongly Democratic. It was a Republican Senate. The fourth of March was approaching, and in that Democratic House, presided over by Samuel J. Randall, with such Democrats as Ben Hill and Randolph Tucker—noted men, both North and South—there originated on that side the legislation which was agreed to by the Senate for the electoral commission—five judges of the Supreme Court, five members of the Senate, and five members of the House.

You supposed you would have a majority of one. You supposed that David Davis, one of the five judges, would be on your side. That would have given you a majority of one. But two days before that commission was appointed General Logan, contesting for re-election to the Senate, was defeated by Justice Davis, and that put Justice Davis out. So Justice Bradley was selected, and he threw the casting vote. It was settled, but it did not turn out as you expected it would turn out. But it was patriotically acquiesced in.

I recollect very well what Colonel Watterson said when they commenced to filibuster on that side of the aisle with a motion to adjourn, and a motion to adjourn to a day certain, alternating one motion with the other, as they could do, under the rules of the House as they then existed, as long as a man could stand and make the motion. Watterson said, "I shall join in no movement to obstruct the progress of the presidential count. We have had enough of anarchy." [Applause.]

I never shall forget the scene before the electoral count was completed, when Speaker Randall rose in his place, when it was necessary that action should be had to a point of order being made on the motion under the rule, and declared that it was a filibuster and dilatory and that the Constitution provided for the count of the electoral vote. He sustained the point of order, and then in the House we did have pandemonium for some time. [Laughter.] But the count was made.

So I have found the partizanship of this House throughout these forty years sometimes warm and vigorous, but largely mixed with patriotism and much common sense; no barriers in the center aisle to prevent men from crossing that partizan line, and no prohibition against meeting in the lobby or the cloak-room and talking it over in private. It has been to me a pleasant and, I hope, a profitable experience.

There are, so far as I know, only six of my colleagues in the Forty-third Congress, which assembled here forty-three years ago, still living. They are my friend and colleague, General Sherwood, on this floor; ex-Senator Eugene Hale, of Maine; ex-Secretary of Agriculture James Wilson, of Iowa; Gerry W. Hazelton, of Wisconsin; William H. H. Stowell, of Virginia; and John R. Lynch, of Mississippi. All others who sat in that Congress have crossed over to the beyond. Many of those who were my associates in succeeding Congresses have also answered the last call, and I am here among those of the second generation, following in the footsteps of their fathers and here giving the best service of which they are capable to the welfare of their country.

If I sometimes see the faces and hear the voices of others not now here to answer the roll-call, I may not be charged with dreaming, for among these three thousand men with whom I have been associated in legislative efforts and over partizan contests there were hosts of personal friends of whom I never thought as Republicans or Democrats, except as we discussed different policies. These men had their hour on this stage, did their work in their time, as you are doing it now, following in the line of precedent; here amending where changes in conditions make it necessary, but not attempting to uproot and reconstruct the whole fabric of the people's law. And when I see ghosts in this chamber I am not frightened, for they typify the spirit of a representative democracy as truly as do the words and works of those who laid the foundation of this government in the beginning.

Who could fear the ghosts of Blaine and Randall? Of old Alexander H. Stephens and Henry L. Dawes, of Ben Butler and George F. Hoar, of Sunset Cox and Tom Platt, of Fernando Wood and William A. Wheeler, of Charles O'Neill and Pig-iron Kelley, of Holman and Tyner, of Beck and Blount, of Bland and Mills, of Garfield and Morrison, of Jerry Rusk and Philetus Sawyer, of Stephen B. Elkins and George Q. Cannon, of Ben Hill and General Banks, of Proctor Knott and David B. Culberson, of John H. Reagan and Randolph Tucker, of Tom Reed and John G. Carlisle, of McKinley and Frank Hurd, of Nelson Dingley and William L. Wilson, of Crisp and Henderson, and the hosts of others whose names are familiar to you or to any who know the history of our country?

There are now more great men and more great women in the United States than there ever have been in the past history of the Republic. Some one asks, "Where are they?" And I answer, They are everywhere, following their vocations; but when necessary, whether it be in Congress or in civil life, or upon the bench or in the state Legislature; whether it be in diversifying the industry of the country and carrying on the business of the country, whether it be following the plow or working in the machine-shop, there will be found more people capable for self-government and ready to defend the flag than there ever have been since the discovery of America. [Applause.]

Is there humor in the House of Representatives? Yes. The first notoriety I ever obtained in this House and in the country was by the aid of Sunset Cox, who came into Congress from Ohio, and then from New York. A great man was Cox. He had a versatile mind. He was full of humor. One day he was "running amuck," attacking the Republican side, as only he could. We were cheering him at times on both sides, and sometimes there was gnashing of teeth on this side. [Laughter.] Finally he made a remark about a constituent of mine who had just been nominated for Commissioner of Internal Revenue, Gen. Green B. Raum, a good, strong man, a former Member of Congress. Just at that time Alice Oates was here in opera bouffe. She was inimitable. One of the characters in her opera, as I recollect it, was General Boom. Sunset Cox in his remarks said, "Why, here at last they have turned out a good, honest Commissioner of Internal Revenue and appointed somebody—I think he is from Illinois—General Boom." Well, that aroused me, and I jumped up and said, "Will the gentleman yield?" "Oh no," said Cox, "I cannot yield. The gentleman shakes his finger and he scares me." Then a smile came over his face and he said, "Yes, I will yield." "For what time?" inquired Mr. Speaker Blaine. "As long as the gentleman will keep his left hand in his pocket," answered Cox. [Laughter.] I accepted the yielding and stood in that aisle, and I began vigorously to defend General Raum; but I had not talked sixty seconds until I forgot all about the left hand, and out it came. "Time's up," said Cox. And it was up. [Laughter.]

That was my first notoriety. In the campaign of 1874 that finger was cartooned all over the country. The joke was good and that cartoon abounded on handbills on every tree in my district, with the left hand out, and sometimes one finger and sometimes all the fingers, and they had the fingers sprouting out of the forehead, you know. [Laughter.]

I have had two terms, four years, of absence that I did not ask for; otherwise my service in Congress would measure forty-four years. [Laughter.] During that time, with the exception of that great struggle—the Civil War—there has been more of history written, not only upon this continent, but I believe more than was ever written anywhere else on earth in the same length of time. Think of it! It was the winding up of that great struggle, when valiant, courageous men of the same race and the same blood fought for four long years. You of the South thought you were right. We knew you were wrong, or thought we did, but it took four years to determine. I see before me a few men who were in that struggle in the Southern army, and I see the sons of many who were in that great struggle. It was fierce. The world up to that time had never seen such a contest. When it began the navies of the world were wooden walls. Then came the *Merrimac* and the *Monitor*, and when that war closed all the navies of the world were obsolete.

Then came Reconstruction; but I will not go into it. None of us remember the many things that happened with pleasure; but as I think about it sometimes I realize it necessarily could not have been otherwise than it was. But how marvelously it has been forgotten, because we sit here upon each side of this aisle friends, Americans, all marching under the Stars and Stripes, each with an equal love for the great Republic. [Applause.]

There was no such contest with any such result in the lifetime of a generation and a half in the history of the world. Why, bless my soul, the battle of the Boyne was fought two hundred years ago, if I remember aright, and on each anniversary it is fought over again now. [Laughter.]

A man said to me the other day, "What would you give, Mr. Cannon, for an insurance policy that you would live to be one hundred years old?" I said, "A real policy that would make me live—and would I have to die then?" "Yes," he said; "just a policy of that kind." I said, "Give? I would rather pay something not to have it." "Why?" he said. "Well, there is probably one man in half a million in the United States now living that will live to be one hundred years old, and I am going to take my chances." [Laughter and applause.] He said, "That is a slim chance." I said, "Yes; but I would not have the policy, anyway, because every day that would pass it would occur to me that it was one day less." The Great Father has arranged it properly; no man can foresee when he will die.

Now, I do not desire to keep you longer. I thank you, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, with all the sincerity in my power for this compliment. I never had such a compliment before. It would be impossible to have another such, and I appreciate it. [Prolonged applause.]

CHAPTER XXVIII

Baltimore.

ON Wednesday, July 3, 1912, the day after Gov. Woodrow Wilson was nominated as the Democratic candidate for President, every considerable newspaper in America carried the following signed statement:

> No set of men ever made a better or braver fight for any man in this world than my friends all over the country made for me. They have my heartfelt thanks. We never had money enough even to pay for an adequate supply of postage stamps and literature. I was tied down here by my duties of the Speakership. I could, therefore, aid my friends very little. They made the fight, gave me 300,000 majority in the states where Governor Wilson and I competed in the primaries, and caused me to lead on 30 ballots in the convention, in 8 of which I had a clear majority.
>
> Nevertheless, the nomination was bestowed upon Governor Wilson.
>
> I never scratched a Democratic ticket or bolted a Democratic nominee in my life. I shall not change the Democratic habit now. I am too seasoned a soldier not to accept cheerfully the fortunes of war.
>
> I will support Governor Wilson with whatever power I possess, and hope he will be elected.
>
> I lost the nomination solely through the vile and malicious slanders of Col. William Jennings Bryan, of Nebraska. True, these slanders were by innuendo and insinuation, but they were no less deadly for that reason.
>
> CHAMP CLARK.

That statement was literally true. Bryan's malicious slanders did it. I have never varied from that statement during all these years, in conversation or in print, except sometimes to use the shorter and uglier word in lieu of slander.

It is said that "soft words butter no parsnips." It is equally true that harsh language adds nothing to the force of plain facts. Hence in this statement I will eschew it —"Nothing extenuating and setting down naught in malice." I owe a correct account of what happened at Baltimore and before to the cause of truth, to my countrymen and countrywomen, especially to my friends who stood by me unflinchingly, uncorrupted by money or promises of office, and above all to my own wife and children.

Col. William Jennings Bryan began his Congressional career in the Fifty-second Congress and I began mine in the Fifty-third. The first I ever heard of him was when he made his tariff speech in the Fifty-second Congress. It was a great speech, a brilliant speech—the greatest and most brilliant, perhaps, that he ever delivered. It so happily and so fully stated my own ideas, long entertained, and it pleased me so much, that I wrote him congratulations, asking for a copy complete, which he sent.

In my long and bitter contest for the Congressional nomination in 1892 I argued that my opponent should not be again nominated, because during his two terms he had failed to forge to the front. He countered by saying that a new member—even a member for two terms—must be modest. Otherwise he would arouse such prejudice and antagonism among veteran members as to seriously retard his progress. To disprove that statement I cited the cases of several men who had during their first term made reputations which attracted the attention of the country—William J. Bryan, Joseph W. Bailey, Leonidas F. Livingston, Thomas E. Watson, Jerry Simpson, and George Fred Williams. I expatiated on their achievements and multiplied them by many diameters. I doubt very much whether they were so gorgeously eulogized by anybody else either before or since. Consequently when I arrived in Washington I was anxious to form the acquaintance of these men whom, without their knowledge or consent, I had used to help me to a seat in Congress. I frankly told them that I had used them as stepping-stones, which pleased them, and we naturally became friends.

When I made my Tammany Hall speech on July 4, 1893, outlining the hopes and intentions of "The Trans-Mississippi Democracy," Bryan wrote me a very cordial letter of congratulation.

The first speech I made in the House was on the "Repeal of the Purchasing Clause of the Sherman Silver Law." I had an hour. My time ran out. Bryan asked unanimous consent that my time be extended without limit, and it is so written in *The Congressional Record.*

In the great landslide of 1894 he was defeated for the Senate and I was defeated for the House. In the spring of 1896, some months before he was nominated at Chicago for the Presidency, he stopped off in the Ninth Congressional District of Missouri and made a speech advocating my election to Congress, I having already been nominated.

Of course I was for "Silver Dick" Bland for President; because he was a great Missourian; because I entertained a filial affection for the grand old man; because I believed he would make a good President; and, above all, as the coinage of silver was to the fore as the principal issue, he was by every rule of justice and fair dealing entitled to the nomination. More than any other man, or all other men combined, he, by his courage, persistency, knowledge, and enthusiasm, had made the issue.

However this may be, Bryan received the nomination, and I supported him cordially, laboriously, and enthusiastically, making speeches whenever and wherever possible, borrowing money in small dribs to pay travel expenses. I was poorer in purse then than at any other period of my life. Of course when I was a boy working as a hired farm-hand I had little or no money, but I did not need much. At any rate, I was not in debt; but in 1896 I had a wife and two little children and was in debt several thousand dollars. Making three races for Congress, two of them unsuccessful—one in the primaries, the other at the general election—and the third and successful one very expensive and by paying security debts, I was badly in the hole financially. The panic of 1893 swept away what little property I had.

People whom I owed knew that I would ultimately pay every penny, with compound interest, but they doubted if I would ever be financially able. So, in order to make speeches for Bryan in response to frequent and urgent demands, I had to borrow money in very small sums. The only time in my life that I was ever flatly refused credit was one day when I asked a bank to cash a draft for ten dollars to go some distance to make a speech for Bryan.

Between 1896 and 1900 every chance I got I made a speech for him and the things for which we both stood. In addition to that I boosted him in a weekly syndicate letter which I was then writing for the American Press Association, which circulated widely throughout the country. I campaigned for him actively in the campaigns of 1900 and 1908. By that time, by writing for papers and magazines and by lecturing, I had gotten into better financial kelter than I was in 1896. Though not out of debt, I was where I did not have to borrow traveling expenses from unwilling lenders, and could see the end of my indebtedness.

Bryan had been a guest in my house and I in his.

We continued to be on friendly terms.

Nothing of interest between us happened until his birthday, March 19, 1911. He was born March 19, but in 1911 the 19th fell on Sunday, and Monday the 20th was substituted. For some years that event had been celebrated with a dollar banquet and much oratory at Lincoln—which function has been discontinued of late years. In March, 1911, when everybody knew that I would be elected Speaker on April 4th, nothing would do him but that I should attend his birthday party and make a speech, which I did, at much inconvenience and considerable expense to myself. He told me three times that day that he would not be a candidate for President in 1912. I am fair enough to believe he was in good faith in so saying at that time. He perhaps thought that the time was not ripe for him to run again, and that I would do as well as any other to get a beating by President Taft, for at that date that seemed to be the fate of any Democrat nominated against Taft. Perhaps in the back of Bryan's head was the hope that in the event of the defeat of the Democratic nominee in 1912 he would be nominated in 1916. Subsequently circumstances having become such that any Democratic nominee could be elected, he changed his mind, and there can be not even the shadow of a doubt that he not only eagerly but voraciously desired the nomination at Baltimore, which accounts for his outrageous conduct at and immediately preceding the convention.

In fact I believe I can name the day and even the hour when the presidential bee began buzzing in his bonnet again. It was between twelve and one o'clock on April 4, 1911. Those who understand the *modus operandi* of electing a Speaker will remember that the House is called to order by the clerk of the last House at high 12. The chaplain offers prayer; the roster of members is called by states to ascertain if a quorum is present; the chairmen of the various party caucuses name the candidates for Speaker; the roll is called on the election of Speaker; a committee, usually headed by the defeated candidate for Speaker, is appointed to conduct the Speaker-elect into the chair, where he is introduced and sworn. The day the House is organized and the Speaker is elected is a gala day. The hall is crowded from pit to roof. The aforementioned proceedings consume an hour or more. April 4, 1911, I was sitting in the Speaker's room, waiting for the committee to escort me in. About twelve-thirty I heard a tremendous uproar in the hall of the House. It was on Bryan's appearance. He is skilled in stage effects, and had waited till floor and galleries were crowded to suffocation, when he entered the hall at the door on the right of the Speaker's stand, which brought him face to face with the vast crowd. Of course everybody recognized him instantly and gave him a rousing reception. Shortly after, Governor Harmon of Ohio entered, but he was known by sight to only a few, and, what was still more unfortunate for him, his managers did not know enough about setting the stage to take him in at the door by which Bryan had entered, so as to face the audience, but inducted him by the big door on the north side of the chamber back of the members and out of sight of the larger number of persons in the galleries. Therefore the Governor was greeted with only faint applause and sporadic hand-claps. Next morning flaring head-lines in papers all over the land proclaimed: "Great Ovation for Bryan! Frost for Harmon!" So the presidential bee began to buzz about Bryan's head once more.

Then came the Tariff bill on Wool—Schedule K. The majority of House Democrats favored a low tariff. Colonel Bryan did not want it and worked himself into a passion over it. He became offended at me because I would not help him split the party on the infinitesimal difference between a small tariff on wool and no tariff on wool. As I had gotten the Democrats together for the first time in twenty years, thereby electing a Democratic House in 1910—and subsequently a Democratic House, Senate, and President—I did not propose to help divide them again and set out on another long spell of wandering in the wilderness.

Bryan's animus against me at Baltimore grew out of two facts. First, he could not pull me around by the nose in my conduct as Speaker. Second, his ambition to be nominated himself.

I state very frankly that I was anxious to keep on good terms with him because I did not want him to begin criticizing and abusing the Democratic House as soon as it was organized; but I was unwilling to split the Democrats into warring factions, thereby sacrificing all we had gained in sixteen years in order to please him.

When the presidential talk began about me, I kept hearing that whenever my name was mentioned to him as a possible or probable candidate he would announce in an *ex-cathedra* sort of way that I would not be a candidate, and if any one asserted that I would be he would pull out of his pocket and read a telegram from a man never very friendly to me, stating that I would not be a candidate, which appeared to me to be an unfriendly act of a continuing kind. Still, as I knew he was bitterly opposed to Governor Harmon, that he hated Mr. Underwood, who had vehemently denounced him as a liar on the floor of the House; that he and Governor Wilson had assailed each other in such language as men never forgive, I thought he would support me in preference to them. This idea remained in my mind till the great Jackson Day banquet in Washington, January 8, 1912, when he treated me with such scant courtesy, and he and Governor Wilson lathered each other up with such fulsome eulogies, that it was clear Bryan was for Wilson as his second choice—Bryan, of course, being Bryan's first choice.

Nevertheless, when the presidential primary came on in Nebraska and Bryan was a candidate for delegate-at-large, he issued a pronunciamiento in which he declared that if he was instructed for Governor Harmon he would decline to attend the convention, but if instructed for either Governor Wilson or myself he would obey instructions. He said nothing about Underwood, who was not contesting Nebraska. When Bryan made his statement he had no more idea that I could carry Nebraska than that I could fly to the moon; but I did carry it by seven thousand over Governor Wilson, who ran second—a big plurality in a three-cornered fight in Nebraska. I not only carried the state, but carried Bryan's Congressional district, county, city, ward, and precinct—the last by two plurality.

Pending the fight for Nebraska a telegraphic correspondence took place between Colonel Bryan and myself. At Baltimore he gave privately to at least one of his friends as one reason why he ratted to Wilson and disobeyed his instructions that I had insulted him in that telegraphic correspondence. Just how, it would puzzle King Solomon himself to find out. He pretended to be insulted by my sentence, "It is all Greek to me," although that sentence has been in common use for centuries and is only another way of saying, "I do not understand."

His disobedience to instructions in spirit did not begin at Baltimore. A short time after the Nebraska primary he made a declaration at a Jefferson banquet at Kearney, Nebraska, in which he declared that he was going to make speeches for Governor Wilson and myself. In states where I seemed the stronger he would speak for me. In states where Governor Wilson was stronger he would speak for him—this, too, though the people of Nebraska had instructed for me and he had had much to say about "the people's rule." Marvelous to tell, he could never discover a state in which I was stronger than Wilson, though I carried nearly two-thirds of the states in the Union, defeated Governor Wilson by over three hundred thousand in states in which primaries were held, and could walk on Clark territory from the Pacific to the

Atlantic and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico. That he who had prated vociferously and frequently about "the people's rule," who had gone so far as to assert that any one who did not obey "the people's rule" was as bad as a felon, who was instructed by the people of Nebraska to vote for me, should go about the country making speeches for my chief opponent, cannot be defended on grounds of justice, decency, honesty, or good morals. It proves beyond cavil the utter hypocrisy and bad faith of his whole performance in that campaign. His open violation of his instructions at Baltimore, his audacious defiance of "the people's rule," was of a piece with his prowling about making speeches advocating Governor Wilson's nomination—of the same character but only of higher degree, to say nothing of his slanders by innuendo against me in the convention.

While attending his birthday dinner and helping along with the glorification of Colonel Bryan, I had no fixed idea of being a candidate for the presidential nomination. I was being, as the doctors would say, "sporadically mentioned," which was not unreasonable, for as soon as the result of the Congressional election of 1910 was ascertained, everybody knew that I would be elected to the Speakership, the second highest office within the gift of the American people, which would make me the highest Democratic official in the land. Nevertheless, I was by no means wedded to the presidential ambition, and had Colonel Bryan told me on his birthday in 1911 that he hankered after another nomination, I would not have been a candidate, not because I did not have as much right to run for President as he did, but because the chief strength of both of us lay in the same region—that is, west of the Alleghanies, and because of his vast acquaintance with the people, especially with Democratic politicians. His chief occupation for sixteen years had been to travel to and fro making speeches and lecturing. He perhaps knew more of our citizens personally than did all of the twenty-eight Presidents combined. Another thing that made me reluctant to enter the presidential lists was that Gov. Joseph W. Folk of Missouri was an avowed candidate, which was a heavy handicap. Still another reason was that both Governor Harmon and Governor Wilson had well-organized machines apparently amply supplied with the sinews of war, while I had neither machine nor sinews. As the Governors of two great, rich, populous states, they had large patronage, while the Speaker of the House has none except a very small office force. Still another fact caused me to hesitate about becoming a candidate, and that was that while the Speakership is a high position, only one of my thirty-five predecessors had achieved the Presidency—James K. Polk—and there was a considerable lapse of years between his leaving the Speakership and reaching the White House. Randall, Carlisle, Reed, Cannon, and several other Speakers—great men—had aspired to the Presidency, but could not secure even the nomination. Henry Clay and James G. Blaine were the only ones to get that far on the road to the most powerful office ever devised by the wit of man. The unavailing quest of the Presidency by the Speakers is one of the queerest and most inexplicable chapters in our history.

While it has nothing on earth to do with the happenings at Baltimore, here is an interesting incident in Bryan's career. I have mentioned the fact that in the spring of 1896 he made one speech in my district. It was at Louisiana, Pike County, on the Mississippi River. After his speech one of my dearest friends, Adam Wald, gave us a light lunch in his home. As soon as we were seated in the parlor, I. N. Bryson, an editor whose brother had been one of Bryan's classmates at college, said, "Bryan, for whom is the Nebraska delegation for President?" As Missouri was red-hot for Bland, that was a natural query from a Missourian. Bryan replied: "As I am one of the contesting delegation from Nebraska, it is not the proper thing for me to give out our choice. It might prejudice our chances of being seated in the convention!"—which was a very politic and sensible answer. An hour later Bryan and I traveled twelve miles in the same car. During that ride he said, "I wish I could disguise you and get you into the Chicago convention as a delegate from Nebraska for half an hour." I inquired his reason. He promptly replied, "To put me in nomination." In surprise I asked, "Are you a candidate?" He said, "Yes, and I will get the nomination!" "How will you do that?" I asked. "By the rule of elimination," he answered. "Bland," he continued, "will not be nominated, because it is too early to nominate a candidate from one of the old slave states. I have no prejudice on that subject, but others have. Governor Mathews of Indiana will not get it because he is not well enough known. The same is true of Gov. Horace Boise of Iowa. Senator Blackburn will not get it because his candidacy is only intended for home consumption. Vice-President Stevenson will not get it because he has sat on the fence too long, and I will get it," and so he did precisely as he said he would. In explanation of why he would like for me to nominate him he said his contesting delegation was made up of able men, but none of them was in the habit of speaking to vast audiences, and might get rattled.

It is a pleasant fiction that his nomination was solely the spontaneous result of his glowing "cross of gold and crown of thorns" speech. But the hogshead of Bryan buttons immediately turned loose did not grow out of that speech! Hardly.

That famous speech was not his greatest—at least not according to my judgment; but it was one of the most opportune speeches delivered in this world since the confusion of tongues on the plain of Shinar, at the foot of the unfinished Tower of Babel. It in no way detracted from its merits that he had repeatedly delivered parts of it, perhaps all of it, before. The reason of the astounding effect of its delivery was that he was expressing tersely, epigrammatically, and eloquently what two-thirds of that convention thought and wanted to say, but did not know how to say. In him they had found a mouthpiece—an interpreter. He set them on their heads and stole away their hearts. They not only gave him an amazing ovation; they gave him a presidential nomination, which came near landing him in the White House.

A few days before the Baltimore convention met my friends selected Representative (afterward United States Senator) Ollie M. James, of Kentucky, as our candidate for temporary chairman. He was one of Bryan's most enthusiastic friends, as well as a leading Progressive. Shortly after we selected him the New York delegation put forward Judge Alton B. Parker, who had been the Democratic presidential nominee in 1904, as a candidate. His entrance into the race seemed to enrage Bryan beyond measure. He began telegraphing the presidential candidates on the subject of the personality of the temporary chairman. Here is his telegram to me:

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS, June 21, 1912.

SPEAKER CLARK,
Washington, D. C.

In the interest of harmony I suggest to the subcommittee of the Democratic National Committee the advisability of recommending as temporary chairman some Progressive acceptable to the leading Progressive candidates for the presidential nomination. I took it for granted that no committee interested in Democratic success would desire to offend the members of a convention overwhelmingly Progressive by naming a reactionary to sound the key-note of the campaign. Eight members of the subcommittee, however, have, over the protest of the remaining eight, agreed not only upon a reactionary, but upon the one Democrat who, among those not candidates for the presidential nomination, is in the eyes of the public most conspicuously identified with the reactionary element of the party. I shall be pleased to join you and your friends in opposing his selection by the full committee or by the convention. Please answer here.

W. J. Bryan.

I replied that Ollie James, one of his bosom friends as well as a most pronounced Progressive, was our candidate.

Governor Wilson's friends selected Representative Robert L. Henry, of Texas, as their candidate.

The New-Yorkers and other friends of Judge Parker pressed his claims.

In his speech in the convention in nominating Senator John W. Kern, of Indiana, for temporary chairman, after the National Committee had nominated Judge Parker, Bryan gave this account of what had been done, and as nobody in the convention contradicted his statement, I suppose it is true. I was not present, but was in Washington discharging my duties as Speaker. Bryan said: "In the discussion before the subcommittee the friends of Mr. Clark and the friends of Mr. Wilson were not able to agree; one supported Mr. James and the other supported Mr. Henry; but in the full committee last night the friends of Mr. Wilson joined the friends of Mr. Clark in the support of Mr. James, Mr. Clark's choice, and yet the committee turned down the joint request thus made."

Colonel Bryan made a long, strong speech in support of Senator Kern, who declined the honor in a long, strong speech, and wound up by nominating Colonel Bryan himself. Several other rousing speeches were made by Theodore A. Bell, of California, and others, and then the roll was called—and resulted in the nomination of Judge Parker in the following vote: Parker, 579; Bryan, 508; Kern, 1; O'Gorman, 1; not voting, 2.

Judge Parker's nomination was then made unanimous.

Colonel Bryan was offered the permanent chairmanship, which he peremptorily refused.

Of course, everybody at all familiar with the workings of national conventions knows that the importance of the temporary chairmanship lies in the fact that the chief function of the incumbent is to make what is usually termed a "key-note speech," while the permanent chairman's principal duty is to preside and oversee the business of the convention.

It should be stated that the committee had tendered the temporary chairmanship to Colonel Bryan before the convention met, and he had declined it—which throws considerable light on his subsequent performance.

In the Baltimore convention there were 1,088 delegates —545 constituted a majority. Under the antiquated two-thirds rule, 725⅓ were required to nominate. That rule was a device of the pro-slavery propagandists to enable them to nominate Democratic candidates for the Presidency in whom they could trust and in whose hands they felt that their interests would be safe. The pro-slavery men could not muster a majority of a convention, but they controlled more than one-third. Hence the two-thirds rule. Under that two-thirds rule the pro-slavery men secured friendly presidential candidates for a quarter of a century. If they could not get Southern candidates such as James K. Polk, which of course they preferred, they secured the nomination of "Northern men with Southern principles"—Van Buren, Cass, Pierce, and Buchanan—whom their political opponents scornfully denominated "Northern dough-faces." Of course the *raison d'être*, as our French friends would say—the reason for being—of the two-thirds rule passed away with the slavery system and should have been repealed in 1868; but it was retained and used in 1912, a half-century later, to gouge me out of the presidential nomination, notwithstanding the fact that I led on twenty-nine ballots and received a clear majority on eight.

How near it came to being repealed at the St. Louis convention of 1904 I have stated elaborately in a preceding chapter.

Forty-six ballots were taken in the Baltimore convention. On the first ballot the vote stood as follows: Clark, 440½; Wilson, 324; Harmon, 148; Underwood, 117½; Baldwin, 22; Marshall, 31; Bryan, 1; Sulzer, 2; not voting, 2.

The balloting continued with slight increase for Governor Wilson and myself, until the tenth ballot, when I received some small accessions from Connecticut, Michigan, Ohio, Tennessee, Pennsylvania; and New York, which had been voting steadily for Governor Harmon, cast her 90 votes for me, making the vote stand: Clark, 556; Wilson, 350½; Harmon, 31; Underwood, 117½; Marshall, 31; Kern, 1; Bryan, 1; so that I had a clear majority of 11. In the ten ballots my vote had grown from 440½ to 556, while Governor Wilson's had increased from 324 to 350½.

I had also a majority on the seven succeeding ballots.

On the eighteenth my vote fell to 535, and Governor Wilson's rose to 361.

On the first, second, and third ballots Nebraska cast 12 votes for me and 4 for Governor Harmon.

On the fourth and fifth ballots she changed it to 12 for me, 3 for Governor Harmon, and 1 for Governor Wilson.

On the sixth and seventh her vote stood 12 for me and 4 for Governor Wilson.

On the eighth, ninth, tenth, eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth I received 13 of her votes, while Governor Wilson received only 3.

It was on the fourteenth ballot that William Jennings Bryan violated his instructions and by base and false insinuations—to use no uglier word—robbed me of the nomination to which I was entitled by all the rules of decency, justice, honesty, common sense, and fair dealing, as I had a clear majority on eight ballots. The first-fruits of his false insinuations were that on the fourteenth ballot the Nebraska vote stood only 4 for me and 12 for Governor Wilson.

I have no sort of doubt that the eleven who voted with him were driven so to do by the fear that Bryan and his brother Charles would ruin any political hopes which they harbored. In other words, they were arfaid of the two brothers in their character of bosses.

With the single exception of Martin Van Buren, who received a majority in the Democratic convention of 1844, on one ballot only—which was the first ballot—I am the only man deprived of a presidential nomination after receiving a majority, which I did on eight ballots. I was deprived of it by the ambition of one man—W. J. Bryan.

Sometimes it is stated in newspapers and magazines, through ignorance, that Stephen Arnold Douglas received a majority at Charleston in 1860, but he did no such thing. His highest vote fell one short of a majority.

The way that Van Buren was beaten out of the nomination after receiving a majority on the first ballot is a very interesting chapter in our history. Here it is: In 1843 and the early part of 1844 it was generally taken and accepted that the Democrats would nominate him and the Whigs would nominate Henry Clay. From all the facts and circumstances of the case it seems clear that those worthy and ambitious statesmen, feeling safe as to the nominations, entered into what would now be denominated "a gentlemen's agreement," either in person or through friends, to the effect that the question of "Texas Annexation," which was then brewing, should be postponed to a more convenient season—at least more convenient to themselves. They were on friendly terms personally and had long been thrown much together in public life. Neither wanted Texas annexation injected into the contest. Consequently, on the same day in May, 1844, Clay published a letter in *The National Intelligencer* against the immediate annexation of Texas, and Van Buren published a letter of almost identical tenor in *The Globe.* Everything seemed lovely for the twain, but only seemed so—"Man proposes but God disposes." A coterie of Southern statesmen—capable, resolute, and courageous as ever appeared in our public life—were bent on the immediate annexation of Texas. In their minds and hearts that was the paramount issue, and they proposed to have a presidential nominee of their way of thinking. Consequently, as soon as they read Van Buren's letter they went to work quietly, industriously, and systematically to defeat him, notwithstanding the fact that a majority of all the delegates had been instructed for him; but many of these instructed delegates were far more interested in the immediate annexation of Texas than they were in Van Buren's nomination. However, as they were instructed for him, even though their instructions had been given before the immediate annexation of Texas had suddenly been made a burning issue by Mr. Secretary of State John C. Calhoun, some scheme must be hatched to save their faces while violating their instructions, thereby defeating Van Buren.

General Jackson, rusticating at the Hermitage after weathering the multitudinous storms of a long life, but with his eagle eye still sweeping the political field and his vengeful heart still set on beating his ancient enemy, Henry Clay, was for Van Buren tooth and nail, but he was also for the immediate annexation of Texas. Had it been put to him squarely to choose between the two, he probably would have taken Van Buren at once and trusted to luck to get Texas afterward. Any suggestion to him to throw Van Buren overboard would have provoked him to such wrath as to cause him to force Martin's nomination. General Jackson was an unsuspecting sort of man, and the wily Southerners made up their minds to circumvent him and to make him the destroyer of Martin Van Buren, whom as a presidential possibility he had created by his fiat in 1836. When we consider how whole-heartedly General Jackson stood by his friends, we are forced to pronounce this performance a most cruel one. So they induced a Congressional friend of General Jackson to write him a private letter inquiring concerning his views as to the annexation of Texas. In his innocence he wrote a strong letter declaring in favor of immediate annexation. The chances are that if pressed he would have declared in favor of annexing all of Mexico. At the psychological moment the Jackson letter was published and exploited for all it was worth, and it created a tremendous sensation; but even with this aid some plan had to be formulated whereby the annexationist delegates who were instructed for Van Buren could help crush him while appearing to support him, thereby saving their own skins at home. So the two-thirds rule was introduced, and many annexationist Van Buren delegates voted for it, thereby enabling themselves to "keep the word of promise to the ear but break it to the hope" by voting for Van Buren on every ballot, knowing full well all the time that he never could secure the necessary two-thirds. The plan worked like a charm in 1844, giving the Democrats a President and giving the country Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Nevada, and parts of Oklahoma, Kansas, Colorado, Nebraska, and Utah; but it worked as a boomerang in 1848, when Martin Van Buren bolted for sake of revenge and defeated General Cass, who had hoped and worked to be the nominee in 1844.

So the Southern contingent had nominated Polk, but they hadn't elected him, and they might never have done that had Henry Clay not changed base. He became alarmed by the rising tide in favor of the immediate annexation of Texas, and undertook to mend his chances by writing a document known as his "Alabama letter," declaring in favor of qualified annexation. This alienated enough Abolition and Emancipation Whigs in New York to cause them to run up the popular vote of New York for James G. Birney, Abolition candidate, from 2,798 in 1840 to 15,812 in 1844, thereby losing the state to Clay, Polk carrying it by a plurality of only 5,106, though running 5,000 behind Silas Wright, Democratic candidate for Governor. Without New York, Clay lost the Presidency. Had he received 2,554 votes in New York, which were cast for Polk, he would have received a majority of seven in the Electoral College, and his consuming lifelong ambition would have been gratified. Truly a close shave. Assuredly a pitiful story.

The Democrats went into that fight boldly declaring for the "Reoccupation of Oregon and the Reannexation of Texas." Their battle-cry was "Fifty-four Forty or Fight"; but after the election they fought for Texas, and compromised on the forty-ninth parallel as the northern line of "the Oregon country."

As this was the first instance in which a dark horse won, it was also the first instance in which a third party which secured no electoral vote decided the contest.

I had a clear majority on the tenth, eleventh, twelfth, thirteenth, fourteenth, fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth ballots.

On the thirteenth, the one just preceding Bryan's flop, the vote stood: Clark, 554½; Wilson, 356; Harmon, 29; Bryan, 1; Underwood, 115½; Marshall, 30; Foss, 2.

That the readers hereof may know the whole history of Bryan's performance, I here copy the official history verbatim:

> MR. WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN, of Nebraska (when his name was called). Mr. Chairman.
>
> THE PRESIDING OFFICER. For what purpose does the gentleman from Nebraska rise?

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. To explain my vote.

Several Delegates. Regular order!

The Presiding Officer. Under the rule nothing is in order but the calling of the roll. How does the gentleman vote?

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. As long as Mr. Ryan's agent—as long as New York's ninety votes are recorded for Mr. Clark, I withhold my vote from him, and cast it.

(At this point there was a demonstration.)

Mr. William J. Stone, of Missouri. Mr. Chairman, and fellow-delegates, I pray every delegate on the floor, and every lady and gentleman in the gallery, to hear the distinguished delegate from Nebraska. Let us have order, and let every man be heard.

The Presiding Officer. How much time does the gentleman want?

Mr. Stone of Missouri. I do not want any time myself. I want order, and I ask unanimous consent that the gentleman from Nebraska [Mr. Bryan] be allowed to speak. I ask unanimous consent that Mr. Bryan, and any other delegate who desires to be heard, may be heard.

The Presiding Officer. Does the gentleman make that as a motion?

Mr. Stone of Missouri. That is the motion.

The Presiding Officer. Senator Stone of Missouri moves that the gentleman from Nebraska [Mr. Bryan] may be allowed to explain his vote.

The motion was agreed to.

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. Mr. Chairman, and gentlemen of the convention, I wish to explain my vote only because my advice was not followed in my own delegation. I advised that those of us who are instructed for Mr. Clark should continue to vote for him until conditions arose that justified us in doing otherwise. I did not believe that the conditions had yet arisen, but not all of the delegates agreed with me, and then I was desirous that a poll should not be required; but if we are to have a division, if a poll is demanded, and each man must give a reason for the vote that he casts, I am now ready to cast my vote and to give my reason for so doing.

I have asked the privilege of making an explanation because I am not alone in this convention. I do not represent a one-man opinion. Many of these delegates look at this question as I do, and when I speak for myself I speak for some others in this hall, and I am sure for a still larger number outside of this hall. [Applause.] I recognize, therefore, the responsibility that rests upon me when I do what I intend to do, and give the explanation that I am now prepared to give.

I anticipated that this necessity would arise some time during the day' but I did not expect it to arise at so early an hour, and in anticipation I wrote out what I desire to submit. It will take me only a moment to read it, as I prefer that there shall be no mistake in the reporting and transcribing of it.

Nebraska is a progressive state. Only twice has she given her vote to a Democratic candidate for President—in 1896 and in 1908—and on both occasions her vote was cast for a progressive ticket, running upon a progressive platform. Between these two elections, in the election of 1904, she gave a Republican plurality of 85,000 against a Democratic reactionary. In the recent primaries the total vote cast for Clark and Wilson was over 34,000, and the vote cast for Harmon something over 12,000, showing that the party is now more than three-fourths progressive, or about three-fourths progressive. The Republican party of Nebraska is progressive in about the same proportion. The situation in Nebraska is not materially different from the situation throughout the country west of the Alleghanies. In the recent Republican primaries fully two-thirds of the Republican vote was cast for candidates representing progressive policies.

In this convention the progressive sentiment is overwhelming. Every candidate has proclaimed himself a progressive. No candidate would have any considerable following in this convention if he admitted himself out of harmony with progressive ideas.

By our resolution, adopted night before last, you, by a vote of more than four to one, pledged the country that you would nominate for the Presidency no man who represented or was obligated to Morgan, Ryan, Belmont, or any other member of the privilege-seeking, favor-hunting class. This pledge, if kept, will have more influence on the result of the election than the platform or the name of the candidate. How can that pledge be made effective? There is but one way; namely, to nominate a candidate who is under no obligation to those whom these influences directly or indirectly control. The vote of the state of New York in this convention, as cast under the unit rule, does not represent the intelligence, the virtue, the Democracy, or the patriotism of the ninety men who are here. It represents the will of one man—Charles F. Murphy—and he represents the influences that dominated the Republican convention at Chicago and are trying to dominate this convention. [Applause.] If we nominate a candidate under conditions that enable these influences to say to our candidate, "Remember now thy creator," we cannot hope to appeal to the confidence of the progressive Democrats and Republicans of the nation. Nebraska, or that portion of the delegation for which I am authorized to speak, is not willing to participate in the nomination of any man who is willing to violate the resolution adopted by this convention, and to accept the high honor of the presidential nomination at the hands of Mr. Murphy. [Applause.]

When we were instructed for Mr. Clark, the Democratic voters who instructed us did so with the distinct understanding that Mr. Clark stood for progressive Democracy. [Applause.] Mr. Clark's representatives appealed for support on no other ground. They contended that Mr. Clark was more progressive than Mr. Wilson, and indignantly denied that there was any co-operation between Mr. Clark and the reactionary element of the party. Upon no other condition could Mr. Clark have received a plurality of the Democratic vote of Nebraska. The thirteen delegates for whom I speak stand ready to carry out the instructions given in the spirit in which they were given, and upon the conditions under which they were given [applause]; but some of these delegates—I cannot say for how many I can speak, because we have not had a chance to take a poll—will not participate in the nomination of any man whose nomination depends upon the vote of the New York delegation. [Applause.]

Speaking for myself, and for any of the delegation who may decide to join me, I shall withhold my vote from Mr. Clark as long as New York's vote is recorded for him. [Applause.] And the position that I take in regard to Mr. Clark I will take in regard to any other candidate whose name is now or may be before the convention. I shall not be a party to the nomination of any man, no matter who he may be, or from what section of the country he comes, who will not, when elected, be absolutely free to carry out the anti-Morgan-Ryan-Belmont resolution, and make his administration reflect the wishes and the hopes of those who believe in a government of the people, by the people, and for the people. [Applause.]

If we nominate a candidate who is under no obligation to these interests which speak through Mr. Murphy, I shall offer a resolution authorizing and directing the presidential candidate to select a campaign committee to manage the campaign, in order that he may not be compelled to suffer the humiliation and act under the embarrassment that I have, in having men participate in the management of his campaign who have no sympathy with the party's aims, and in whose Democracy the general public has no confidence.

Having explained the position taken by myself and those in the delegation who view the subject from the same standpoint, I will now announce my vote.

Mr. William A. McCorkle, of West Virginia. Mr. Chairman.

The Presiding Officer. The gentleman is out of order. Nothing is in order except the explanation of the gentleman from Nebraska.

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. I am perfectly willing to yield, if the chair please.

The Presiding Officer. Governor McCorkle wishes to ask a question of Mr. Bryan.

Mr. McCorkle of West Virginia. Mr. Chairman, I have Mr. Bryan's permission to ask him a question. There was so much confusion that it was impossible for the delegates to understand clearly Mr. Bryan's position. I therefore want to ask him—and I do it, sir, in the most perfectly courteous manner and feeling—the categorical question whether he intends to be understood that he will not support the nominee of this convention if he is voted for and nominated by the present vote of the state of New York in this convention?

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. I shall be glad to answer the question of the gentleman from West Virginia, and before answering it I shall be glad to add that if any other gentleman in this convention has any question on his mind that he would like to get rid of, I will remain here and give him a chance to ask it. [Applause.] This is a Democratic convention, and we have a right to ask questions of each other, and we ought to be frank with each other.

A Delegate. Are you a Democrat?

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. My Democracy has been certified to by six and a half million Democrats; but I will ask the secretary to enter on *The Record* one dissenting vote, if the gentleman will give me his name.

Some gentleman asked me if I was a Democrat, and I would like to have his name, that I may put it by the side of Ryan and Belmont, who were not Democrats when I was a candidate for the Presidency. [Applause.]

Now let me answer the question of the gentleman from West Virginia. Nothing that I said this morning, and nothing that I have ever said, justifies the construction that the gentleman would place upon my language. I distinguish between refusing to be a party to the nomination of a candidate and refusing to support him after he has been nominated over my opposition, just as the law distinguishes between the lawyer who defends a criminal after the crime has been committed and the lawyer who conspires with a man to commit a crime. [Applause.] Is there any other question? If not, I shall announce my vote.

Mr. Earl Brewer, of Mississippi. Mr. Bryan, I have a question. If Mr. Clark, Mr. Underwood, Mr. Marshall, Mr. Wilson, Mr. Harmon, Mr. Kern, or Governor Fess is nominated by this convention by a two-thirds majority, with New York voting for the man who is nominated, will you support the Democratic nominee?

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. I deny the right of any man to put a hypothetical question to me unless—

Mr. W. C. Dowd, of North Carolina. Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order.

The Permanent Chairman. The gentleman will state his point of order.

Mr. W. C. Dowd, of North Carolina. My point of order is that the gentleman from Nebraska has the floor, to explain his vote, and that these questions are out of order.

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. I have given my permission.

The Permanent Chairman. The point of order is well taken. The chair sustains the point of order.

Mr. Earl Brewer, of Mississippi. Do not dodge.

Mr. John B. Knox, of Alabama. There are a thousand delegates here, and we have something else to do besides listening to Mr. Bryan make his fourth or fifth speech.

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. Let me complete the sentence. The gentleman has asked a question, and I have a right to answer it. Let me conclude my sentence.

Mr. Brewer of Mississippi. Answer yes or no, and then explain.

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. I said I deny his right to ask a hypothetical question unless he is prepared to put into that question every essential element that is necessary to be understood before it can be answered intelligently. That I understand to be a legal proposition.

Mr. John B. Knox, of Alabama. Mr. Chairman, have we not anything to do in this convention except to listen to Mr. Bryan's speeches? The unanimous consent of this convention was never given, and the gentleman is speaking by an arbitrary ruling of the chair, and he is speaking out of order. He has already made four speeches. I make the point of order that he has already spoken over thirty minutes. There is no delegate, I make the point of order, who has the right to abuse this privilege. Whenever Mr. Bryan comes to the platform the chair secures order for him, and time for him to speak, and he will not recognize anybody else. That is the worst part of it.

The Permanent Chairman. The gentleman is out of order and will take his seat. The gentleman from Nebraska, Mr. Bryan, is speaking by the consent of the convention, given upon motion of Senator Stone while Mr. Sulzer of New York was temporarily in the chair.

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. I have no expectation that any nomination in this convention will be secured in any way or under any condition that will prevent my giving—

Mr. Knox of Alabama. A point of order.

The Permanent Chairman. The gentleman will state it.

Mr. Knox of Alabama. There is no delegate who has a right to abuse his privilege, to attack a candidate before this convention, and to attack a sovereign state.

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. Having denied the right of the gentleman to ask the question, and having declared that he has taken advantage of a Democratic convention to ask a question that he would not dare to ask in any court of justice, I will now answer his question. I expect to support the nominee of this convention. [Applause.] I do not expect any one to be nominated here who will not deserve the support of the Democratic party. I do not expect any one to be nominated who would permit a partnership between Morgan, Ryan, Belmont, and himself. [Applause.] But I do not consider myself under obligations to give bond to answer the question categorically until the conditions arise when I can know what I am answering.

Now I am prepared to announce my vote, unless again interrupted. With the understanding that I shall stand ready to withdraw my vote from the one for whom I am going to cast it, whenever New York casts her vote for him, I cast my vote for Nebraska's second choice, Governor Wilson. [Applause.]

Mr. Stone of Missouri. Mr. Chairman, I do not rise to enter into any kind of controversy with Mr. Bryan or any other man. Any delegate here has a right to speak as he pleases in obedience to the instructions of his constituency. The responsibility is his, not mine.

So far as Speaker Clark is concerned, I have just this one sentence to utter. I proffer his plain record as a Democrat, and the splendid service rendered his party for more than a quarter of a century, and no part of it more conspicuous than that during the campaigns of William J. Bryan. [Applause.]

Mr. J. E. Giddings, of Oklahoma (when his name was called). Mr. Chairman—

The Permanent Chairman. For what purpose does the gentleman rise?

Mr. Giddings of Oklahoma. Like Mr. Bryan of Nebraska, I wish to explain my reason for changing my vote from Wilson to Clark.

Mr. Bryan of Nebraska. I ask that the gentleman be permitted to explain his vote.

The Permanent Chairman. Is there objection to the gentleman from Oklahoma [Mr. Giddings] having an opportunity to explain his vote?

Mr. John W. Peck, of Ohio. I object.

Mr. Giddings of Oklahoma. Mr. Chairman, Mr. Bryan was permitted to explain his vote. I appeal to this convention to let me explain my vote, for my people at home.

MR. BRYAN of Nebraska. Let us have both sides here.

THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN. The chair is forced to rule that the gentleman is not permitted to explain his vote, objection having been made. The chair is compelled to rule that where there is objection no delegate is entitled to explain his vote.

MR. PECK of Ohio. I withdraw my objection.

THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN. The objection being withdrawn, and there being no other objection, the chair recognizes the gentleman from Oklahoma [Mr. Giddings] to explain his vote.

MR. GIDDINGS of Oklahoma. Mr. Chairman, I want to explain briefly to this convention my reason for my action in changing my vote.

From 1896, down to the present time, I have followed unwaveringly the standard of the Niagaric Nebraskan. On the temporary chairmanship I followed him; but, my friends, I do not propose to sit here and hear aspersions cast upon any good Democrat by the delegate from Nebraska. I want to say to you, without conceit, that I do not believe there would have been a Wilson delegate in this convention from Oklahoma without my county. I made the fight for him there; but I do think it is time to call a halt on personalities and to stand for Democracy. I am willing to go back to Oklahoma with the record I make in this convention. I am willing that my vote be cast on every issue, and on every man. I never held a public office and I do not want one. My record is clear.

A DELEGATE. You may go back, but you will never come back.

THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN. Such interruptions are discourteous and the chair hopes they will not be indulged in.

MR. GIDDINGS of Oklahoma. I do not care about the remark. I do not know who the gentleman is, and I do not care who he is. I know my Democratic record is clean. I have never scratched a Democratic ticket in my life. Can the gentleman from Nebraska say the same? [Applause.] Gentlemen, please do not trespass on my time. I have only a couple of minutes remaining. This means much to me.

My friends, I want to state in one sentence the reason for my change. It is this: that if the dominance of this man prevails the nomination of a progressive at the hands of this convention is gone. My friends, I am as near the common people of this country as is Mr. Bryan. For a good many years in the West I have represented the Federation of Labor as its attorney. I know its needs, and I know it does not want a reactionary nominated at the hands of this convention. I ask this convention to turn upon Mr. Bryan and paraphrase a saying of his by saying to him, "You shall not press down upon the brow of Democracy a thorny crown of anarchy. You shall not crucify her upon a cross of selfishness." I vote for Clark. [Applause.]

THE PERMANENT CHAIRMAN. Mr. John B. Stanchfield, a delegate from New York, asks unanimous consent to explain his vote. Is there objection? The chair hears none, and the gentleman is recognized.

MR. STANCHFIELD of New York. Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the convention: I come from a state whose electoral vote is indispensable to Democratic success. If memory serves me well, upon only two occasions in the history of our country has a Democratic President been elected without the electoral vote of the state of New York. We represent a population approximating ten million. We cast in the neighborhood of one million seven hundred and fifty thousand votes. We represent forty-five votes in the Electoral College to come, and I am speaking here now in explanation of my vote on behalf of the Empire State, representing generally, as it does, one-tenth of the government of the United States.

Now a word as to the history of the Democratic party in the state of New York. For the first time since the administration of Governor Flower we have a Democratic Governor.

MR. EDWIN O. WOOD, of Michigan. Mr. Chairman, I would like to ask if there is any limit on the gentleman's time?

MR. STANCHFIELD of New York. I will say to the gentleman from Michigan that New York has a right to be heard upon the floor of this convention. [Applause.] The integrity, the manhood, the personal and the political honor of every delegate of the ninety from the state of New York have been impugned and insulted upon the floor of this convention. [Applause.] I have a right to be heard in its defense, and I desire to say at the outset, in order that I may receive a fair hearing at the hands of this convention—and particularly I desire to say to the followers of Colonel Bryan—that I am one of those who, back in the dark nights of 1896, followed the flag of Colonel Bryan, and spoke in city, village, and hamlet in favor of his election. [Applause.]

In the year 1900 I, candidate of the party for Governor, ran upon the Democratic ticket with Colonel Bryan, and he polled with me upon that ticket more votes by upward of one hundred thousand than he polled before or has polled since. Therefore, I repeat that among the friends of Colonel Bryan I am entitled to a hearing upon the floor of this convention.

Let us look for a moment at the make-up of the delegation from New York. We have here the Democratic Governor and the Lieutenant-Governor of the state. [Applause.] We have upon the delegation the man who was the Democratic candidate for President of the United States in 1904. [Applause.] We have an ex-justice of the Supreme Court of the state. We have lawyers of repute, business men, professional men, and men in every walk and department of life; and it is by common consent the most representative delegation that ever came to a national convention from the state of New York. They would need no defense except for what has been said upon the floor of this convention. If this delegation, so composed, be the puppets of wax, as insinuated by the gentleman from Nebraska, we say to that money-grabbing, selfish, office-seeking, favor-hunting, publicity-loving marplot from Nebraska that if the ninety delegates from New York, who are of the character I have described, are within the control and power of one man, they are moved by wires of tremendous human voltage.

Let us look for a moment and see whether or not the accusation of the gentleman from Nebraska be true. Let us look at *The Record* for a passing minute. The Democracy have in the House of Representatives from the state of New York twenty-two members. We have the chairman of the Committee on Appropriations. We have the chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs; and upon the fifteen great progressive measures that have been pending in this Congress, advocated under the leadership of Clark and Underwood, every vote of those twenty-two men has been registered in accordance with the progressive Democracy of to-day. [Applause.]

The gentleman from Nebraska [Mr. Bryan] has said that no candidate who has behind him the vote of the ninety men from New York can go forth from this convention with hope or expectation of success. I desire, in reply, to say that the vote of New York is vital to success, and no man can go forth from this convention stigmatized and branded with Bryanism, and come within half a million votes of carrying the state of New York. [Applause.]

Mr. Bryan has said that no man having the support of the New York delegation can be elected at the polls, because they are under the influence of Ryan and Morgan and Belmont. He has stated that no man can be elected by reason of their influence. I desire to say to him, in behalf of the ninety delegates from New York, that there is no man in the number who, by his professional or business relation, or otherwise, is under the influence of any of the men he has named; and when he makes the statement that these men, Morgan and Ryan and Belmont, are the plutocrats of this convention, he omits one name; and of all the delegates upon the floor of this convention outside of the three he has named, the richest and the most powerful is the gentleman from Nebraska. [Applause.]

If the New York delegation is to be prevented from voting for the candidate of this convention, then there ought to be passed a resolution depriving it of a seat in this convention. Any man who for pay has been writing from the Republican convention in favor of the election of Mr. Bryan's partner and ally, Theodore Roosevelt, ought to be expelled from the floor of the convention. Colonel Bryan never intended to support the candidate of this convention unless that candidate should be Bryan himself. [Applause.] We have heard for months gone by that Colonel Bryan, by his voice and influence, was supporting Woodrow Wilson in one place; that he was supporting Champ Clark in another; that he was combating Harmon here and Underwood there, all of the time desiring and intending, in pursuit of his own selfish ends, to produce a deadlock in this convention, in order that he might be the recipient of the fruits of the controversy and the discord so engendered.

When the New York delegation came to Baltimore to attend this convention, we were voting under the unit rule, and a majority of the New York delegation registered their vote in favor of Governor Harmon of Ohio. We supported and maintained that nomination so long as it appeared to the majority to be advisable. New York next cast her vote in favor of the Speaker of the House of Representatives, because he was the strongest candidate before this convention, and the delegation to-day is in favor of any and every man who can be the candidate and the nominee of this convention. [Applause.] So far as I am personally concerned, I have said what I desired in explanation of my personal vote, and it is cast for Woodrow Wilson of New Jersey. [Applause.]

I have set out these speeches in full so that the readers of this book may get a clear understanding of the exact situation, and to the end that it cannot be claimed that Bryan has been misquoted or misrepresented.

It will be observed that the gravamen of Bryan's charge against me by *insinuation* was that somehow or somehow else I might feel under obligation to or be in league with Morgan, Ryan, and Belmont—which was absolutely and wickedly false, and he knew it was false. He knew that Mr. Ryan was one of Virginia's delegates, and was for Mr. Underwood or Governor Harmon, and against me. I was not acquainted with Mr. Ryan. It is barely possible that sometime, somewhere, I had been introduced to him. On two or three occasions I had met Mr. Belmont casually—at the St. Louis convention of 1904, for instance, when he bitterly opposed me for permanent chairman. I had never spoken to Mr. Morgan in my life; had never seen him but once—and that was at a distance at a Gridiron Club banquet in Washington. I never had any communication with any one of them touching the Baltimore convention, either in person or in writing, or by telegraph or by telephone, or through any person or persons acting as agents or intermediaries. These facts were known to Bryan, for he had henchmen and spies in most of the delegations. I never had any communication with Mr. Murphy or the New York delegation. I had met Mr. Murphy casually a few times and we merely passed the compliments of the season. When the Baltimore convention met I hadn't seen him for three or four years.

While delegates were about to be selected, from time to time various friends insisted that I communicate with Mr. Murphy and his lieutenants or authorize them to do so in order to secure their support for me. I invariably declined to do so, always stating that they were not for me; that their first choice was Governor Harmon; their second choice Mr. Underwood. Beyond that I would not guess whether they would vote for Governor Wilson or myself. If they voted for me it would be of their own accord and without any promises whatsoever. They voted for Governor Harmon on nine ballots, and Mr. Underwood's strength having increased only five votes, from 117½ to 122½, while Governor Harmon's had fallen from 148 to 127, and mine had risen from 440½ to 452, and Governor Wilson's had risen from 324 to 352½; New York switched from Governor Harmon to me with her ninety votes on the tenth ballot.

On that ballot I gained 104 votes—90 from New York;

4 from Connecticut; 4 from Michigan; 2 from Ohio; 5 from Tennessee, and 1 from Pennsylvania; losing 1 in Porto Rico and 1 in Alaska.

Bryan took it out in insinuations. He was too shrewd to charge openly what he insinuated, as he had no stomach for a prison sentence for criminal libel.

In the light of his own connection with Tammany, all his talk about not voting for any man who received the vote of New York was utterly false; not only false, but absolutely preposterous. He eagerly accepted the support of Tammany, both at Kansas City in 1900 and at Denver in 1908. At Denver, under the two-thirds rule, he could not have been nominated had not the New York delegation voted for him. So that he was nominated as much by New York at Denver as I would have been nominated at Baltimore. There never lived a man who would have refused the support of New York had it come to him voluntarily and without promise or condition, as it did to me. New York had as much right in the convention as did any other state. It is sheer idiocy to say that it did not. His theory seems to have been that Tammany is a great and beneficent institution when for Bryan, but a lot of scoundrels when for anybody else; and that it was a virtue in him gladly to welcome its support at Kansas City and Denver, but an unpardonable sin in me to permit New York to cast her ninety votes for me at Baltimore. I never said, "Great is Tammany, and Croker is its prophet." Bryan did. I never welcomed Mr. Murphy at a railroad station, and had my picture taken clasping hands with him. Bryan did. I never sent a trusted friend half-way across the continent to beg Mr. Murphy not to defeat my nomination under the two-thirds rule by refusing to give me the New York delegation after I received a majority. Bryan did. Here is a statement which Senator R. F. Pettigrew, of South Dakota, gave to the public press during the Baltimore convention, after Bryan's somersault, and before Governor Wilson was nominated, touching Bryan's soliciting the support of the New York delegation:

> Mr. Bryan's statement that he will support no candidate for President who has the support of New York is the rankest hypocrisy. It is the excuse of the demagogue who believes that such a statement will be popular among the Western voters, and has been seized upon by Mr. Bryan as an excuse for doing what he has intended to do ever since he was elected as a delegate to this convention by the Democrats of Nebraska.
>
> He was not only instructed by the Democrats of Nebraska to vote for Mr. Clark, but instructed by the state convention to use all honorable means to secure his nomination. After that he stumped Ohio, Maryland, and Florida in Wilson's interest. While claiming that he maintained strict neutrality between Clark and Wilson, during the last week in May Wilson's managers sent a letter to every Democratic voter in South Dakota, saying that Mr. Bryan had indorsed Wilson and made speeches in Ohio and Maryland in support of him.
>
> This letter was circulated with Mr. Bryan's knowledge and consent. Mr. Bryan was thoroughly familiar with the campaign made in South Dakota. He was familiar with the primary law of that state and knows that there were two Clark tickets in the field and that one of these was put up by Wilson's managers to divide the Clark vote, hoping to give Wilson a plurality.
>
> He knows that this bogus ticket was not supported by the men who put it into the field, and he is fully aware that Clark carried the state by over twenty-five hundred majority over Wilson. Yet he voted to seat the Wilson delegates in this convention, joining with the ninety votes from New York and the fifty-eight from Illinois and the Virginia delegation, of which Mr. Ryan is a member, to oust the Clark delegates from South Dakota. Yet Mr. Bryan would now have us believe that no honest Democrat can co-operate with New York, Illinois, and Virginia in this convention.
>
> Mr. Bryan has repeatedly charged that I have sold out to Wall Street. He and Wilson's managers repeatedly stated that I was Clark's connecting link. Yet he gives the lie to this statement by making a combination with the New York and Virginia delegations, to throw the Clark delegates out of the convention.
>
> Four years ago, previous to the Denver convention, at Mr. Bryan's request I went to New York to secure, if possible, the votes of that

state in the Denver convention for Mr. Bryan. I saw many Tammany leaders, including Mr. Murphy and Mr. Cohalan, and particularly tried to persuade them not to hold out a third of the convention when Bryan had obtained a majority.

After the Denver convention I again went to New York at Mr. Bryan's request, to urge the united and earnest support of the New York Democrats at the polls in November. I was authorized to make no specific promises except that they would receive fair treatment at Mr. Bryan's hands, if he became President.

He also asked me to see Roger Sullivan, of Chicago, and make the same assurances to him, which I did. Therefore, the hypocrisy of his present position is evident to everybody who knows the facts.

After the Denver convention Mr. Bryan also asked me to see and talk with Mr. Hearst, and try to get his support and that of his publications. I did see Mr. Hearst, and ascertained from him, at Bryan's request, that he would see and talk with Mr. Bryan.

Mr. Bryan's chief asset is a divided Democracy. He does not want any man elected President, as he would thus lose his leadership, and with it would go the advertising at the expense of the party that makes his lecturing and writing so profitable. On the other hand, Bryan is the best asset the Republicans have, as he keeps the Democracy divided, and thus keeps the Republicans in power to exploit the people of this country for the benefit of the robber classes.

R. F. Pettigrew.

Bryan was dishonest in his contention that he changed his vote because New York was voting for me. The principal reason he changed his vote, thereby flagrantly violating his instructions and thereby proving that all his prating about "the people's rule" was hypocrisy, was that he wanted to create a deadlock and grab off the nomination for himself. He had no more idea of nominating Governor Wilson for President than he had of nominating him as Ahkoond of Swat. His well-considered plan was to kill off both Governor Wilson and myself. As I was leading, I must be killed off first. As he could not cite a single act or word of mine on which to hang a legitimate objection to my nomination, he cooked up the slander by insinuation that I would be under obligations to Ryan, Belmont, and Morgan—which he knew was false. The second step he had in mind was to kill off Governor Wilson.

By his amazing insinuations he unquestionably prevented my nomination—for in the heat and excitement of the convention some men believed him, but he then and there unwittingly killed dead as a door-nail another candidate for the Presidency—a perennial and perpetual candidate—William Jennings Bryan.

In order to appear to reflect the will of the country in his base action, his agents telegraphed all over the country for telegraphic indorsements whooping it up for "Bryan and Wilson." They could easily do that, as they had abundant funds and to spare, while I and my managers did not have a cent left out of the very meager amount friends had contributed in dribs.

The amounts of money expended by the managers of Governor Wilson, Governor Harmon, Mr. Underwood, and myself, as sworn to by our respective managers, were as follows:

Senator Fred T. Dubois, my manager, reported expenses at $50,408.50; contributions at $45,948.98; leaving a deficit of $4,591.52. I contributed $1,500 of the $50,408.50, and paid $3,000 of the deficiency. Senator Watson of West Virginia paid $700 of the deficiency. W. G. Conrad, of Montana, $500.

Chairman McCombs, manager for Governor Wilson, reported expenditures, $208,183.05; receipts, $193,565.81; deficit of $14,617.24.

William Gibbs McAdoo, former Secretary of the Treasury and Director-General of the Railroads, etc., testified that he personally collected and personally expended $3,150, which, added to the amount $208,183.05, for which Chairman McCombs accounts, makes $211,333.05 as a grand total.

Governor Harmon's manager, Hugh L. Nichols, swore as follows: Contributions, $122,000; expenses, $146,000.

Senator John H. Bankhead, Mr. Underwood's manager, swore: Contributions, $52,000; expenses, $51,951.79.

To show precisely how false, wicked, and malicious was Bryan's insinuation as to my possibly feeling under obligations to Thomas Fortune Ryan, if I were nominated, it is well to note that Mr. Ryan contributed $35,000 to Mr. Underwood's campaign, and $77,000 to Governor Harmon's, but not one cent to mine.

It is also well to remember that my managers had the smallest sum of all—not one-fourth of the Wilson fund. I had instructed my managers not to accept any contribution from anybody that by the remotest possibility could desire any special legislation by Congress or any special favors from the administration, and they carried out my instructions in that regard.

One of the chief elements of the final result was by prolonging the convention, so that my friends had to leave for want of money to pay expenses, while the Wilson crowd had more than they needed. For instance, *The New York World*, one of the loudest shouters for Governor Wilson, stated on the morning of July 3d that Cleveland H. Dodge, Zinc Trust magnate, had on July sent $63,000 to Wilson's managers the night before. If somebody had sent my managers that amount of money on that day, or anything approximating it, and *The World* had found it out, it would have charged corruption in type six inches long, but as the money went to Wilson's managers it was entirely proper according to the ethics of *The World.*

It is pleasant to remember that one palpitating patriot —Hugh Farrelly, of Kansas—lost a seat in the United States Senate by reason of a flaming telegram he sent to Bryan, indorsing Bryan's violation of his instructions. Whether he sent one indorsing James W. Orr, of Kansas, for violating his instructions, after having begged my friends humbly to permit him to go as a delegate and swearing he would honestly support me according to ironclad instructions, I do not know. Anyway, my friend Senator Thomson beat Farrelly out of his boots. It must irk Mr. Farrelly to see Orr drawing a good fat salary for his treachery, while he was left out in the cold.

It will be remembered that Bryan pulled off his *coup* on Saturday, June 29th. That night I went over to Baltimore for the purpose of securing a badge from some member of the Missouri delegation, and rising to a question of privilege to contradict Bryan's insinuations to his face with all the power and vigor I possessed. When I arrived at the Union Station in Washington one of his henchmen was standing in the glare of the electric lights, and I have no doubt that he immediately wired the anti-Clark aggregation that I was en route, for on the motion of A. Mitchell Palmer, now Attorney-General, one of the Wilson managers, the convention adjourned over till Monday. The convention adjourned fifteen minutes before I got there.

Being thus prevented from addressing the convention, I gave out the following statement:

> To-day, in the National Convention, an outrageous aspersion was cast upon me, and through me upon the Democratic party, by one who of all men ought to be the last to besmirch or betray his friend or his party.
>
> So far as I am personally concerned, it is enough to say that the charge which reflects upon my personal or party integrity is utterly and absolutely false.
>
> I might afford to forget myself, but I am by the choice of the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives the ranking official Democrat in national public life.
>
> I cannot be false or corrupt without reflecting upon my party in the most serious way.
>
> Any man who would enter into an alliance with any selfish interests or privileged class of this country to gain the nomination for the Presidency is unworthy of the Presidency and of the Speakership of the House.
>
> If I have not entered into such an alliance, then the Democrat, however distinguished, who wantonly charges me with this act, is

traitor to the Democratic party and to his professed friendship for me.

I am not here to plead for a nomination or to attempt to influence any man's political action.

Let every man proceed in this convention according to his convictions and the expressed will of his constituents.

I ask no undue consideration from any man, be he friend or foe, but I demand exact justice from every Democrat, either in this convention or throughout the nation.

With William Jennings Bryan and his charge, made in the convention to-day, the issue is proof or retraction.

I shall expect him to meet that issue.

CHAMP CLARK.

Did Bryan furnish proof of his false and wicked insinuations? He did not. Did he retract? He did not. An honest, courageous man would have done one or the other. Yet he prowls around, posing as a Christian statesman at so much per pose.

It will be observed from careful reading of these two documents that Bryan states nothing new in his pronunciamiento, except he admits that I am a progressive and always have been, and that he undertakes to switch the insinuations he had made about me from me to my managers. A careful reading of the following will show that my managers declare that he was not telling the truth.

The best summing up of the situation that I ever saw in any newspaper was an article by Justin McGrath, as follows:

CLARK SAYS BRYAN ATTACK RAISES GREATER ISSUE THAN PRESIDENCY

SPEAKER'S HONOR IS AT STAKE; BRYAN MUST MEET CHALLENGE

Clark Is Determined, Whatever the Hazard to His Political Fortunes, That Commoner Shall Make Good Impeachment, or Stand Before the Convention and Country as a Slanderer

BALTIMORE, *June 30th.*—"I demand exact justice from every Democrat, either in this convention or throughout the nation. With William

Jennings Bryan and his charge, made in the convention to-day, the issue is proof or retraction. I shall expect him to meet that issue."

This is the challenge of Speaker Champ Clark to Mr. Bryan, which Mr. Bryan must meet in the convention to-morrow. He will not be able to evade it. He must meet it squarely. Speaker Clark feels that Mr. Bryan has impeached his honor. He is grimly determined that Mr. Bryan shall either make good his impeachment or stand before the convention and the country as a slanderer.

If necessary, Speaker Clark is prepared to go before the convention and personally defend his good name, regardless of whatever effect such action may have upon his chances of nomination. With him now the question whether or not he shall be nominated is of secondary importance. He feels that his honor is at stake, and he will defend his honor at any cost of his ambition.

FRIENDS APPROVE SPEAKER'S CAUSE

The friends of Mr. Clark share his indignation, and approve his decision to defend his integrity at whatever hazard to his political fortunes. That world-famous Missouri aphorism, "Show me," will to-morrow become a historical challenge.

Bryan must either make good his charge that Speaker Clark has fettered himself to the Morgan-Ryan-Belmont interest to promote his candidacy—he must retract it, or be branded in the estimation of all fair-minded men as a man who sold the truth to serve his own selfish purposes.

It did not lie in the mouth of Mr. Bryan, of all men, to denounce a man of Speaker Clark's unassailable integrity for accepting the support of New York's delegation, when it came to him without pledge or understanding of any kind.

Was it not Mr. Bryan who, in one of his campaigns, said, "Great is Tammany, and Croker is its prophet"?

Was it not Bryan who, after he had been nominated in Denver, went to the railroad station in Lincoln to greet Charles F. Murphy and the remaining Tammany delegation?

Was it not in the knowledge of Mr. Bryan that Wall Street contributed $20,000 to further his senatorial ambitions? THOMAS F. RYAN AND AUGUST BELMONT SENT $14,000 TO NEBRASKA IN 1904, BEFORE BRYAN WOULD SUPPORT THE DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

Was it not in the knowledge of Bryan that one of the first checks received by the national campaign committee after his nomination in 1896 came from Alton B. Parker, then Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of New York? Was he not glad to have Judge Parker speak for him in his campaign of 1908?

And those being facts of political history, how can Mr. Bryan's charges and denunciation in the convention yesterday be reconciled with sincerity?

The challenge of Bryan to make good his charge or retract it, as issued by Speaker Clark in Baltimore at an early hour this morning, was reinforced this afternoon by the managers of the Speaker's campaign. Statements were issued by Mr. Clark's executive committee, his advisory committee, and by his campaign manager, ex-Senator Fred T. Dubois.

Executive Committee's Statement

The statement of the Clark executive committee was as follows:

The declaration of William J. Bryan that Speaker Clark's managers endeavored to line up the Clark forces against him for temporary chairman, and for Judge Parker, is without the slightest foundation. The delegates favoring Clark's nomination divided between Bryan and Parker. There was no effort to control them in the interests of Judge Parker or in the interests of Mr. Bryan. There was no "deal" of any kind, and none attempted. The delegates supporting Speaker Clark could not have been controlled by any influence for Judge Parker or for Mr. Bryan.

Executive Committee:

Champ Clark.
E. H. Sawyer, Ariz.
Jerry C. South, Ark.
James E. McGuire, Cal.
C. P. Maltby, Col.
A. F. Raughley, Del.
Wilbur W. Marsh, Ia.
B. J. Sheridan, Kan.
W. O. Head, Ky.
A. P. Pujo, La.
Arthur Peter, Md.
Joseph A. Maynard, Mass.
John E. Kinnane, Mich.
Lon V. Stephens, Mo.
Thomas J. Walsh, Mont.
A. F. Mullen, Neb.
E. E. Reed, N. H.
Key Pittman, Nev.
Scott Ferris, Okla.
J. D. Hand, N. H.
John J. Fitzgerald, R. I.
John A. Tipton, Tenn.
James E. Burke, Vt.
Hugh C. Wallace, Wash.
John J. Cornwell, W. Va.
Michael Boinski, Wis.
P. J. Beal, Wyo.
R. F. Pettigrew, S. D.
A. E. Lee, N. D.
Walter Costello, D. C.

Advisory Committee Denies Deal

The statement of the Clark Advisory Committee reads:

We desire to state that the statement of Mr. Bryan that the managers of Speaker Clark's campaign "worked like beavers for the nomination of Judge Parker for temporary chairman" is absolutely untrue. Clark's support was divided between Parker and Bryan. It could not have been controlled either for Parker or Bryan, and no effort was made to do so. There was no attempt at manipulation in favor of or antagonistic to the interest of Mr. Bryan. There was no "deal," and no attempted combination of any sort.

Champ Clark Advisory Committee:

Fred T. Dubois, Idaho.	William J. Stone, Mo.
Theo. A. Bell, Cal.	Geo. S. Turner, Wash.
William E. Chilton, W. Va.	Carroll Boggs, Ill.
Arthur P. Gorman, Jr., Md.	John I. Cox, Tenn.
S. W. Gould, Me.	W. R. Hearst, N. Y.
Luther E. Hall, La.	W. D. Jamieson, Ia.

George Fred Williams, Mass.

Quarter Neither Asked Nor Given

In other days, the challenge issued to Mr. Bryan by Speaker Clark would have been considered to call either for an apology or a meeting in mortal combat. And there is no doubt in the minds of those who met Speaker Clark on his visit here last night that the Speaker feels Mr. Bryan has delivered a malevolent and murderous thrust at what he holds dearer than life—his honor.

There will be no mortal combat, but there will be a moral combat, and it will be to the political death. Speaker Clark asks no quarter, and will give none.

Even Opponents in Sympathy

Sympathy is with the Speaker. Even among those who have been unfavorable to his candidacy the malicious and unwarranted attack of Bryan is deprecated, and scores of Bryan's former friends—men who have fought for him in politics for sixteen years, men who have felt for him an almost idolatrous affection, have gone to him in the last twenty-four hours and denounced his conduct toward Clark as the basest perfidy, deserving the condemnation of all decent and honorable men.

Felt Even by Wilson Men

If there was a shadow of excuse for Mr. Bryan's attitude, he would not be reprobated, as he now is, by men who heretofore have been his political worshipers. He finds indorsement nowhere for his impeachment of Speaker Clark's honor, save among the men who are bent upon bringing about the nomination of Woodrow Wilson by whatever means they can, fair or foul; and only among these because they hope to profit by his treachery. *Even among the Wilson men there is a disposition to avoid the controversy which Bryan has provoked. Their sense of shame prevents them from defending him with any heart or vigor.*

If this is the general feeling with respect to Bryan's conduct, how then can the power he is wielding in the convention be explained? The expectancy is that since his opposition is directed against Clark, who is the leading candidate, naturally the supporters of all the rival candidates of Clark who want to break down Clark's strength are willing to acclaim any move or any utterance which tends to bring about that result.

Wilson Campaign Well Formed

Moreover, the Wilson campaign committee has the best organized clique which ever tried to sway a national convention. Wilson's campaign committee has not been embarrassed by lack of funds. It might be enlightening to know where they came from. But from whatever source derived, they are abundant.

On the opening days of the convention squads of college boys in different parts of the galleries were ready and equipped to promote a storm of Wilson enthusiasm upon the slightest excuse. And it must be said for them that they never overlooked an opportunity and never desisted until they had brought about an impressive demonstration. They were ably seconded by a college corps, who worked on the floor, rushing in Wilson banners and shouting the chant of "We want Wilson!" until the police were called upon to remove them from the aisles.

Wherein Bryan Excels

Let it be confessed, also, in the interest of honesty and truth, that in power of presence and appeal Mr. Bryan is unmatched in the convention. He is quick, he is adroit, and he is a past-master in the art of catching the crowd. A good phrase gets a quicker response than a good argument and better serves the purpose of the demagogue. Mr. Bryan is prolific in phrase. And long experience and a natural aptitude have made him unerring in seizing upon psychological moments for telling utterances.

Therefore it is that his appeals to the prejudices of the convention have won for him applause. The effect of his appeal to the intelligence of the delegates and the measure of the convention belief in the sincerity of his attitude is measured by the personal vote given him in the balloting.

BRYAN HURT WORSE THAN CLARK

If his attack upon Clark for accepting the vote of the New York delegation has hurt Clark because of a scorn of Tammany felt among some of the delegates, the injustice of the attack, so far as Clark is concerned, has hurt Bryan himself infinitely more than it has hurt Clark. Whatever chance he may have had for the nomination has gone absolutely. It is generally recognized now among all factions that to nominate Bryan would be party suicide.

Out of the canker of his ambition and the bitterness of his heart, Bryan has overplayed himself.

It is now evident to all that despite all his protestations that he would not be a candidate for the nomination, he not only cherished the secret hope that the nomination would come, but was harboring designs to capture it.

HARMON HIS FIRST ATTACK

Early in the campaign for the nomination he regarded Governor Harmon of Ohio as the man on whom the choice of the convention might fall, because of his great success in President Taft's own state. He began the fight on Harmon, proclaiming him a reactionary. At the same time he declared that either Speaker Clark or Governor Wilson would be acceptable to him as pronounced progressives.

When he reached Baltimore, Mr. Bryan found a difficult situation. To accomplish his purpose of deadlocking the convention, in the belief that a deadlock ultimately would bring about his own nomination, it was necessary to sap the strength of Clark.

PARKER CANDIDACY A PRETEXT

The candidacy of Judge Parker for temporary chairman furnished the pretext. There was absolutely no warrant for his charge that Speaker Clark had made a deal with New York by which he was to receive the reactionary support in the convention in return for the votes of some of his delegates cast for Parker. Bryan knew it, but it served his purpose to make the charge.

The refutation of his assertion is found in the fact that New York's ninety votes went consistently for Harmon until Bryan's insults, flung in the face of the New York delegates, gave them to Clark as a rebuke to Bryan. It is to Bryan—not to a deal with Wall Street—that Clark owes the support of New York. But for Bryan, the New York crowd would probably have voted up to this time for Harmon.

Seeks to Proscribe New York

Bryan is for proscribing New York. He has said he will not support any candidate who gets the nomination through New York's vote. He would disfranchise the Democrats of the greatest state of the Union to the extent of denying their voice in the Democratic National Convention. No matter whether or not one thinks that the Democracy of New York is well represented at this convention, the fact is that the delegation which does represent it is here with undisputed authority.

And yet Mr. Bryan, forgetting how gladly he accepted the support of the same Democratic organization of New York when he himself was a candidate for President on the three different occasions, now is seeking to prevent the nomination of Speaker Clark, the great progressive Democrat, whose leadership made possible the present Democratic opportunity. He is seeking to do this solely on the ground that some of the delegation who are for Clark—whom Clark has not tried to control on matters other than his own nomination, and whom he could not induce to vote for Mr. Bryan—saw fit to vote for Judge Parker as against Mr. Bryan.

And the question which Democrats of all shades of opinion are asking here to-night is whether this is Democracy or Dictatorship.

On the morning of July 1st the Associated Press gave out these statements:

CLARK PUTS BLAME ON BRYAN: LATTER DEFENDS HIS COURSE

Clark

Baltimore, *July 1st.*—Speaker Clark issued a statement last night prompted by a letter sent to him by Senator Stone, in which the latter set forth that a majority of the delegates had eight times voted for Mr. Clark's nomination, and that the precedents of sixty years have been that the man receiving a majority should have the choice ratified by the technical requirements of two-thirds. With the assurance of the Speaker that he will not, under any circumstances, permit the withdrawal of his nomination, the Stone letter pledges him the support of his friends on every ballot hereafter to be taken in the convention.

The Speaker's letter follows:

SPEAKER CLARK'S STATEMENT

Replying to the communication of my supporters forwarded to me by you, I beg to say that in ordinary circumstances I would be the last to encourage any movement which might tend to create a deadlock in a Democratic national convention, and thereby, perhaps, imperil the standing of our party in the estimation of the country. I believe that I am speaking the exact truth when I say that no personal interest would weigh with me for one moment as against my lifelong devotion to our party. If a majority of the delegates had not declared their preference for me as their candidate I could not entertain your proposal. The fact, however, that they have done so on eight successive ballots creates an exceptional condition which surely merits careful and conscientious consideration.

It is undoubtedly true that the custom of our party was violated when the convention refrained from ratifying, by a two-thirds vote, the expressed wish of a majority.

This was done, according to my understanding, at the instigation of Mr. Bryan, who successfully solicited the co-operation of others in an effort to prevent such ratification. Mr. Bryan set forth his reasons for pursuing this course in his speech explaining his own change of vote.

He declared that I was a candidate at the primaries of Nebraska as a progressive, and that upon this understanding he was elected a delegate and instructed to vote for me in the national convention. This is correct. I was regarded then—and had been regarded for years—as a progressive by the Democrats of Nebraska and Mr. Bryan.

What has since transpired to convince Mr. Bryan that, though in his judgment a progressive only two months ago, and even only one week ago, I am not a progressive now? Have I suddenly proved faithless to the principles which I have upheld steadfastly for twenty years? No. Have I been recreant to my trust as Speaker of the House of Representatives? No.

BRYAN'S STATEMENT QUOTED

"Mr. Bryan cites no act of mine as evidence of his assumption. He withholds his vote from me because he 'will not participate in the nomination of any man whose nomination depends upon the vote of the New York delegation.'"

Mr. Clark then quotes at length from the statement which Mr. Bryan read in the convention, and continues:

"Although Mr. Bryan's words are shrewdly chosen to avoid making a direct charge upon me, the implication is plain. It is that, if elected President of the United States, I would consider myself 'obligated' to those whom he mentions, and that I would be under the 'control of those interests.' It would be unbecoming in one holding my present official position to express the indignation which I feel at these veiled aspersions upon my character. My integrity has never before been questioned, for the simple reason that never once during the seventeen years I have served in Congress have I been subjected to the test of temptation through wrongful influence in any form.

Charges False and Infamous

"But whether I shall become your designated candidate for President or not, I am your Speaker at a time when your party is in the crucible of scrutiny, and I cannot, in duty, permit these aspersions to pass unheeded. As Speaker of the House of Representatives, as a lifelong Democrat proud of my party, as an American man, I pronounce Mr. Bryan's implied accusation both false and infamous.

"If I am speaking the truth with respect to this matter, it follows necessarily that the reasons advanced by Mr. Bryan for departing from the time-honored custom of the party in recognizing the voice of the majority are not reasons at all, but the shallowest of pretexts put forward to achieve some purpose which I shall not attempt to divine.

"I bid you, then, say to my friends that I accept with deepest gratitude their renewed assurances of loyalty, and now declare without qualification that my name will remain before the convention, subject to no trade or dicker, until two-thirds of the delegates shall ratify or refuse to ratify the action of the majority."

Bryan

Baltimore, *July 1st.*—The statement given out by Mr. Bryan in answer to one issued by Mr. Clark shortly after midnight this morning was as follows:

"I have received notice by publication only. The only criticism I have made against Mr. Clark is not that he has acted wrongfully, but that he has failed to act. I may overestimate the importance of the presidential office, but I have felt that an aspirant for that office ought to manage his own campaign and not allow people to do things for him without his direct and specific authority.

"The papers announced that Mr. Clark was neutral between Mr. Parker and myself in the temporary chairmanship fight, and that he informed his supporters to vote as they pleased.

Not a Personal Contest

"If that contest were purely a question between Judge Parker and myself as individuals, his refusal to take part would not be material, although he never sent out a piece of literature or had a speech made in his behalf that did not represent him as my special champion for sixteen years. If he distributed any literature in which he associated his name with Mr. Parker's, I shall be glad to withdraw this statement upon inspection of the literature.

"But the contest between Judge Parker and myself was not a personal contest, and everybody but Mr. Clark knew this. It was between progressive Democracy on the one side and reactionary Democracy on the other, and I contend that in such a contest it was Mr. Clark's duty to take one side or the other if, in his judgment, there is any material difference in the two kinds of Democracy. If he insists that there is no difference he has no right to complain of criticism at the hands of those who believe that there is a vital difference.

Blames Clark's Managers

"But the activity of Mr. Clark's managers is as objectionable as his own inactivity. They have been in constant co-operation with the reactionaries. If Mr. Clark did not authorize them to act he has, so far as I know, failed to rebuke them for acting. I take it for granted that he does not object to the action of his managers in soliciting, or at least in accepting without protest, the support of the ninety wax figures which Mr. Murphy, under the unit rule, uses to carry out the will of the predatory interests.

"The public is not much interested in Mr. Clark's opinion of me; he will have ample time in which to express his opinion after the convention, whether he is nominated or not; but if I am any judge of the news value of items, the people would like to know immediately whether he believes that the New York delegation, which is completely under the domination of Mr. Murphy, and which contains among its numbers representatives, attorneys, or agents of nearly every predatory interest that is oppressing the people—whether he considers this delegation, thus controlled by one man who is controlled by the interests, stands in the same position as delegates which represent the masses, and whether he has any objection to a nomination made possible only by the support of the New York delegation.

Says Advice Was Ignored

"I have tried to advise Mr. Clark in his own interest, as I believe, as well as in the interest of the party, and it is a source of great disappointment to me that he should have listened to personal enemies of mine more than he has to me. In using the word 'disappointment,' I do not use it in a personal sense, for I have no desire to impose my advice upon him, but I feel that it is not presumptuous for me to assume that I am better acquainted with the sentiment of the people than those who have had his ear, and I am sure that I speak for a larger number.

"I am sure, too, that I am as disinterested as those upon whose counsel he relies, for I have no interest in the subject except my interest in the principles and policies which can be advanced through the election of a Democratic President.

"I believe that Mr. Clark is right at heart, but during the last few days he has been misled and has failed to take advantage of the opportunities presented to throw his influence entirely into the balance when questions of great importance were at issue."

LITTLEPAGE CALLS BRYAN ACT SHAME

West Virginia Says the Attack on Speaker Clark Is a Great Slander

By Adam B. Littlepage

Democratic Representative from West Virginia

Washington, *June 30th.*—The scene which I witnessed in the National Democratic Convention when Mr. Bryan went up on the rostrum to explain his reason for violating the instructions of the Democracy of Nebraska was one which struck terror. I have been a Bryan man, true and faithful, during the last three national campaigns, and no man in my district has worked more indefatigably than myself to advance his interests. I fear I shall never be able to comprehend why Mr. Bryan changed, unless it is that he has been and is now at heart a Wilson man.

It was under the leadership of Champ Clark, assisted by Representative Shackleford of Missouri; Representative Oscar W. Underwood, of Alabama, and others, taken by Representative Norris of Nebraska, that the entering wedge was driven which separated the insurgents from the regular Republicans, broke the back of Cannonism, and effected a change in the rule of the House, enabling every member thereof to have his full and fair opportunity.

What Clark Leadership Has Done

It was under Champ Clark's leadership that the true secret of the high cost of living in this country was exposed, and it was the fight made under his leadership which resulted in the change of a Republican Congress to a Democratic Congress.

He has been eight times declared the choice of a majority of the accredited delegates to the Democratic National Convention as the Democratic nominee for the Presidency, yet, under the rules of the convention requiring a two-thirds majority, the nomination has not been given him.

SLANDER AND UNJUST OUTRAGE

As a member of the American Congress, I have closely observed his official career, and it is a great slander and an unjust outrage on the part of any man who professes to be a Democrat to accuse him of being allied with the special interests. His whole life, and his record in Congress, refute and brand this statement as a slander, and I am at a loss to understand why Democrats will be misled by mischievous reports purposely put in circulation against Clark, one of the purest men in public life.

In the estimation of the country he has won the nomination, and it seems to me that the delegates should see that it is accorded him. To rob him of the nomination on the strength of an absolutely false report would be a political sin the country would not pardon.

The West Virginia delegation will, in my judgment, continue to vote for Clark until the snow falls, if necessary. They are true, and will not abuse the confidence reposed in them by the Democracy of their state.

BRYAN ASSAILED BY WATTERSON

HIS COURSE AT BALTIMORE UNFORGIVABLE—PLAYS DIRECTLY TO THE ENEMY

On July 1st Col. Henry Watterson said in *The Courier-Journal:*

"The course pursued by Mr. Bryan at Baltimore is unforgivable. It is not alone that he seeks to play the rôle played by Mr. Roosevelt as a dictator, but that, in raising a false issue against his party and his friends, he has sacrificed private duty and public faith, putting in peril what seemed a sure triumph for Democracy.

"He hoists the standard of hatred and revenge over what should be a marching army of brothers. He plays directly to the hand of the enemy, and invites defeat. If the convention accepts such leadership it will abdicate the principles and rights of true Democracy and surrender all which Democrats hold glorious and great to the selfish rule of the one-man power eager to exploit itself at the cost of the party interest.

"The response of Champ Clark is all-sufficient. Replete with manly dignity and feeling, it appeals to the heart of every Democrat in the land, and should be followed by his nomination to-day."

HOUSE RESOLUTION 592

On July 1st, without suggestion from me, the House of Representatives unanimously passed this resolution:

> *Resolved*, That the Members of this House, regardless of politics, express their full confidence in the honor, integrity, and patriotism of the presiding officer of this House, the Hon. Champ Clark.

King Solomon hath it, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Shakespeare says:

> Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
> Is the immediate jewel of their souls;
> Who steals my purse steals trash; 'tis something, nothing;
> 'Twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands;
> But he that filches from me my good name
> Robs me of that which not enriches him
> And makes me poor indeed.

Having gouged me out of the nomination, my enemies set out to destroy me utterly, which, happily, they failed to accomplish. They vociferously declared for harmony, intimating constantly, without the slightest foundation in fact, that I would prove a stumbling-block and that I should not be re-elected Speaker.

For instance, late in December, 1913, President-elect Wilson requested me to visit him at Trenton for the purpose of discussing the state of public business in the House. We agreed on December 24th as the day for the meeting, which was announced in the papers. So on December 23d *The New York World* published a Washington despatch to itself, falsely and preposterously claiming that I was going to Trenton to fight the appointment of Bryan as Secretary of State, knowing that Governor Wilson and not myself sought the interview. If it did not already know the fact that I did not care a straw whom he appointed Cabinet members, it could have found out by asking me. Two things I knew: First, no close friend to me would be asked to sit in the Cabinet. Second, that Bryan would be in it.

So on December 24th, the day I went to see Governor Wilson at his own request, *The World* had a flaming editorial based on its own false Washington despatch of the 23d, setting forth in lurid colors the tremendous calamities impending should I be re-elected Speaker, because Bryan and I were at loggerheads.

To demonstrate precisely what influence *The World* had on the House of Representatives, it is only necessary to state the fact that I was unanimously renominated for Speaker by the Democratic caucus—as I have been nominated seven times.

The World's new-found love and admiration for Bryan will appear strange to those who remember how it abused and vilified him for years.

Of course, after the inauguration of President Wilson harmony was all the talk. I was pursuing the even tenor of my way as Speaker, discharging the duties of that great place as well as possible. After a little while friends began coming to me, expressing fear that the bad relations, or rather the lack of any relations, betwixt Bryan and me would breed a dangerous feud among Democrats, and begged me to be reconciled to him. For some time I peremptorily refused to meet him, even in the most formal manner, asserting that he had for his own selfish purposes slandered me out of the nomination and had tried his utmost to blacken my name. They kept on urging the good I could do to the Democratic party by even a formal meeting with him, until I agreed to it with the condition precedent that he should in writing retract the base and injurious insinuations he had made against me at Baltimore.

Here is his statement:

> My meeting with Mr. Clark has served to clear up a misunderstanding as to my exact position toward him at the Baltimore convention. I have tried to make it clear to Mr. Clark that I have always regarded and do now regard him as a good, clean, progressive Democrat. If my language at Baltimore created any impression that I was charging Mr. Clark with being in sympathy with any of the reactionary forces, I am glad of the opportunity to correct any such misconstruction of my words or acts, for I did not intend to reflect upon either the personal or political integrity of the Speaker. It is my earnest wish that there may be cordial co-operation between the State Department and the Speaker in carrying out the policies of the administration.
>
> [Signed] W. J. Bryan.

And here is mine:

> It is beyond the power of Colonel Bryan or any one else to correct the injustice that was done to me at Baltimore. The loss of the Presidential nomination was a small thing as compared to the injury done to my reputation in the eyes of the world. But now that Colonel Bryan in his public statement has done what he can to remove the injurious impressions that were created by his Baltimore speeches, I feel that we can all the better co-operate for the good of the administration. I can only repeat what I have publicly declared time and time again, that all personal or selfish considerations must give way to the duty that all Democrats owe to our party and to our country.
>
> [Signed] Champ Clark.

The two men who did most to bring about the formal meeting were my good friends Theodore A. Bell, of California, and Ira E. Bennett, editor of *The Washington Post.* Bennett gave a luncheon to a small party, and the thing was done—for what it was worth.

The New York World's capers about my journey to Trenton "to fight Bryan's appointment to the Cabinet" were on a par with the idiotic suggestion of a Republican Denver paper that when I was making speeches for Wilson and Marshall in the campaign after the Baltimore convention I was seeking a Cabinet position. The man who wrote that did not have sense enough to know that the Speakership of the House of Representatives is a much bigger place than is any Cabinet position, and he was not well enough acquainted with me to know that I would not accept all ten Cabinet portfolios rolled into one, for I would not be a clerk for any man.

The conclusion of the whole matter was that Governor Wilson was nominated and elected in 1912; renominated and re-elected in 1916; and the consensus of world opinion is that he has been, and is, a great President.

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